THE SATURDAY EVE ST

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Volume 201, Number 33

FEB. 16, '29

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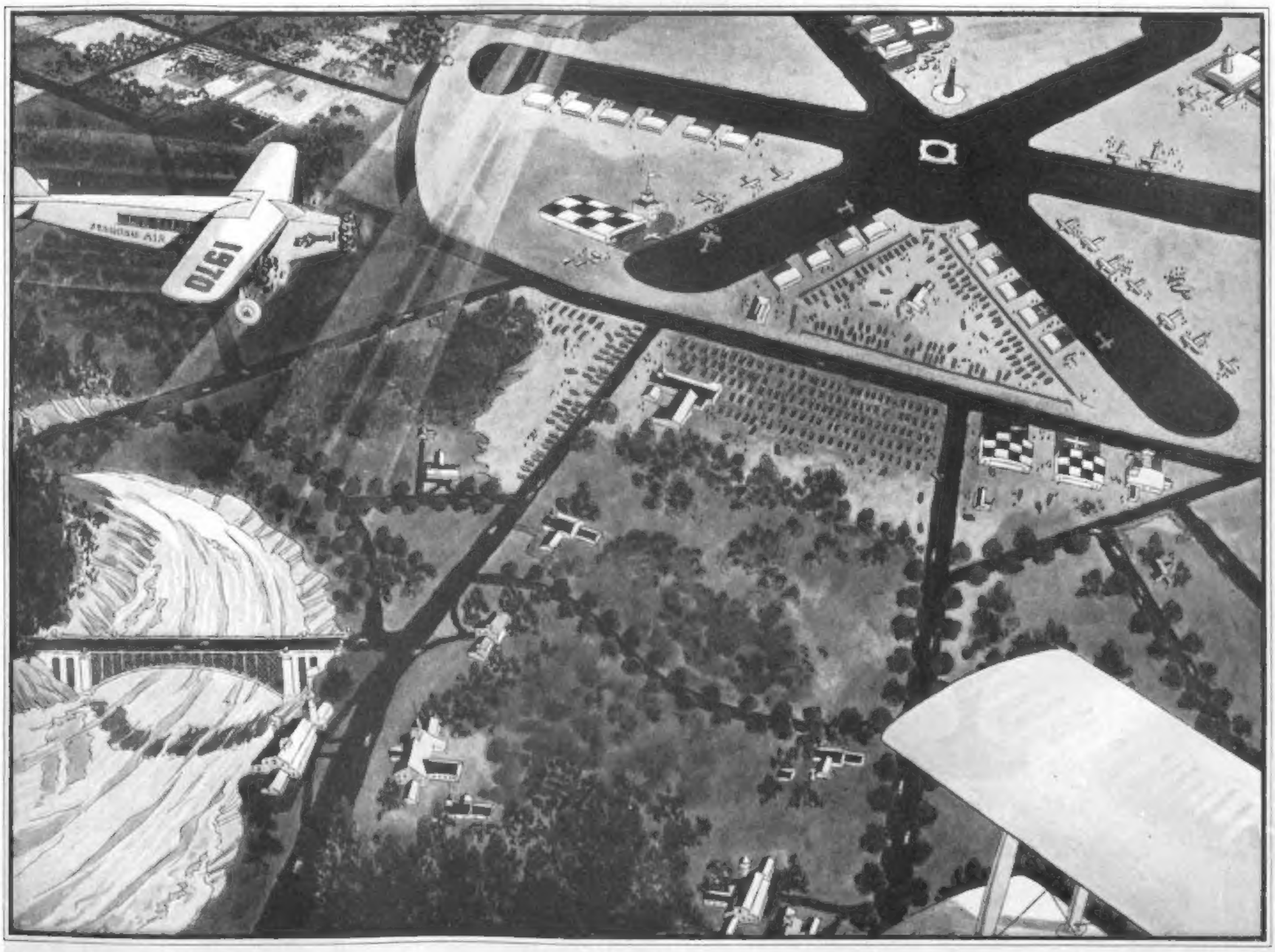

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 16, 1929 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) — Number 33

New and Unfinished Business

For the First Time a Man is Elected President Who Has None of the Traditional Qualifications for That Office. He is Not a Lawyer, Not a Politician, Not a Soldier

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SINCE Washington we count twenty-eight Presidents as follows: Lawyers, nineteen; politicians, four; soldiers, three; editors, one; teachers, one. "Politician" is a word of variable inflection. Here what it means is one whose vocation is public office. Theodore Roosevelt was in that sense a politician; so also Calvin Coolidge, and Andrew Johnson, who began life as a tailor, and before him, James Monroe. The soldiers were W. H. Harrison, Zachary Taylor and Ulysses S. Grant. The editor was Harding. The teacher was Wilson. All the rest were lawyers.

How strange that the supreme executive office has never been seized by the meaning of all those amazing and complex phenomena comprehended as industrial civilization!

Washington was an engineer. Not merely to say he was a surveyor and had some technical equipment. He possessed that intense power of practical vision which is a faculty of the engineering mind, and proposed in his time an engineering work of tremendous importance. That was to treat Chesapeake Bay as the natural gateway to the North American Continent and make the Potomac River a highway of commerce to the Mississippi Valley territory. If you will look at the map you will see it, and see also how, if it had been done, the economic history of the country might have been very different.

Yet it is only for his way of seeing that anyone may now think of Washington as an engineer. Very little of the technical and scientific knowledge that underlies modern engineering existed in his time. Not only was the body of it nonexistent; there was hardly a premonition of it. Nowadays, when a man is said to be an engineer, one asks what kind of engineer he is. Engineering, in particular, is a highly specialized practice that requires each year more and more scientific preparation on the part of the practitioner. Engineering, in general, is a way of seeing, a method of attack.

After Washington, there was never again a President who had, naturally, that way of seeing. The next five were in the aristocratic tradition, two from Massachusetts and three from Virginia. Thomas Jefferson was one of these, and he was a radical democrat; none the less, as an intellectual he himself belonged to what the people were soon to overthrow as a governing caste, founded on the best early American culture.

This tradition was broken by the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828. Historians generally agree to confer upon him the distinction of having introduced into American politics the principle of organization, otherwise the spoils system, and this quite clearly was a defense prepared against a return of the governing caste. In that figure it succeeded. However, from the ruin of one tradition grew the tree of another, and that other has flourished until now.

Jackson brought to government an idea of its wonderful simplicity. In his first message to Congress he wrote: "The duties of all public offices are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelligence may readily qualify themselves for their performance."

His predecessors were of Harvard, Princeton, William and Mary. He himself had enjoyed no academic training.

The doctrine that success in public office required only such aptitude and ability as anyone of ordinary intelligence might easily acquire was scandalous to those whose honorable monopoly of administration was breaking down; it was, at the same time,

extremely popular, since it gave the man of plain intelligence a new sense of public importance. It threw politics, all the way to the top, wide open to his ambition. What it cost in terms of administrative manner was perhaps more than compensated by the gain in morale, and, moreover, the public affair in Jackson's time—one hundred years ago—was, indeed, relatively simple. The thoughtful anxieties of people were political, touching their institutions; theological, touching their souls, and otherwise nationalistic and cultural. They read the New England essayists, the preachers, the political debaters, and had visions of national destiny. The vision was prophetic; of the means wherewith it should bring itself to pass they had no idea whatever.

When Men Lived by Their Exertions

THIS was all before railroads. New York had just dug the Erie Canal to keep the trade of the West from naturally slipping down the Mississippi to New Orleans. There was commerce in ships that more or less minded itself, foreign, coastwise and on the waterways. The cities were seaports; inland towns were river towns. There were banks, bankers and money, but yet no science or system of finance. A merchant worked generally with his own capital and lived near his wharf. The total population was 11,000,000, and perhaps less than one-tenth of it was urban. Therefore, as it concerned nine-tenths of the whole people, the economic life rested on agriculture and craftsmanship. First, the household, as the fundamental unit, and then the village, were self-contained in a manner no longer imaginable. And economic life in this design had existed for thousands of years. There was nothing new about it; the conditions were immemorial. The original ideas people were discussing one hundred years ago, therefore, were political and cultural, not economic.

There was then no wage-earning class. Skilled labor owned its own tools and knew both the beginning and end of a thing. There was no multiple production of goods by machine, nor any group of the population reserved for machine minding in an endless division and subdivision of tasks for the sake of quantity. The rule was that a man lived by his own exertions completely. That is to say, he directly consumed his own production, individually and in small groups; and the standard of living was so determined. An industrious household was a prosperous household; an industrious village was a prosperous community, with no vital dependence on any other.

No one could then imagine a state of society in which the measure of one's own exertions was not the measure also of one's economic satisfactions—a state of society, that is to say, in which garment workers do not clothe themselves, workers in the building trades do not house themselves, operatives in a shoe factory do not know how to make shoes, and farmers do not feed themselves.

In that state of economic society—the one we know—the individual does not live by production alone, and one's standard of living is determined by conditions over which there is no personal control. This is so because in our industrialized scheme what the individual worker contributes to the sum of wealth is not usable or edible. It is one part of a thing only, or some highly specialized effort, or a raw commodity that must pass from the producer into industry to be processed and fabricated. What the garment worker contributes to a garment may be a buttonhole. What the shoe-factory worker contributes to the shoe is an operation. The worker in an automobile factory does not make a motor car. He contributes to it, maybe, one bolt. Each, for his contribution, receives wages; and yet you cannot say we live by wages either, since we cannot receive wages—wages cannot be paid—unless there is an immediate demand for the whole garment, the finished shoe, the completed motor car, or whatever it is that has been created in the mass principle by this process of collaboration.

No individual worker can see the demand. It is distant from him. It represents the wants of millions like himself, working, as he works, at specialized tasks, unknown to one another. It is the market. Nevertheless, demand must be calculated. To calculate it is the function of management at the top, and this function in itself becomes a kind of science. If the calculation is wrong, so that demand is overestimated, then the rhythm breaks. Some workers have made too many buttonholes, others have performed too many operations on shoes, others have made too many automobile bolts. The demand having failed, or having been oversupplied, there is unemployment. These workers cannot continue to receive wages; they must wait for demand to overtake production; but meanwhile they cannot consume their own product. Buttonholes, operations and bolts are not directly consumable. And a momentary failure of the rhythm of exchange may be more disastrous upon economic life than if, one hundred years ago, all commerce in ships, all finance, all business had been suddenly wiped out.

Agriculture, though it need not have done so, involved itself with the principle of this scheme; and one reason why it fares generally worse than industry is that there you have no responsible scientific management at the top, but in place of it, six million small capitalists, all trying to guess what the demand will be and producing cash crops in a competitive manner; so that some produce only apples, and too many; others only eggs, and too many; others only wheat, and too much. The measure of their exertions is not the measure of their prosperity.

Coöperation and Exchange

THE most astonishing generalization to be made as to the difference between the economic structure of society one hundred years ago and the structure of it today is that whereas then people lived directly by means of their own exertions in an autonomous manner, they live now by coöperation and exchange. Exertion alone is not enough. It may be productive, and that is not enough. The product must be sold—that is to say, it must be exchanged.

Such is industrial civilization, with its endless chain of necessities original in human experience—the necessity for subdivision of tasks and specialization of effort; stability and continuity in the rhythm of anonymous coöperation as vital necessities; then the problem of dividing the total product of finished wealth through the whole formation of society in an equitable manner, but reserving always a proportion of it as immediately nonconsumable. This is the portion that must be invested in more plant, more equipment, more facilities—all as means to a still greater output of wealth.

It is a new civilization. New on the earth, since it proceeds

(Continued on Page 93)

Government Has Never Included the Vision, Spirit and Genius of Industrial Civilization

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

CHARLIE HARQUAIL came down from the city room to the street in the elevator. It was only two flights down and the stairs were easy, but Charlie was tired. He had been busy since late afternoon, collecting the loose ends of the story of a four-alarm fire in the market district into a consecutive and orderly narrative for the Sunday Journal, and there had been till just now no time to go out to dinner. So he was tired and he was hungry, and he had smoked cigarettes till the roof of his mouth was raw.

It was September, Saturday evening, and a quarter past ten by the clock.

In Charlie's present mood, the nearest restaurant was the best one. The nearest was one of the Tile Chain, just across Murray Street, opposite the upper corner of the Bellmer Building. When Charlie reached the corner of the building, traffic was moving out of Murray Street and he waited a moment, too tired to dodge through the string of crawling trucks and cars. While he waited, a girl came along Murray Street and stopped beside him, and he looked down and saw Phœbe Mannis, Ruson's stenographer. So Charlie forgot that he was tired.

"Hullo there!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise and delight. "Isn't this late for you?"

"Hello, Charlie," she returned. "Yes, terribly. Mr. Bellmer's going to be away next week and Mr. Ruson needed me."

"Had dinner?" he asked. "You look as peaked as a wage slave."

"I'm starved," Phœbe confessed. "I'm going to get some supper before I go home."

"Keno!" he agreed, and hooked his arm through hers as the traffic thinned. "So'm I. Come along."

She made no protest, submitting happily to his direction. As they crossed the street she looked up between the towering buildings to glimpse the dark sky.

"It's clouded up, hasn't it?" she remarked. "I left my umbrella, so it will probably rain."

"Looks like it," he agreed.

They went in through the revolving doors, took their checks from the desk and began to slide their trays along the counter, choosing here and there from the dishes on display. Charlie absent-mindedly took two meat orders, one of beef and one of veal. He was watching Phœbe. She was such a compact, efficient, cheerful young woman, and just now her shoulders drooped so wearily. He wished presently to carry her tray, as well as his own, to the near-by table, but she denied him.

"Nonsense!" she retorted. "You're as tired as I." And she looked at his tray and giggled. "Besides, you've got all you can carry, on your own."

"No sense in Ruson keeping you so late," he protested, when they were settled and the keenest pangs appeased. "He ought to plan his work so he wouldn't need to."

"He works himself as hard as he works me," she declared. "He was still there when I left, just getting ready to leave. Mr. Bellmer didn't leave till about five minutes ago."

"Ruson's a slave driver!" he insisted good-humoredly, and Phœbe colored with a faint indignation.

"He isn't," she insisted. "Besides, you've been working too. Why don't you crab at your own boss?"

"She Kept Yelling Like She Was Crazy, 'They Got Him! They Got Him!'"

"Oh, he's worse," he cheerfully agreed. "Yes, sir! Rinder G. Boetius could give Nero cards and spades. The darned horse just likes to work. He thinks Bellmer's a diamond and the Journal pure gold, and he's their slave and custodian. He loves it, so he expects the rest of us to be as big fools as he is. Oh, I'm not standing up for Boetius."

"You always do!" she reminded him. "The more he bullies you, the better you like him." Her eyes were dancing, for this was an ancient quarrel between them. "You're like a dog, licking the hand that strikes you."

He said with mock truculence, "If Ruson ever lays a hand on you, I'll lick him."

And she smiled, and it was astonishing to see what a difference this made in her appearance. Charlie used to spend much thought on plots and stratagems to make her smile.

"Mr. Ruson wouldn't strike a—a mule," she assured him. "He's the gentlest man." And she added thoughtfully: "He really is. Even reading about violence and fights and things makes him sick. I've seen him turn pale!"

"Well, I don't like them too gentle, either," he declared; and she laughed and said maddeningly:

"Women do!"

Charlie grunted and shifted in his chair, rested more at ease. He looked toward the wide windows and the street outside. Cars crawled by, pedestrians were passing, but at this hour the traffic was already thin.

The Journal office was off the theater trails and the street here would be deserted by and by. There was a taxi stand for two cars at the corner of the Bellmer Building, and the drivers stood, talking together, beside the first car in line.

"Bellmer's going away again, eh?" Charlie murmured, remembering her remark, and she nodded.

"He left before I did," she returned.

"A curious chap," Charlie commented. "I've worked for him almost a year—got a job here the fall after I graduated—and I've never even seen the man."

She nodded. "He dramatizes life," she suggested. "I think he likes to puzzle people. It's a game he plays. He hardly ever sees any of the men on the paper except the department heads."

"Boetius thinks Bellmer's the greatest man in the world," the reporter declared, and he grinned with a dry humor. "I think Boetius would be proud to lace his shoes."

"He and Mr. Ruson are like chickens under Mr. Bellmer's wing," she agreed. "Mr. Boetius has been with him so long, and Mr. Ruson too."

"Hullo," Charlie remarked. "There's the boss now. He's leaving early." He glanced at his watch. "Only 10:35."

He had been looking out of the window, and she turned that way. Boetius, the city editor, was just getting into one of the taxis at the corner. He was a tremendous bulky man, something at once lumbering and powerful about him, his shoulders heavy and stooping, as though long used to burdens.

"He'll come back," Phœbe predicted, and Charlie nodded.

"Sure, he doesn't usually go before midnight," Charlie agreed.

"He didn't have his cane," she remarked.

The taxi had departed, and Charlie leaned his elbows on the table and faced the girl again. "Have some dessert?" he asked.

He lit a cigarette and relaxed in his chair, his legs extended.

"Gosh, I'm tired," he confessed. "Got to go back for a while too. But not yet."

"Saturday's a long day," she confessed.

"Uh-huh—eight to twelve."

"It's only supposed to be nine to one for me," she corrected. "Except when there's something special, like today. Mr. Bellmer always leaves so many instructions and memorandums and letters."

"Wonder where he goes when he goes away," he murmured. "He's been back only three weeks from his last jaunt."

She shook her head slowly. "I don't know," she admitted. "No one does. He never leaves an address." She smiled. "I told you he makes a game out of everything. For instance, if Mr. Ruson wants him while he is away, he's supposed to change the weather box on the first page—

change the head over it from Weather Forecast to The Weather."

Charlie looked his interest. "That so?" he commented. "He can't go far then, if he sees the Journal every day. Does Ruson ever do it?"

"He did when Mr. Dent wanted to see Mr. Bellmer. That's why Mr. Bellmer came back ahead of time, three weeks ago."

"Dent?"

"He owns the Banner," she reminded him. The Banner was the Journal's only rival in the afternoon field.

Charlie nodded. "Oh, yes. What did he want with Bellmer?"

"I guess just to surrender," she confessed. "The Banner's dying on its feet, of course, and Mr. Dent came to make terms." She added uncertainly: "I was sorry for him. He was pitiful. Mr. Bellmer just laughed at him, bullied him, crushed him!" She shook her head. "He'll swallow the Banner whole before very long. And it was a fine old paper too."

He chuckled.

"You don't care for our great employer," he remarked.

"He's not my employer," she reminded him, with a quick movement of her head; and she added honestly: "But I don't like him. He's cruel and malicious, like a cat; and he's so strong. I don't mean just big and powerful, but I mean you can't shake him, or persuade him, or convince him." And she added after a moment: "Mr. Boetius is just like him."

He grinned at that. "Oh, no," he protested. "No, Rinder G. isn't cruel or malicious. He's just Bellmer's man, working for Bellmer and the Journal. He's stern and hard, and down on weakness and inefficiency. But he's not cruel. When he fires a man, it's just bingo—you're out—no suspense about it."

She smiled wisely. "He speaks very softly to Mr. Bellmer. Yes, sir, and no, sir, and oh, sir, like a schoolboy—cowed!"

Charlie shook his head. "Not cowed," he said stoutly. "Nobody can scare Boetius. He's loyal to Bellmer and serves him devotedly, if you like. But he's not afraid of him." He saw her smile and remembered that it always amused her to provoke him to defense of his commanding officer, and he made a counterattack. "Now Ruson, of course," he remarked—"Ruson, I can believe ——"

"I Guess She Didn't Hear Me Come In. She Was Listening at the Door"

"Nonsense!" she insisted sharply. "Just because Mr. Ruson doesn't shout!"

He chuckled. "I'd like to see him shout at Bellmer!" he said derisively.

"He's not afraid of Mr. Bellmer," she insisted. "Mr. Ruson stands up to him. I've seen him. They've been fighting about something today. I heard Mr. Bellmer raving, but Mr. Ruson answered him just as steadily. He's not afraid!"

"Fighting?" he repeated curiously. "What about?"

"I wouldn't tell you if I knew," she reminded him. "That's Mr. Ruson's business."

"See here," he said, eying her shrewdly, "don't you go and fall for Mr. Ruson! Mind, now!"

"Don't be silly!" she exclaimed. "He's just my employer!"

"Then you don't have to blush when you talk about him."

"I wasn't blushing!"

"Well, you are now."

She rubbed her cheeks furiously, and then she laughed and challenged defensively: "Well, why shouldn't I like him, if he's nice to me?"

He wagged his head at her. "You know well enough," he retorted.

"Why? No, I don't!"

Charlie hesitated, and he relaxed in his chair again, long legs extended. He looked at his toes for a minute, and then, disquietingly, he looked at her.

Charlie had usually a smile in his eyes, but just now they were grave. He said gently:

"Well, Phœbe, if you really don't know, I don't mind telling you. I like to argue with you and fight with you. We've been at it for six or seven months now, and the habit's growing on me. I never fought an antagonist I liked better." His smile flickered again. "But so far, we've had only skirmishes. I'd like to have a real battle some day—a fight to the finish." He hesitated. "When I can finance the campaign," he concluded.

She said indignantly, "I don't argue!"

And he chuckled: "Well, even that's a proposition we can argue."

"How much of a debate can you afford now?" she asked softly, and Charlie looked across at her with a quick glance that caught hers and held it for a moment.

Then he nodded, and he said confidently: "I'm in better shape all the time. I've been doing the stories on the gang war. You've seen them?"

"I've read every line," she declared.

"I Came Along Quick, and When I Rounded the Corner, There Was a Man Running Across the Street From the Warehouse and Away Along Dean Street"

"Of course," he confessed, "there's nothing big in it. Not much but brass knuckles and a blackjack now and then, and the killings are usually accidents. But it's given me a line on that sort of world. Subsurface, if you like. I've had another raise out of it."

"You've earned it."

"The best part of it is," he explained, his tone quickening—"the best part of it is, this has given me access to new sources. I know some of the small fry and they know I keep my mouth shut. And I've come to know Inspector Tope pretty well. He's the homicide man at headquarters. Say, he's a wonder! If a really high-class murder should break, I'll have the inside track with him—get anything there is to get." He made an apologetic movement deprecatingly. "Of course, most of this is underground; but good foundations are always underground, Phœbe."

She said, half to herself, "Mr. Ruson pays me very well, and he's satisfied with me."

He colored, but after a moment he smiled again. "That's fine," he agreed. "You hang on to it till I say the word." And abruptly he reached across the table and touched her hand and rose. "Want me to put you on the Subway?" he asked. "It's eleven o'clock. I'll have to get upstairs."

She shook her head, and as they turned toward the door she said, "Of course not!" Then in faint dismay: "There, it's raining. I knew it would."

He assented, in quick amusement and content. "We hadn't even noticed," he remarked.

She smiled up at him. "In the heat of battle!" she agreed; and when having paid their checks, they paused for a moment outside the door and still under shelter, she added: "I'll go back up and get my umbrella."

"I'll do it," he proposed, but she shook her head.

"No, indeed!" Her tone was full of gay derision. "Reporters aren't allowed in the private offices, my man."

Her independence and her courage always filled Charlie with delight in her. He nodded now. "Spread this over your hat," he suggested, and offered her a newspaper from his pocket. She unfolded it and held it in place as he advised while they crossed the street.

There was, on the Murray Street side of the Bellmer Building, a small private door which admitted to a narrow flight of stairs. At the head of these stairs, on the second floor, Ruson had his office. Ruson was Bellmer's right-hand man, supreme in all matters of business and policy when Bellmer himself was absent. Bellmer's office was above Ruson's; and though Bellmer himself never went into the city room, Boetius, the city editor, had a smaller office adjoining Ruson's on the second floor. Thus these three men, the chief and his lieutenants, were isolated from the rest of the organization, and their offices were accessible by this private door, to which Phœbe held a key.

While Charlie sheltered her, she inserted this key now in the lock and opened the door. He would have come in with her, but she shook her head.

"I'll wait then," he insisted—"say good night to you."

And she nodded and ran up the stairs. The door latched behind her. Charlie, in the lee of the building, waited

cheerfully enough. She was down again in a minute or two and stopped in the doorway to open her umbrella.

He walked with her a dozen paces to the corner, said then, "Well, good night. I'll probably see you Monday."

She looked up at him. "Good night, Charlie," she returned, and he eyed her in sudden attention.

"Hullo!" he remarked. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?" she echoed.

"You're white as a sheet," he told her. "Did you see a ghost in there?"

She laughed softly. "Don't be silly. It's the rain and the lights in that window, shining on my wet cheeks. Good night."

And she left him, the umbrella snug above her head, and moved quickly across the street toward the Subway station. He watched her go, still faintly puzzled; but this uneasiness passed in the pleasure he always had from watching her. She disappeared down the lighted stairs and he turned back to the office again.

He found the city room quiet. The city edition of the Sunday paper was just going to press, but the last copy was already downstairs and the work of the staff was done. At the farther side of the room, a telegraph instrument, with a tin can bent around the sounder to make the dots and dashes more distinct, kept up an indolent clatter. The man receiving there tapped lazily on his typewriter. Over by the reference wicket, two of the copy-desk men were talking.

Jackman, Bellmer's assistant, nodded to Charlie as the young man came in, and he said casually, "Good story you did on the fire, Charlie."

"Good fire," Harquail assented. He looked around the room. "Where's the boss?"

"Had to go out," Jackman explained. "Said he'd be back by now."

"I hear Bellmer's gone away," Charlie remarked, and Jackman nodded.

"For a week, this time," he agreed. His eyes quickened. "There's a great man, Charlie. He said he'd be back at noon next Saturday. I'll bet he won't be three minutes out of the way."

"Leave Go of Me! Ain't I a Right to Listen in My Own House?"

Charlie grinned. "See if I care!" he retorted, and turned away. There was a late edition of the rival Banner on the copy desk and he began to look through that paper's story on the fire to make sure he had covered the ground. Everyone in the room was marking time. There was, in the ordinary course of events, no more to do this night; but they must wait a while, against emergency.

Boetius, the city editor, came in by and by from the elevator and he crossed straightway to his desk, with the heavy, limping gait which an ancient injury to his foot imposed on him. His soft gray hat was dark with rain, and there were drops of water on his garments, but Boetius seemed unconscious of these things. He sat down and spoke to Jackman, but in so low a tone that Jackman had to ask that he repeat his word. Charlie, half across the room, saw the by-play. Boetius, he thought, seemed tired; and he wondered why the man had been out in the rain.

There was a telephone on Jackman's desk. When its bell rang, Jackman answered, spoke briefly, listened, and then referred the call to Boetius or to one of the reporters in the room. It was near midnight when, after such a brief, one-sided conversation, he replaced the receiver and shouted across to Harquail:

"Charlie! Three!"

Charlie asked, "Me?" And he got to his feet and went to the end of the room where the telephone booths were located. In Booth 3, he took the call, and after a moment he emerged and crossed to where Boetius sat scanning the pages of the rival papers. The city editor looked up inquiringly.

"That was Inspector Tope," Charlie reported. "They've got a report of a gang killing or something. He thought I might want to come along."

Boetius glanced at the clock. "We can take a few lines up to 12:30," he replied. "Or if it's good, as late as two o'clock."

Charlie nodded. "I'll call up if it's worth while," he promised, and he hurried away. He was inclined to resent this errand. In another five minutes he would have been free to go home, but the inspector's summons was an invitation he could not well evade.

II

THE Bellmer Building—and by the same token, the Journal office—was on the fringe of the business district and on the main business street, and there was a Subway stair diagonally opposite. Harquail turned that way. Inspector Tope was to meet Doctor Gero, the medical examiner, at a certain corner a mile or so to the south, where the large business blocks gave way to smaller ones and the by-streets were filled with lodgings and petty stores and warehouses. The killing had occurred in a house on Scurvy Street; but Charlie did not know exactly where Scurvy Street was, so he intended to meet the

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"I Was Here at Dark, Waiting for Him. I Was Afraid He Would Not Come, and I Was Afraid of What Might Happen if He Did"

SOME OTHER BEAUTY

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE shop was poor and shabby and respectable, like the street it lived in. It belonged to a frame maker. Every day he set out a new picture to show what good frames he made. Sometimes the picture was of a battle. The Scots Greys charged at you through the dirty windowpane. Their swords waved. The nostrils of the beautiful, wild-eyed horses spewed flame, and the soldiers' mouths opened in a splendid, silent shout of victory. Claire heard the shouting. She had to clench her teeth hard so that she shouldn't shout with them and set the quiet, respectable street by the ears. Afterward, when she stood up in class and said "Magna Charta—1215" her eyes shone and the color rushed to the roots of her straight, reddish hair, and the teacher said, "Why are you blushing, child?" But she wasn't blushing; at least not as she did when she was caught doing something silly. She couldn't have explained what the Magna Charta had to do with the Scots Greys charging at Waterloo; or that it was like hearing the music of a great procession just out of sight, just out of reach; though, one day if you ran hard, you might catch up with it.

Another time there was a picture of a young man and woman saying good-by to each other. The girl had tears in her eyes and was trying to tie a white handkerchief round the young man's arm. And the young man smiled down at her sadly and tenderly, even while his fingers gently prevented her. It happened that little Miss Pratt, the music mistress, found Claire at the shop window and they stood together looking at the two lovers. And then Miss Pratt told Claire what had happened on Saint Bartholomew's Eve, and that the handkerchief would have saved the young man's life. But he wouldn't be saved because he was brave and wouldn't deny his faith. Miss Pratt told the story as she walked to school with the little girl trotting beside her. She walked more slowly than usual, and they were very late. The classroom bell was ringing just as they hurried into the corridor.

She Felt How He Trembled. But She Couldn't Hear What He Said. She Was Listening to Retreating Footsteps

Claire thought a great deal of those two young people. She kept them in her heart. And when she learned the dates of battles and massacres she saw them saying good-by to each other.

And the tears came into her eyes and the teacher said, "What's the matter, child? Have you a cold?"

She spoke crossly, for she did not like the children to have colds. And Claire couldn't have explained that she was thinking of all the young people who had had to say good-by to each other because they were brave and wouldn't deny their faith. Least of all could she have explained that her tears for them sprang from a queer, wild happiness.

Then it was Queen Alexandra's birthday. The class had learned a poem specially written for her by the Poet Laureate. It began, "Sea king's daughter from over the sea." They were to say it all together. Their young clear voices made the drab classroom ring with the sound of waves and the rushing of winds. On the way to school Claire stopped at the shop window, and there was a photograph of a lovely woman in a gilt frame, with a wonderful crown on her piled-up hair and an ermine cloak hanging from her regal shoulders. She sat with her arm resting on a table, and there were jewels on her white hand. She looked straight past Claire into the far distance; so proud and kind and sad, as though she were looking for a ship to come and fetch her home.

Sea king's daughter from over the sea ——

Claire had never been in a shop by herself before. She was frightened and the frame maker could hardly hear what she said.

"The picture of our dear queen? It's half a crown, little girl. It's a lot of money, isn't it? But queens are expensive."

The man was making fun of her. He didn't believe that she had half a crown. But that, in fact, was just what she had—just half a crown in pennies and halfpennies in her money box.

And so she was able to say quite firmly, "I will come for the queen tomorrow morning, please."

That day the class stood up before the head mistress and recited Sea King's Daughter like one man. And Claire's heart swelled hot and big in her breast, so that her voice broke. But there were so many voices that it didn't matter. A dull gray curtain had gone up and she saw everything at once—the sea and far-distant places and brave men and women, and great kings and queens. She would never forget how she had seen them. She would put the queen's picture on her table by the bed, and every morning she would say "from over the sea" to her. That would be after she had said her prayers, of course. Then the colorless little bedroom and her own small, cold self would melt away and the world would quiver into light and wonder. It was as though the procession had turned the corner and caught Claire into its shining ranks, and that now she would march with it forever.

But in the evening, when she got home, her mother reminded her of Bob's Christmas present. Bob wanted a model steam engine. It was very expensive, but if they all saved and put their pennies together they could buy it for him. Wouldn't that be a wonderful surprise? Words came tumbling out. Claire's mother looked at her and laughed, as she did when she wasn't pleased.

"Don't be silly, child. You don't really want it. It's just a fancy. But Bob really wants his engine."

Bob was going to be an engineer. So, of course, he had to have his engine. He was going to be rich and famous, and help father and mother, who weren't rich at all. Mother and father couldn't afford absurd fancies.

So next morning Claire walked very slowly to the picture shop. The sky and streets and houses were gray with softly falling rain. The queen was gone from the shop window. She was waiting inside to be fetched home. And Claire could hardly make the shopkeeper understand. It was as though her voice were dying in her.

"It's because my brother—you see, we're buying him an engine ——"

But the shopkeeper was annoyed. Lots of people had wanted to take the queen home on her birthday. And now he'd have to wait another year.

II

CLAIRE'S mother and father lived in a little house in a row of little houses. The houses were all alike. They were red brick with graystone facings and two gables and stained-glass fan lights. They kept very close to one another. They had a set expression like that of people who are afraid of being recognized by someone who might do them mischief. Inside the dim, narrow hallways, crowded with umbrella stands and baby carriages, you smelled their fear. Everything in the little houses was afraid. The people who had lived in them for years had a hunted look, as though at any moment they might have to run for their lives. They were like the bulbs that struggled up out of the starved soil of their tiny gardens—pinched and furtive and colorless.

After the queen's birthday everything was more afraid than ever. There were doctor's bills for father, who had been ill. Someone in the city was angry because father had had to stay in bed for a week. Bob wanted to go to a technical school, but there wasn't money enough to send him. He loafed round, rough and discontented, and once, though he was just a boy, he came home drunk. Mother put him to bed and pretended to father that he was ill. But she couldn't pretend to Claire. She cried terribly. It wasn't Bob's fault, she said. It was just that he hadn't a chance. He didn't know what to do with himself. But she was afraid.

Claire wondered if the people in the history books had ever been afraid like this. But she couldn't see them clearly

any more. They were almost out of sight, with their music and their banners. And it was difficult, too, when everyone was so worried, to sit quiet and hear the thunder of strange waters, the singing of wind through the masts of a tall ship, the shouts of soldiers, the proud words of a queen of England to her people before the victory, the flutter of mysterious bright-winged birds. The colors were all fading. The world was growing so small—so small. Soon it would be no bigger than the frightened little house and the gray streets that led to it from school. Soon there would be no one in it but people like father and mother and Bob and the pale harassed school-teachers.

Now, when they put the queen in the shop window, Claire saw that her mother had been right. The queen had been just a fancy.

Claire stood sorrowfully in front of her and said, "Sea king's daughter" under her breath, like someone trying an old magic. But the spell was broken. Claire didn't want the queen any more. It made her terribly unhappy. Not wanting her was like a little death.

If only she could want something again like that; she would never let it go—never, never.

It was dark when Claire got home. Somehow in the darkness she was always happier. The street lamps were like bright faces watching for her. The little house was a home where people took refuge. And tonight there was actually a light in the front room and a flicker of fire between the curtains. The front room was never used except on very special occasions. It was a chill little room, crowded with frail, uncomfortable furniture that Claire's mother and father had bought when they were young and fanciful. There were pictures on the walls of eighteenth-century lovers quarreling and making it up again, and of eloping couples and forgiving fathers toasting them at the village inn. The front room seemed to tell you that everything came right in the end. Yet, when you went into it, you felt that someone lay dead there. You could smell dead flowers.

Claire wanted to creep upstairs. She dreaded visitors. They were like her mother, only she didn't love them. She didn't have to love them. They looked at her with cold, dead eyes. They talked about the weather and their neighbors. The magic had gone out of them forever.

But now Claire's mother called to her and she had to go. The open door was like a frame to a *tableau vivant*. On one side of the picture sat her mother in her shot-silk dress with the puffed sleeves, bending over the best tea things. On the other stood her father and Bob. Her father gazed at her solemnly over his glasses. Bob was all flushed and excited-looking, and yet sullen, too, as though he were half angry. And then, in the long glass by the mantelshelf, Claire saw the reflection of a pale, astonished little girl with a reddish pigtail over each shoulder. But all these people were little figures in a shadowy background.

"Claire, come and say how-d'you-do to your Aunt Bertha, dear."

The lady sat in the armchair by the fire. She sat at ease. She made the chair into her throne. The rich furs had been thrown back from her wide shoulders. The big hat with the sweeping plume was like a splendid gesture. Under it Claire saw a lovely familiar face that looked at her thoughtfully, kindly. On the white hand lying on the arm of the chair was a great drop of deep green fire.

"Claire, wake up, child!"

The dead cold thing in Claire's breast moved. It began to burn and ache. She came obediently and stood at the lady's side. A vague, heady sweetness enveloped her. The hand touched hers, held hers in a strong, light clasp, and she felt that the green fire was cold as ice. She longed to take it in her own hands and look deep into it—right to the very bottom.

Aunt Bertha—father's sister. They had spoken of her under their breaths. They were ashamed—an adventuress. That was why Claire had known, had recognized her with such a flashing leap of the heart. Joan of Arc, Boadicea, Charlotte Corday—they had all looked like that as they had marched past her in procession—a little weary, a little battered, but so beautifully, so splendidly unafraid.

Now Aunt Bertha had come home from South Africa. Lions, jungles, vast open spaces, battlefields, men fighting, living, dying—adventurers all. She was rich. She was going to help Bob. The little room quivered. The gray figures were like moths round a flame. Claire heard Bob muttering his thanks. No one spoke to Claire. She stood at the lady's elbow. The dark green light on the white hand seemed to spread and spread until it was like a sea on which Claire lost herself. She felt that she was sinking into it. And at the bottom were unimaginable wonders—mermaids and lost galleons, strange iridescent flowers floating with the tide, great fish like flashes of moonlight. A sob gathered in her throat. She was so terribly, terribly happy. She heard voices afar off. She tried to escape from them. But they came after her and dragged her up, up out of the green depths.

"Claire, your aunt is speaking to you."

"Claire—what does Claire want?"

"Oh, the ring—the lovely ring!"

She heard the brief, aghast silence.

"Claire, how could you ——"

"My emerald—do you like my emerald?" Aunt Bertha had taken it off. She held it thoughtfully extended in her own beautiful hand. She slipped it onto Claire's ink-stained, grubby finger. Someone laughed. It was Bob laughing. But Aunt Bertha was quite grave. "Would you like a ring like that?"

"Yes," Claire whispered.

"Claire always wants such stupid things," her mother said. "She is a vain, silly little girl."

"It's not vain to want lovely things."

But Claire knew that her mother was ashamed. She crept away to the window. The rain ran down the window

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On the Way to School Claire Stopped at the Shop Window, and There Was a Photograph of a Lovely Woman in a Gilt Frame, With a Wonderful Crown on Her Piled-Up Hair and an Ermine Cloak Hanging From Her Regal Shoulders

Some Aspects of Farm Relief

By SENATOR REED SMOOT

THE farmer looms increasingly important in national affairs. Within the past decade or two he has moved from an incongruous place in the humorous magazines to the first page of the metropolitan daily. From a casually accepted cog in the machinery of production—in urban eyes, a dim collective figure, to be regularly complimented on the Fourth of July and Election Day, and forgotten on other occasions—he has developed into a leading character of our national political drama. Today, it may accurately be said, the farmer represents our greatest economic problem.

Only during one or two comparatively short intervals of national disturbance, remembered as the Greenback and Populist periods, has the farmer caused anything comparable to the economic and the political interest which centers on him at this time. And the Greenback agitation and Populist unrest were, after all, merely part of a general depression in which the farmer shared.

In these later years the farmer comes amid proclamations of plenitude and prosperity to insist that he is not receiving his fair and full proportion of the national income. The accuracy of his complaint is conceded, however opinions may differ as to the cause of the economic pressure from which he seeks relief, or however judgments may vary as to the best method by which he can find production and marketing most profitable. Corrective prescriptions are not lacking, but physicians disagree concerning both symptoms and cures.

"Although conditions are never uniform in an agricultural industry as large and varied as that of the United States, the situation this year is perhaps less uneven than in any year since 1920. Certainly there are fewer distress areas. As usual, the situation has bright spots and spots that are not so bright. Nevertheless, the bright spots predominate. . . . It is beyond question that 1928 will go down in American agricultural history as a year of achievement."

W. M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, so commenced the annual report he made to President Coolidge on November fifth last.

From Banker to Laborer

EQUALLY encouraging was Mr. Jardine's Thanksgiving Day statement that "the decline in capital value represented by farm land has been checked, and probably has reached its lowest limit, with the upturn in sight."

In his message to Congress as far back as December 8, 1925, President Coolidge predicted, with his customary foresight, that "there is every reason to suppose that a new era in agricultural prosperity lies just before us, which will probably be unprecedented."

It was interesting, in view of this accurate forecast by Mr. Coolidge, to note the announcement by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, of the United States Department of Agriculture, on last December first, that the harvesting season found the nation with a larder full of agricultural products and the purchasing power of such products in terms of other commodities within 12 per cent of the 1909–14 prewar average.

Then why, it may be inquired, is there a continuous agitation for agricultural panaceas, for agrarian cure-alls?

The farm problem is fundamental. The cost of living is, of course, not alone the farmer's problem. It is one that perplexes everybody. It affects everybody's pocketbook. Eventually the basic influence upon the cost of living, as determined by the inescapable law of supply and demand, must be traced back to the farm. The agricultural situation, which touches the farmer directly and closely, involves also the banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, the office or industrial worker—every group in our complex social and economic organization.

The farm problem cannot be brushed aside by the city dweller any more than by the farmer as something remote and detached from the individual task of earning a living. It affects, in one way or another, the entire industrial fabric of our nation. It concerns, sometimes indistinguishably, more often appreciably, the farmer, the middleman and the consumer alike, or at least to the extent of the earning power of each.

It must be borne in mind, however, that there is one important economic factor which may bear harder upon the farmer than upon the consumer. While the ability of the consumer to possess industrial products such as automobiles and radios is naturally limited to his purchasing ability, his power to utilize food is restricted by nature to his physical ability to consume it, or perhaps to the state of his health. The farmer can expect to meet the demands of only so many appetites, whether they be human or animal. This refers, of course, to those farm products which are edible. But agricultural products such as cotton and wool also enter into a situation which must fall back inevitably, despite all that may be done to legislate prosperity for either the farmer or the consumer, upon the adamant law of supply and demand.

The agricultural situation is entitled not only to intelligent treatment but to the utmost clarity of discussion, so that men and women in every sphere of endeavor, whether urban or rural, may understand its relationship to all our people, individually and collectively. An effort is made here to explain the reasons for the farm problem; to describe its various and frequently conflicting aspects; to state without bias what legislative measures have been proposed for its solution, and, as accurately as possible, what would be the effect upon it if this or that viewpoint became the law of the land.

Environment, political or social, frequently has much to do with trend of thought or expression of opinion, whether directed toward the farm or some other economic problem confronting the Congress composed of the representatives of a hundred and more million people divided into geographic or climatic sections. But the agricultural situation probably could not be summed up more clearly than it was by Representative John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut, Republican floor leader of the United States House of Representatives, when he asserted that the greatest difficulty in the way of reaching a solution of the farm-relief problem is that of agreeing upon the remedy to be applied, and of being reasonably sure that the remedy is not worse than the disease it attempts to cure.

Members of the 4-H Club Judging Cattle at an International Stock Show Held in Chicago. Above—California Stamp, a Shorthorn-Angus Crossbreed Steer, Owned by the University of California and Declared a Grand Champion in 1927

A National Tariff Policy

DURING the late presidential campaign the farm problem was linked indissolubly with the tariff question. The obvious relationship of one to the other developed demands and pledges which undoubtedly will bring about tariff revision along constructive lines. As Mr. Tilson has also pointed out, it has been a number of years since our present tariff act was written. Conditions in some industries have changed, and our tariff law should be revised to meet such changed conditions.

It need not be a drastic revision or one that will in any way disturb legitimate business. In fact, it should encourage business, as well as the farmer, to know that the Republican principle of protection to American industries has been at last accepted by both major political parties as the permanent tariff policy of the country.

Opinions are bound to differ as to whether the farmer can find the relief he is seeking through tariff channels alone, or through the medium of legislation similar to that proposed by the advocates of the McNary-Haugen bill, which has been altered so much since its original was first disapproved of by President Coolidge as to be scarcely recognizable now except by the title it bears and the theory it represents.

Many volumes would be required to set forth all the arguments, pro and con, which have been advanced regarding the McNary-Haugen bill. It has become the storm center of farm relief, although numerous other agricultural measures have been introduced in both houses of Congress. Aside from the McNary-Haugen bill, the Ketcham bill has probably occasioned the most widespread discussion. Each has had its determined proponents and equally determined opponents. Each has been advocated by supporters as certain to lead the farmer out of the economic difficulties besetting him, although different paths are indicated.

The McNary-Haugen bill, briefly described, provides for the creation of a Federal farm board, which would act

with an advisory council of commodity experts in dealing with each agricultural product. Its object is to avert depression of the domestic market by scientific disposal of surplus production. When, in the judgment of the proposed Federal farm board, a surplus of an agricultural commodity was threatened, the board would arrange with coöperative or other agencies to hold, purchase or dispose of the impending excess, and bear the costs entailed by whatever course it pursued. The bill originally provided for an appropriation of $400,000,000 as a working or revolving fund, and, as written then, for the long-debated equalization fee, comparable to a tax levy upon an agricultural commodity. Senator McNary reintroduced the measure without this provision at the opening of the present session of Congress.

As revised, far more drastically this time than during preceding sessions, in the hope of disposing of some of the chief objections to it, the bill again sponsored in the Senate by Senator McNary not only removes the equalization-fee feature, but reduces the working or revolving fund from $400,000,000 to $300,000,000, and reduces the contemplated Federal farm board from twelve to six members, to be selected not by Federal Land Bank districts, as first intended, but at large, not more than three members to be representative of one political party.

The proposed advisory board of commodity experts, instead of being vested with authority to approve or disapprove the operations of the suggested Federal farm board, is subordinated to a strictly advisory, though coöperative, position. And although the equalization fee disappears, insurance against price decline is still provided for.

It should be pointed out, as an illustration of the sharp division of opinion prevailing as to the procedure which should be followed by Congress in providing for farm relief, that Senator McNary's compromise measure was not many hours old before certain leading agrarian members of the House, who had supported the original measure, began to voice vigorous protests against the bill's emasculation in its new form.

141,000 Sacks of Wheat Four Miles East of Pendleton, Oregon

The Debenture Plan

THE Ketcham bill would, in effect, provide for an export bounty upon certain specified products. It would have the proposed bounty paid in the form of a debenture, which, in turn, would be accepted in payment of import duties. Hence it is known as the export debenture plan. Its theory is that the exporter, say, of wheat would be granted a bounty of so many cents per bushel as a debenture. Supporters claim that this would encourage exporters to bid up the price of wheat promptly in proportion to the amount of bounty paid, and the domestic market for wheat would rise accordingly. This, of course, would have to be accomplished with the aid of a protective tariff. The debenture, being receivable for payment of import duties, would be expected always to have a ready market for approximately its face value and therefore possess practically a cash equivalent of approximately its face value.

At the Lancaster County Fair, in Pennsylvania

Exhibits in a Railway Car Fitted Out for the New Jersey State College of Agriculture

One Purpose

THE McNary-Haugen plan has received the support of certain spokesmen for the American Farm Bureau Federation and, generally, of members of Congress from states which comprise the so-called corn and wheat belts. The Ketcham proposal has been advocated by leading representatives of the National Grange. It is not, probably, so widely known, by its title at least, as the McNary-Haugen bill if only because the latter, especially with respect to the now-discarded equalization fee, has been much more generally discussed, and has been made the pivotal point around which the proponents and opponents of all forms of farm relief have engaged in a controversial struggle for a number of years.

During the first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress, in 1924, Representative Haugen, of Iowa, introduced in the House, and Senator McNary, in the Senate, the first drafts of the measure which was later to become nationally known as the McNary-Haugen bill. At that time the bill differed appreciably from the one which has since then passed through many stages of revision and amendment, and has been twice vetoed by the President. While the changing totals of votes for or against the measure in its frequent appearances afford some idea of the manner in which the Senate and the House have divided on it, many pages of debates and hearings would have to be read to gain a true idea of the many thousands of words which have been expended already by the bill's proponents and opponents during one of the bitterest legislative battles in the history of the country.

Apart from whatever merits or defects the McNary-Haugen plan possesses, one may well inquire how extensively the consumer might be affected by this or that form of legislation advanced for the avowed purpose of providing the farmer with increased prices for his products; for the obvious purpose of any of these farm-relief proposals, whether intended to establish agriculture upon the same basis as other industries, to apply the tariff more effectively to farm products or to provide the farmer with a living wage, is to increase farm prices and agricultural profits.

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Sugar Baby; Full Particulars

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

SKIDSY just turned his big brown eyes on me and said, "Say, you ain't mad with me, are you, Sugar Baby?"

A minute before, I could have killed Skidsy, but there was something about the way he said those words that left me all melty inside.

"Why, no, Skidsy," I answered before I really stopped to think. "I ain't mad with you."

"Then I ain't mad with you, either. Come here, Sugar Baby."

That afternoon I said to Bella, my girl friend at the office, "You are all wrong," I said, "because he is very refined and cultured. And the last thing he said to me was that I would look more cultured myself if I should change and be a blonde."

"If that is cultured," said Bella with a coarse laugh, "then so is boloney sausage. Why try to make the burlesque queens jealous when last summer your own natural-brown hair helped make you Miss Pearl City? And if you got any plain, ordinary common sense left in that nut of yours, why are you passing up three real guys for a human mistake who wants to see you do a chemical experiment."

"Skidsy comes from a splendid family," I said, "and is a graduate of the university at Yale, and is also independently wealthy."

"Little sister has heard that line more than once," Bella said with a laugh which was even coarser, "and you can take it from her, any time a man pulls that gag he is lying. And what is more, he is worthless. But there, little girl, don't cry. There is nothing like a worthless man to fascinate a decent woman. The more worthless he shows himself the more fascinated she gets. Every worthless man is born with a barrel of soft soap, and that's all he needs to wangle through life, though some of them are so worthless they don't even need that."

I did not like the way my girl friend Bella talked, so I cut the conversation as short as possible. Moreover, I could not help feeling somewhat embarrassed, because I had often described to Bella the kind of man I could love more than life itself, and with a love that would never die, and Skidsy was not exactly that kind. Furthermore, having never been so simple as Bella thinks I am, I would not be telling the full truth if I did not state here that even when Skidsy was handing me his confidential line I sometimes had doubts. That was the reason I decided to investigate before saying the words that would unite me to Skidsy for life.

The more I investigated, the more, I am sorry to say, I found out. At the end of three weeks there was nothing left for me to do but to tell Skidsy, in the plainest words possible, that he was getting the air.

"Skidsy," I said, when I had got him seated in the rooming-house parlor, "we have something serious to talk about."

"What's the matter now? The high price of beauty parlors?"

"No," I replied, blushing a little, for, in spite of all he said, I had not yet become a blonde; "it is about you, Skidsy. I have been checking up on some of the things you told me. Do you remember when we first met, you said you could take a cigarette or leave it alone?"

"That's 50 per cent true; when it comes to taking cigarettes I am still a little bit there."

"He's Only a Rat, Lady, and I Feel Like Putting a Bullet in His Leg Just So You Should Hear Him Holler"

I decided not to notice this smart crack. "You told me you never drank."

"It's so long between drinks that that's how it seems to me."

I still did not pay any attention to his efforts to be comical. "You told me you went to the university at Yale."

"Did I say Yale? I meant Harvard."

"You never went to any university, Skidsy. At the age of fifteen you were sent to the reform school, and that's where you graduated. What did you lie to me for?"

"I wasn't lying, Sugar Baby; I just didn't want for you to be worried."

"You told me your father was a big lawyer in Chicago and you had two uncles who were big doctors in New York. Skidsy, you got just one living relative, and that's an aunt in the poorhouse at Painesville, Ohio. And the reason I know is because I have her letter."

"I didn't put her there, did I?"

I went right on, and the more I said the more indignant I got. "You're not even working, Skidsy. You say you're selling bonds, but all you do is to go downtown and shoot pool. At that bank where you got all those securities, nobody ever heard your name. And nobody knows you in Hollywood, where you own all those big apartment buildings rented to movie stars. You've just been lying to me, Skidsy; just lying from the first. You've treated me like the dirt under your feet, thinking I was going to stand for it. Now you'll find out different. Here's your ring, Skidsy, and don't ever try to come into my life any more. All is over between us."

For a minute Skidsy didn't say a word: just looked at me with those brown eyes of his, sort of reproachful.

Then he said, "You ain't mad with me, are you, Sugar Baby?"

At that question of Skidsy's it was just as though something inside me snapped. I'd been talking until I'd worked myself into a state where, if Skidsy had peeped the wrong word, I'd have taken the clock off the mantel and fired it at him.

But when he asked me that question and looked at me out of those big brown eyes, before I could stop myself I'd flashed back, "Why, no, Skidsy. I ain't mad with you."

"Then I ain't mad with you, either. Come here, Sugar Baby." And he pulled me down on his lap.

Quite some minutes passed before we started talking again.

Then Skidsy said, "You never want to get mad with me, Sugar Baby, because I couldn't stand it. You're all I got in life. If it wasn't for you I'd stop living."

"Don't talk foolish, Skidsy."

"There's no foolishness about that, Sugar Baby. You mean more to me than everything else in the world rolled together. You understand me, and you're the first one that ever did. Why, Sugar Baby, if you should tell me to, I'd walk around the world on my hands and be glad of the chance. You can make me do anything you say. I may have been a little unreliable in the past; I may have spilled a remark or two that wasn't exactly the facts, but that was because I was afraid of losing you. And from now on I got just one ambition, and that is to take care of my Sugar Baby. I want to look out for you. I want to work for you and earn for you and protect you wherever you go. You may not believe this, but it's the truth, Sugar Baby."

The next day Skidsy and I got married.

II

"SKIDSY," I said, the first week after we were married, "what you ought to do is to get a good job and work up."

"Sugar Baby," he said, "watch my smoke. You're like sunshine coming into my path and showing me the right way. I'm gonna get a job if I have to blackjack the boss."

Next morning, after putting his breakfast on the chair by the bed and leaving lunch fixed on the table, I ran across the street and bought the paper with the most want ads and also a couple of packs of cigarettes, because Skidsy always said he couldn't think straight mornings until he'd smoked a little.

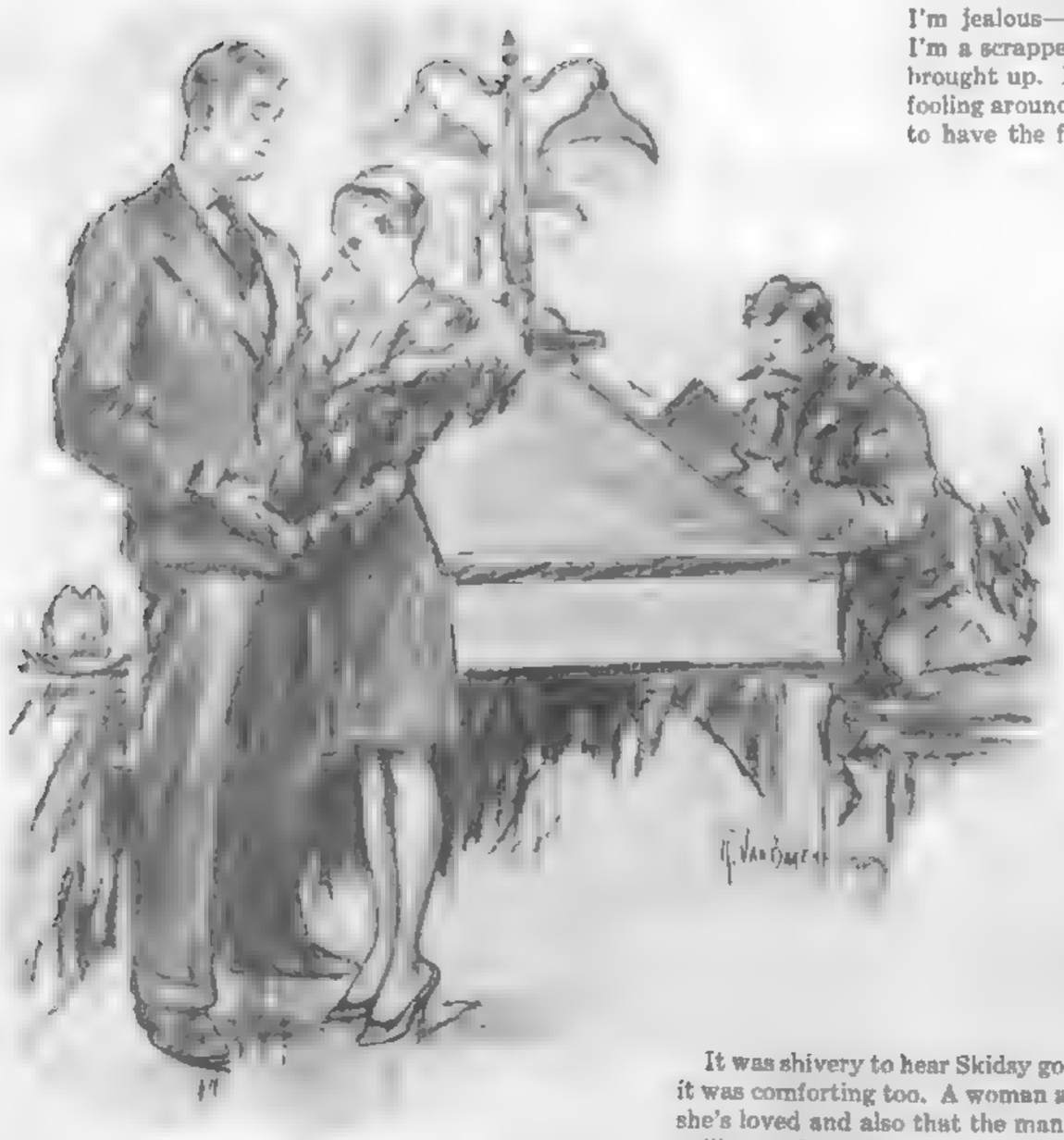
"Lemme swallow this breakfast down, Sugar Baby, and then tell the world to watch papa doing the job hunter's drag. I'll make 'em take me on even if they have to fire Rockefeller's favorite nephew."

Skidsy didn't get a job that day, but he said he wasn't discouraged and was going to keep right on trying. Maybe he did. But coming home one noon a week later, I found Skidsy still in bed, finishing his second pack of cigarettes and reading the boxing news.

"Sugar Baby," he said, "I couldn't bring myself to tell you before, because I knew it would just make you feel bad. But it's a fact there's no use for me to try to rustle a job, because what the world wants today is educated men, and I'm not educated. Now, if I just had a night business-college education, it would be different, and I know a college where a first payment of twenty-five dollars will get me admitted, and when I finish their course, believe me, Sugar Baby, I'll never let you work another minute of your life."

I gave Skidsy the twenty-five and told him to start right in.

Twice after, I paid the same amount, and all the time Skidsy was telling me how he was going to classes regular from seven till ten. It was only when I went around to visit that I found Skidsy had never shown up at any business college in the city and that they had never even heard of him.

The next morning I called Skidsy, and I called him good and hard. I spoke to him in all the plain language I could

"I Belong to Myself, Lowell, and Have a Perfect Right to Discuss Any Subject Whatever With You"

think up. He just looked at me with those big brown eyes and never peeped until I finished.

Then he said, "Why, you ain't mad with me, are you, Sugar Baby?"

Mad with him? I could have bounced a flatiron off his head.

But he hadn't any more than said that and looked at me out of those eyes than I began to feel ashamed of my temper.

"Why, no, Skidsy," I said, "I ain't mad with you."

"Then I ain't mad with you, either. Come here, Sugar Baby."

When we got to talking again he said, "I'm glad you ain't mad with me, Sugar Baby, because I couldn't stand it if you was. There's just one little girl in my life, and that's all there ever was or ever will be, and that little girl is you. And it made me so sore, Sugar Baby, to see you going around without any nice clothes or pleasures in your life, that I made up my mind I'd get you some spending money if I had to hold up a bank. I figured I'd get out of those crap games with enough to pay my tuition in the college and slip you five hundred on the side. Well, I didn't have no luck. But you wait, Sugar Baby. You'll be wearing diamonds yet."

Well, weeks passed and then months passed, and little by little I got used to Skidsy the way he was. "Nobody can have everything," I told myself, "so why not make the best of what we got? It may be a luxury keeping Skidsy well dressed and slipping him pocket money and paying a fine when he gets pinched for gambling, but after all he has his good qualities. Two anyhow."

"Listen, Sugar Baby," he'd say every so often; "there ain't any fresh guy making eyes at you, is there?"

"Why, no, Skidsy."

"There better not be, Sugar Baby. I'm jealous—that's my nature—and I'm a scrapper—that's the way I was brought up. If any goofer ever starts fooling around you he better get ready to have the furniture polish knocked out of him. He better pick out his favorite undertaker."

"I'm sure you don't have to be afraid of anything like that, Skidsy."

"I hope not, Sugar Baby. I'd be sorry for the other bozo if I ever take after him. When I was in the ring they called me the Tiger Kid, and the boxing commission always barred me out because they was always afraid I might get sore sometime and kill the fellow I was boxing with. Life without you, Sugar Baby, wouldn't mean anything to me, and if I ever catch any wahoo trying to slick you, I'm liable to kill him with my bare hands."

It was shivery to hear Skidsy go on, but at the same time it was comforting too. A woman always likes to know that she's loved and also that the man of the house is able and willing to defend her. Though, as a matter of fact, Skidsy wasn't around the house much except mornings from about three o'clock on.

Then one A.M. I woke up to find Skidsy hadn't come home at all. There was no word from him or trace of him that day, or the night following, or the next day. I'd practically gone worry-crazy when the bank telephoned me to drop in at once for an important matter.

"It's this check," the cashier said when I leaned over the counter with my eyes as red as tomatoes. "You see, it's drawn in your name and we paid it, but afterward we weren't so sure it was right."

The check was for five hundred dollars. I hadn't any more than looked at the signature than I knew just what had happened.

"Why, yes," I said as soon as I could speak, "sure it's all right. I gave it to my husband myself." And I staggered out into the street, hitting on both heels.

It wasn't just that Skidsy had written my name at the bottom of that check and knocked my balance down to less than fifty dollars; it was a fear of something worse. But Saturday came before I got at the whole truth.

The lady in the flat below had been celebrating her tin wedding by a visit to her husband in the penitentiary, and on the train she had seen Skidsy. He was traveling with a blonde; they had two one-way tickets to Cincinnati.

If Bella hadn't been on the spot to catch me, I would have jumped out of the fourth-story window. And all during the next week every time I was left alone I thought I would go insane. Then one night, when I had lain awake till two in the morning, crying and wondering where to turn for good advice, I remembered what a girl friend had once said to me. She had had two gentlemen admirers and had not known what to do about same on account of her being such a good friend with both their wives. "What I did finally," she said, "was to write my problem to Aunt Friendly, who has the Sweethearts and Wives column in the Pearl City Tribune, and the advice I received from her was worth more than jewels." So that is how I happened to write you, Aunt Friendly, and you remember you replied by printing in your column the following notice: "Sugar Baby: Won't you write me a personal letter giving full particulars?"

So this is the personal letter, Aunt Friendly, and the reason you have had to wait all these weeks is because every day the particulars have kept growing fuller and fuller, and more and more complicated, beginning with the extraordinary event which I will now describe.

III

IT HAPPENED one evening in the public library about ten days after I found out about Skidsy. I was looking for a book in one of the alcoves when I saw a sight that made me stop with my mouth open. In fact I had to use all my self-restraint to keep from saying "Ah-h-h-h," the way children do when a skyrocket bursts into stars.

What I had seen was none other than a gentleman who was so exactly like the gentleman I had always dreamed I would marry that it seemed as if he had been made to order. There was nothing at all about him like Skidsy. To begin with, he was larger and broader and straighter and healthier-looking. Then, too, his clothes were exactly right. I mean by this that, though they did not look as if they

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"There's No Use for Me to Try to Rustle a Job, Because What the World Wants Today is Educated Men, and I'm Not Educated"

THE RED TO PROFITS

By JEROME BEATTY

The Flight of the Israelites From Egypt as Pictured in "The Ten Commandments"

THE picture was "over" there was no doubt about that. Signs which never fail pointed definitely to a run of at least six months on Broadway for Sons of Destiny, the Amalgamated Producing Company's new talking picture.

It was the morning after the world première at the Columbine Theater in Times Square, and in the office of the president of the Amalgamated sat the president himself, the general manager of production, who had come on from Hollywood for the opening, the general sales manager, the advertising and publicity manager and the manager of the Columbine Theater.

"Nothing the matter with that opening," said the president. "Everybody in town was there."

"Not a private secretary in the place," said the advertising manager. "The folks all smelled a hit."

"I knew we had something," said the production manager, "when the editors of the movie magazines began asking for more tickets. They had a tip from Hollywood that we had a knock-out."

In the motion-picture business the officials of companies can smell the quality of a big picture coming from a rival studio with the accuracy of a lion smelling an approaching hunter. No one has yet been able to define and analyze this sense. Hollywood misses frequently in its estimate of an ordinary program picture, but it is usually right about the big ones, picking the naturals or the flops even before the completed film has left the cutting room. Extra people, electricians, assistant cameramen, drifting from lot to lot, spread the low-down, and if the extras have a feeling that the Amalgamated is making a sour picture, that's what Hollywood believes, despite boasting by the director at the Hollywood Athletic Club or vivid descriptions of her important scenes by the star at luncheon at the Montmartre.

Everybody Knows

TRAVELERS from the West Coast bring the word to New York, and long before the print of the picture arrives in New York or the first billboards appear in Times Square, an accurate appraisal of the box-office value of the picture has saturated every corner of the motion-picture industry except that occupied by the producer and distributor of that particular million dollars' worth of merchandise. No producer is sure of what he has bought with his million dollars until after his Broadway opening. He is too close to the production, influenced for or against the show by the personalities employed in its making, prejudiced in favor of a particular type of story, doubtful of new ideas which may be over the heads of the public, fearful of sure-fire gags that may turn out to be old-fashioned.

His friends may say that they hear he has a knock-out, but that is no evidence. What a friend says means nothing in judging a show, either before or after the opening. It is the custom to tell a producer that he has a picture that will set the world on fire, and to let him sleep as peacefully as possible until the box-office returns arrive with the news from the public which will indicate whether it intends to pay him half a million dollars or two million for opportunities to look at ten or twelve reels of film that cost a million dollars to make.

Lois Wilson and Alan Hale in a Scene From "The Covered Wagon"

Faint Praise

THE worst thing that a friend will tell a producer is: "Well, it's one of those things. It either will be a tremendous hit or a terrible flop." When they start talking that way, look out! Not since Humoresque, has "one of those things" ever been anything but a terrible flop.

To judge the attitude of their competitors, to learn the low-down on the advance reports on the picture, the members of the organization that is releasing an important picture watch the opening. A good opening means that the first-night tickets—marked $5.50 and all given away—are used by the important motion-picture personalities to whom they are sent. If Will H. Hays, Adolph Zukor, Jesse L. Lasky, Nicholas Schenck, Joseph Schenck, David Sarnoff, the Warner Brothers, Carl Laemmle, the Cochranes, William Fox, Joseph Schnitzer, Hiram Brown, Hermann Starr, Ned E. Depinet, Earl W. Hammons, Sam Katz, Roxy, Joseph Plunkett and Major Bowes are on hand, that's the first evidence of success. These important motion-picture personages are not visible unless the word has been passed around that here is a picture that has something on the ball.

If, along about 8:45 P.M., a survey of the theater shows that the best aisle seats, except those occupied by critics, are filled with young women and their beaus, hearts begin to sink. The advance information on the picture has not been so good and Mr. Zukor and the rest have turned their tickets over to their private secretaries.

"Sime Silverman was there," said the advertising manager eagerly. "He gave me a nod on his way out that showed that he was O. K."

If, in addition to the motion-picture officials, the audience includes Sime Silverman, editor of Variety, there is little further cause for worry, and if Sime, who expresses his likes and dislikes only in his publication, goes so far as to nod on his way out, your show is probably set for a year.

On the president's desk were clippings—the reviews from the

morning and evening papers. The two critics who were always correct as to the artistic value of a motion picture and always wrong as to its popular appeal were comforting. One said there should be a law preventing the showing of any talking picture, and the other said Sons of Destiny was a hodgepodge of old stuff and cheap sentimentality.

The three critics who were nearly always right wrote in sparkling lines of praise, much of which already had been selected by the advertising manager for his next day's advertisements. The other newspapers were more than kind. The industry's daily trade papers were enthusiastic. The Film Daily, in an editorial, said: "Sons of Destiny is a wow. You can't go wrong with this one." The Exhibitor's Daily Review advised theater owners to "grab Sons of Destiny. It will help pay off the mortgage."

Authors and producers of legitimate plays are said to remain up all night after a première to snatch the damp copies of morning newspapers from the arms of newsboys to learn whether the dramatic critics have decided for or against a play. Perhaps they do. Perhaps a broadside of bad notices will close a play before the next Saturday night. But motion-picture critics are something else. Their readers do not seem to accept their advice, and the motion-picture industry knows that The Last Laugh, which was given tremendous praise by the dailies, was death to the box office, and that columns of sneers did not prevent Male and Female from being one of the most profitable pictures ever made.

Lillian Gish

Nine out of twelve critics greeted with rough boos a picture that opened on Broadway last summer during one of the hottest spells that New York City had suffered. Although the theater housing this entertainment had no cooling system and the temperature inside sometimes rose to eighty-two, the first week's business was excellent, and the second week broke the house record—the theater was filled at every performance with contented men with their coats off and well-satisfied women fanning themselves frantically.

Good notices from the dailies are comforting, but not final. Most important are the motion-picture trade papers, for their tipsters judge the money-making possibilities of a production and pass the word along to the theater owners who soon are to be asked to buy.

The general manager picked up a sheet filled with figures and laid it before the president.

A Cheap Buy

"WITH a good break in the weather," said the general manager, "we may be able to carry her through the summer on this estimate. I want to get twenty-six weeks, if possible; so that the show will be running on Broadway at two dollars top while we're selling it outside the New York territory."

"What will it cost for a twenty-six-week run?" the president asked.

"Well, if we've got a hit—and it looks that way—we ought to take in around $10,000 a week; and our expenses, written off over twenty-six weeks, will be about $11,000 a week. We can figure a loss of not more than $26,000 for a six months' run."

"Fine!" said the president. "It cost us $64,000 to carry Lost in Paris for twenty-one weeks. Six months for $26,000 is a cheap buy."

The chief executives of one of the great motion-picture companies—successful business men, clever buyers, shrewd sellers—delightedly approved a deal which figured about like this:

Cost	$250,000
Receipts	224,000
Loss	$ 26,000

Sons of Destiny would run at a Broadway theater for twenty-six weeks. It would be lavishly advertised as a tremendous success. The best seats would sell for two dollars at evening performances and at Saturday, Sunday and holiday matinées. Perhaps the price would be boosted to $2.50 for Saturday and Sunday nights. Toward the end of the run free tickets would be passed around liberally, so as to keep the theater well filled. On bad days, when the demand for cheap seats forecast a partly empty orchestra, tickets would be clipped and orchestra seats would be sold at the price of balcony seats.

"A Riot on Broadway," the advertising to the trade would read, and the general impression would be that Sons of Destiny was making a lot of money at the Columbine Theater. Yet, when the final accounting was made, the Amalgamated would "go in the red" for $26,000—or "for twenty-six grand," to quote correctly—on the Broadway engagement.

Is that good business? It is, at least, good show business.

Between thirty and forty motion pictures each year are given a première at a so-called legitimate theater at two dollars top. Two or three every year show a profit on these runs. Among these have been The Ten Commandments, The Covered Wagon, The Big Parade, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Lilac Time, The Jazz Singer, Wings, and Ben Hur. Rare, indeed, is the picture that pays its producers an average of $1000 a week net on these special showings. Common is the picture that loses twice that amount.

Clara Bow

A producer of a legitimate play puts his show into a New York theater, advertises it moderately, and if it does not earn its keep, throws it out and it is dead forever. His market is limited; he does not care what the people out West think, because he has no national distribution.

Backed by a Broadway Run

A MOTION-PICTURE producer looks upon his New York run as a demonstration for the theater owners from Jamaica, Long Island, to El Paso, Texas, and for visitors to New York from Key West to Walla Walla, who will go back home and spread the news. He realizes, of course, that no advertising campaign can make a success out of a show that the folks do not like. They, too, can smell the bad ones. But expert exploitation of a better-than-average motion picture may double its gross.

A picture that proves to have small appeal at two dollars on Broadway usually is withdrawn after a run of a few weeks. No matter how bad a picture may be, it never is taken off immediately. The producer is willing to lose ten or twenty thousand dollars and to give away thousands of passes in an attempt to save his face. But the public knows and the theater owners know, and the producer knows they know, and sells his picture to theaters with small argument as to price. Even a flop, however, will earn more money with a Broadway run back of it. It will bring good film rentals in the New York City territory because of the advertising it has had during its Broadway run; although beyond the reach of the circulation of the New York City daily newspapers, it probably will be rated as just another motion picture.

But here we have a success. Sons of Destiny. The "nut,"

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PHOTO BY COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

A Scene From "Wings," One of the Broadway Successes

A GUEST PERFORMANCE

By Mary F. Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

The Affair of the Hanni and Count von Doppenheim Was the Greatest Sensation in Vienna Since the Fall of the Dynasty

OH, IT was good to be back in dear Vienna! This was Cléo Hanni's second thought after that prying finger of the midday sun had parted the thick red-baize curtains and tapped her upon her lovely and famous nose, causing her to sneeze. She sat up in the great bed, at first frightened and indignant. A sneeze—a cold—disaster! Then she remembered and laughed aloud. No drafts here; never the slightest insinuation of out-of-doors. The room was high and vaulted, as cozy as a railroad station, but it was hermetically sealed.

In the tall white stove in the corner a fire was crackling. Cléo retreated happily under the giant red sateen puff, which was the glory of the baronial bed. These delicious goose feathers—how barbarous and how comfortable!

She would ring for Miss Dymple and look over her mail. Again memory smote her. This tenth in the procession of her secretaries had left her in tears upon the tender at Plymouth three days ago. Miss Dymple was doubtless by now in the genteel and impoverished bosom of her family, while she, Cléo Hanni, was alone in Europe.

And yet not quite alone. Charlie Duke was in Paris, had seen her to the train. And now Vienna, this sweet city of Vienna—with Kitzi to look after her!

She reached for the brown woolen robe on the neighboring chair and pulled a silk bandanna over her rumpled cap of brass-colored hair, for there were quick footsteps in the tiled corridor outside, an excited thumping at the door. She drew back the bolt and received a catapulting bundle of blue velvet and feathers straight into her arms.

Cléo hated excessive demonstration. But this was Kitzi again—the old devoted Kitzi—unchanged, although she was now a little Austrian *Hausfrau*. She allowed the blue velvet to cling a little and placed dutiful kisses upon the round and perfumed cheek pressing so eagerly against her own.

An exuberant bubbling of soft German endearments caressed her ear.

"Katherine," she said sternly at last, "you are more Viennese than Vienna. Who'd ever think you came from Detroit?"

"As to that," laughed Kitzi, "who'd ever think that you came "

"Hush!" cried Cléo. "No one ever shall!"

"Well, *Schätzchen*, I'm not so sure. In that wrapper and this awful hotel. *Um Gottes Willen*, Cléo, why do you stop here? The Seilergasse, of all impossible places! One can hardly find it."

"I like it; it's a kind of lonely outpost of the old days. I don't meet war profiteers and other prima donnas here, and I'm treated like the empress. Look at this suite!"

"Oh, darling!" Kitzi flung her velvet arms again about the woolen defenses. "It's so utterly like you to make yourself uncomfortable. But you're here, here, here—that's the thing! Where is your maid?"

Cléo laughed. "Where indeed? You shall find me a perfect pearl, my Kitzi, and in the meantime ——"

"Of course, Cléo. I just told Fritzi this morning: 'You needn't expect to see me at all while Cléo Hanni is here.'"

"Oh, yes, Fritzi—you have a husband! How is the paragon?"

"Simply marvelous, my dear. Handsomer than ever—he really is!" She grew very earnest. "I want you to know him better, Cléo. You must come and see our home."

"Pouf!" said Cléo. "You know he doesn't like me. Besides, you mustn't make this poor wanderer jealous of all your peace and happiness."

Kitzi smiled.

"Darling, you wouldn't like peace—that is, for any length of time. You wouldn't change places with anyone in the world."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" said Cléo. "How little you know me. But I'm starving; let's ring for breakfast."

Kitzi looked about in a baffled manner. "What'll we ring?"

"Oh"—Cléo was beginning to make up her face before a tall pier glass—"there's some kind of a red tassel around somewhere."

A bobbing maid and a manservant appeared as if they had been standing in the wings of an operatic performance. They opened the shutters, they poked up the fire with a great clatter, they brought tall brass ewers of hot water, and finally a little table spread with plates of crisp brown crescent rolls. There were pots of honey and jam, and strange-smelling coffee. Cléo put down her lipstick and inspected these with concentrated interest while the servants hung nervously upon her wishes.

"Hot milk!" she commanded in outraged tones.

"*Ja, ja; 'n Augenblick, Gnädigste!*" They fled in disorder.

While Kitzi put two chairs in place and sat down, Cléo went over to the window and stood gazing solemnly upon the gray street and the mottled scales of the Stefanskirche's steep, familiar roof. Kitzi held her breath; Vienna was teeming with memories, and Cléo loved sentiment. She was right; there was the sudden sparkle of tears in the golden lashes and a booming sigh stirred the air.

"Youth—ah, youth!" cried Cléo, poking the drops from her eyes with a tapering forefinger. Then she turned quickly, her mood changing with the gesture.

"Well, we're all helpless puppets, my Kitzi," she said. "And we're not so old yet as we'll some day be. . . . I don't suppose by any chance the coffee is hot?"

Kitzi stroked the pot. "Yes, it actually is." Her plump hands flashed efficiently among the cups for a moment; then complacently she sat back, straightened the lace of her cuffs and giggled delightedly, mysteriously. "Cléo, I'm simply bursting!"

"Yes," agreed Cléo, "it's about time you told me some news."

"But this—you can't imagine—it's too awful!"

"For heaven's sake!" said Cléo impatiently.

"Cléo, Karl is here!"

"What?" The woolen wrapper stood up in all the majesty of royal velvet. "What do you mean?"

Kitzi giggled again, but nervously. "Here at the opera—every day. He is rich; he has tremendous influence; he ——"

Cléo's face was ashen. She grasped the table with both hands so that the dishes tinkled.

"You little fool!" she cried. "You should have wired me! I should never have come!" She began to pace the room excitedly.

Kitzi was frightened.

"Don't be silly, darling," she twittered. "It's really terribly thrilling! You ought to like it! And nothing can actually happen now, of course. Maybe he doesn't care any more."

Cléo stopped her buskin tread to glower at the flustered futility of these arguments.

"And why shouldn't he still care?" she demanded.

"Oh, of course, Cléo, he would in a way, but you are a great, a world-famous prima donna now. It's so different."

"I was singing leading rôles then," Cléo reminded her sharply. "It was in Carmen ——"

Ah, yes, Carmen—could she ever forget! She, Kitzi, the ridiculously young and fat soubrette, standing palpitating in the wings after her Micaela aria to watch her idol. Cléo Hanni, in her early twenties, was a thing on fire, beautiful as a spring morning, with the vitality and eagerness of a boy, the bloom and sweetness of girlhood still on her. And born to the stage! *Theaterblut*, they call it in Vienna. Marguerite or Carmen—they were all the same to her. She sprang into their clothes, into their skins. The sawdust dolls of the operatic repertoire rose from their traditional inertia and lived again in her glowing flesh and hot young blood.

She sang anything—much of it badly—but the voice! Clear, strong, golden, almost contralto at times. Did Kitzi remember? Did she not! And then Karl—Karl von Doppenheim. Also young, also fiery, come from Graz to be the *Heldentenor*. Like spark and tinder they came together. Sometimes it was love, sometimes hate, but passion it certainly was. Kitzi's plump breast fluttered at the mere remembrance.

"That was something to have in the beginning of one's career, I tell you," mused Cléo, at rest again beside the coffeepot. "It couldn't happen now. Thank heaven, the old days are gone forever!"

"But," said Kitzi, wrinkling her smooth brow, "you were just wishing them back."

"Hush, *Schafskopf!* How could you understand? Fancy; they would never take any action because of a little drop of Hapsburg blood somewhere in one of his veins. He chased me with a knife—sharp steel, not leather, you understand—in the last act. *Oh, weh!* I don't dare think of it!"

"Yes, darling, I was there. But you had jilted him, Cléo. He was mad about you!"

"Jilted! And why not? With a New York contract, and he refusing to let me go!"

"But didn't you love him?"

"Perhaps," said Cléo. "But how stupid you are, my Kitzi, since you became domestic. One lives for one's art!"

Here, with appropriate ceremony, the hot milk entered. "Somewhat late," observed Kitzi icily, in an approximation of Cléo's manner, beginning dutifully to take charge.

But Cléo was for once indifferent; she had caught sight of mail in the maid's hand.

"And, *Gnä' Frau Kammersängerin*," said the valet, "it appears there was a message left this morning from the opera. *Gnä' Frau* is desired for rehearsal at two o'clock."

"Two!" shrieked Cléo. "It's quarter of now! Don't stand there gaping! Is there no one to help me—no one I can depend on? *Du lieber Gott!*"

Kitzi banished the servants in search of a cab, and said calmly as she hooked the shoulder of Cléo's frock, "Well, this is what you get for living in the past."

Cléo Hanni entered the opera house like royalty itself. The *Portier* remembered her and saluted with military precision. The *Intendant* received her, and the *Kapellmeister* and the first and second *Repetitors* came to her dressing room to bow, make compliments and kiss her hand. The opera was Tosca, an old rôle.

"We will only go over the action with piano," she was told, "from your entrance, for the barytone is a little nervous about what you do in Act II."

"He may well be," said Cléo in a radiant glow of happiness. "Ah-ee; ah-ee; ah-ee!" she sang jubilantly, trying her voice and finding it good. This was life—the only life! This musty, dark, slightly soiled environment was the entire world.

She was wearing what she called a rehearsal dress; in reality an extremely chic affair, black, so that the dirt of the stage would not show, with the startling bravado of white kid gloves, which she always affected to protect her exquisite hands. She loved Tosca: it was made to her measure. She could forget anything in life at her first cue.

But today, even on that old familiar stage, it was different. She was self-conscious, somewhat too elaborately at ease, wandering about between phrases, eating jujubes, patting her hair or powdering her nose, snapping back into the picture with the music, only to make a provocative *moue* at the tenor when she was done. Kitzi, sitting alone in the darkened house, read these actions correctly

"She thinks he may be watching somewhere," she surmised. "She's letting him see how she just shakes these things out of her sleeve nowadays."

He was, as a matter of fact, watching her with a fierce intensity from behind the curtains of the old imperial loge. But as the act progressed to its sordid climax he came down and stood openly in the first coulisse. It was there that she caught sight of him, but she gave no sign—not the flicker of a mascaraed lash. She went, however, a little farther downstage, where the border lights caught her brass-colored hair. She knew perfectly well how effective it was with the black and white. She murdered Scarpia with an airy gesture; then suddenly decided to finish in style. From that moment on her business with the bloody napkin, the lighted tapers and the crucifix was as recollected, as tensely keyed, as if unseen thousands out beyond the footlights hung breathlessly upon every move.

At the final chord there was a general movement in her direction, more hand kissing. "*Brava, bellissima!*" said the tenor, who had been singing recently in Venice. "*Kolossal!*" cried everyone else.

The *Intendant* was particularly gracious. "The house is sold out for tomorrow, madame," he said. "People will be standing in line by eight o'clock in the morning."

In the meantime a taller man had joined the group—a man with eyes like an eagle. Now he stepped up to her without preamble. In a hoarse rasp he said, "My car is waiting. You will take *Jause* with me."

"So," said Cléo as steadily as he. "And what is that? It is a long time since I heard the word."

His eyes snapped. He replied in careful English. "Coffee, cakes and conversation in a corner." And then he laughed. But his laugh was even stranger, hoarser than his speech.

She went with him, of course, embracing Kitzi at the stage door and bidding her bring Fritzi to dine at eight.

In the car—a smart gray-lined brougham driven by a wooden soldier—she turned to him in wonder.

"Karl, what has happened to you?" she asked, surprised at her own gentleness.

"Many things, but not for your ears," he answered in his grating voice. But he did not look at her. Instead, he snatched at her left hand and painstakingly felt the fingers beneath the absurd white glove. The investigation seemed to satisfy him. Slowly he turned and fixed his piercing gaze upon her own somewhat startled and lovely eyes.

"You know, Cléo Hanni," he said, "I swore to kill you if I ever saw you again. But I shall not; I shall marry you!"

Strangely enough Cléo felt no great resentment at this preposterous outburst. She was, in fact, curiously exhilarated. This was a game she knew how to play. "*Ach*, so it is you after all, Karlchen! It sounds quite desperately familiar."

"What does?"

"Your death-or-matrimony proposition. No one but you or an opera librettist would dare even mention it."

"I assure you ——" Karl sat up, very straight and offended. Her own sense of humor was defective, but she could see that he had even less. "I assure you, this is no joke. I am in deadly earnest. I am always like this—always, since I lost my voice!" Suddenly he softened. "Oh, Cléo, it is terrible! You must be kind to me!"

Cléo experienced an unreasoning and overwhelming impulse to comfort, to mother this man. But she retreated from the idea in panic. She must never, never become the soother; she who was so successfully the soothee. She knew perfectly well that motherly women are infrequently great artists. And yet she felt herself slipping. Kitzi had told her that Karl had been gassed in the trenches. So that was where the voice had gone. Well, it wasn't really much of a voice, or he, too, would have had a New York contract. She settled back and regarded him more calmly.

He chose his own corner table for *Jause* at the Cafe am Schwarzenberg Platz, where no one would know them, and immediately they were surrounded by four waiters who all but genuflected. Even Cléo was impressed, for she recalled that this was postwar Vienna, and autocracy had been defunct for some years. He seemed to read her thoughts, even while he sent the waiters off for food, upon the selection of which it never occurred to him to consult her.

"I am fabulously rich," he announced in explanation, and glared at her.

Cléo felt the delicious prickle of danger. But she could parry that thrust.

"So am I," she said sweetly. "How did you get yours?"

Karl von Doppenheim was enchanted. "*Touché!*" he cried, and took his monocle out. She shivered; she felt suddenly that mothering instinct again.

"Do you remember," he confided in his raucous whisper which could be heard around the room, "the night twelve years ago when Kitzi and Fritzi were married? Her fat father drank too much and told me to invest my *cachets* in American oil. Well, I did."

"And now?"

"I have anything I please. I shall buy the directorate of the opera for myself next year—for myself and you," he amended.

Cléo found Kitzi curled up, dinnerless and tear stained, on her bed that night in the Seilergasse. Fritzi had long since gone home in a rage to drink bottled beer and eat cold *Strudel* alone.

Once more Cléo became almost motherly. "You'll forgive me, darling heart, and stay the night with me?" she begged of the rumpled little pigeon. "We drove out to Semmering, under a new moon."

"Cléo—Cléo Hanni," whimpered Kitzi, "you are perfectly insane! Why, you are singing tomorrow night!"

Cléo stared at her a moment in silence; then an anxious hand flew to her throat in the immortal gesture of prima donnas. She swallowed experimentally and ventured a little cough.

"No, I believe I'm all right," she said. She went to sleep in Kitzi's arms.

The première was all that the *Intendant* had foretold. Music lovers, with camp stools and lunches of *Kipfeln* and *Wurst* done up in brown paper, sat all day in the rain waiting for admissions, and counted the time well spent.

Her dressing room was so full of flowers that she found herself getting hoarse and nearly lost her nerve an hour before the performance. The old Gräfin Rabenstein, the last of her race, rattled all the way in from Schloss Rabenstein in a *Droschke* to visit her one-time protégée, the same red pompadour slightly askew as in those other days, but her diamond dog collar long since replaced by a purple ribbon.

She nibbled the sandwiches which Kitzi had brought for Cléo, and her beady eyes danced with the happiness of backstage again, and gossip. Cléo was frightfully nervous. She could gladly have strangled the old lady for just one minute alone. Instead, she kissed the wrinkled hand.

"You must go, darling. I have to try my voice, and you'll like seeing the audience come in. Take lunch with me on Thursday at the Bristol."

"But," cackled the Gräfin, "I had such a lovely scandal to tell you about an old lover of yours—Karl von Doppenheim."

Cléo was ashamed to feel the throb of the pulse in her throat. She hoped that Kitzi, helping her apply liquid powder, had not noticed.

"Well, sit down until I get my wig on," she said.

The Gräfin sat. She ate another sandwich.

(Continued on Page 143)

The Old Gräfin Rabenstein, the Last of Her Race, Rattled All the Way in From Schloss Rabenstein in a Droschke to Visit Her One-Time Protegee

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

"I Won't Take No Drugs. Nobuddy Kin Make Me Take Drugs"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SHERIFF KAY was noticeable in all his dimensions and he doted on humor. When he laughed it was a serious matter for adjacent eardrums, and he could be affable at a hanging. As for his health, one could only say that there was too much of it. Therefore it was occasion for surprise to the watchful in Kidder's Dam when he was seen to stop before Dr. Brant Perkins' office as if he were a patient and actually enter the consultation room.

He made the time of waiting for two other patients very short and enjoyable by sprightly observations regarding the high cost of funerals and the delight of abdominal operations, and then took his turn to consult the doctor.

"How be, doc?" he asked heartily. "Name's Kay—Sheriff Kay. Mebby you've heard tell of me."

"I'm very well, thank you," said Brant, "and your name's familiar. You sort of run the law in this locality."

"Got the best-filled jail in the state. Times when I almost have to turn customers away." He coughed robustly. "Come to consult ye."

"About your cough?"

"That," said the sheriff, "wan't a reg'lar cough at all. It was jest a kind of a punctuatin' cough. I do it a-purpose. . . . No, I want to speak to ye about my weights and measures."

"Such as?" asked Doctor Perkins.

"Wal, for upward of thutty year I been tippin' the scales at a hunderd and thirty-six. But I got a kind of a horror of growin' pussy. Weighed me on Hank Brown's hay scales t'other day and they looked at me and said two hunderd and forty-four. So I come to see ye."

"Cut out cream, potatoes, white bread and butter, cakes, pies and candy," said Doctor Perkins succinctly.

"And exercise. Now that we've covered that ground, sheriff, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

The sheriff chuckled.

"I like 'em smart," he said. "I dunno's I wanted to talk about anythin' special. Jest kind of wanted to look ye over and see if ye was all wool and what's the excitement. Some of the boys over to the courthouse been sayin' you're quite a feller."

"I am," said Brant. "Quite."

"I warrant ye. Interested in doctorin' mainly, hain't ye?"

"Mainly."

"Ye hain't got a meddlesome look. Understand County Attorney Diston offered ye jobs."

"Offices and emoluments," admitted Brant.

"I've seen smarter fellers 'n him," said the sheriff. "I wouldn't of offered you no jobs."

"Why should you?" Brant asked.

"Wal, I might jest out of friendliness and to see a young feller git along. That 'ud be me. But Diston, he's got to be contrivin' around and puttin' fire insurance on barns where there hain't no lightnin' to strike. 'Tain't my way. Fust I study a feller and I git to know him. Easiest way to handle most folks that need handlin' is to scare 'em. I cal'late you wouldn't scare much."

"Only at night," said Brant, "passing graveyards."

"Next way," said the sheriff, "is to hitch 'em to your band wagon by givin' 'em patronage. It works lots of times, but once in a w'ile it don't. Then you kind of wonder."

"And worry about your heft," suggested Brant.

The sheriff grinned genially. "If ye can't scare a man and ye can't buy a man, the next best thing's to talk sense to him, and mebby git friendly with him, and hope fur the best."

"But why," asked Brant, "should the principalities and powers wish to buy or frighten me? Why should they exert themselves to cajole or to reason? I'm not in politics."

"No," agreed the sheriff, "your main interest's doctorin'. But a doctor gits around."

"I've been around for three nights hand running—all night long."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the sheriff. "When does a doctor sleep?"

"After he's seventy," said Brant.

"Uh-huh. . . . Wal, as I say, a doctor gits around, and what with one thing and another, he's apt to know more about a town and the folks in it than anybuddy else."

"Know—and forget," said Brant.

"I'm int'rested in the forgittin'," said the sheriff.

"Now we've got the horse to water," said Brant, "let's make him drink. So here's the shape and color of it: A doctor gets around. He sees. What he sees may be nobody's business, and again, on the other hand, it might interfere with politics. It might interfere with finance. It might make critical people say 'Naughty, naughty' to its officials—if involved. It might, in short, bring on bad weather."

"Sure as shootin'."

"I think," said Doctor Perkins, "we understand each other. You don't want a crusader climbing your back.

I want to practice medicine. Obviously you are maintaining a colored person in the woodpile and you don't want me to chase him out. As for me, I'm not interested in colored persons. I'm interested in colic and the human equivalent of the heaves."

"I foller ye," said the sheriff. "I'm follerin' ye so close I'm almost alongside of ye."

"Therefore," said Doctor Perkins, "I'm not interested in your negro or his nest in the woodpile—so long as he doesn't mess up the health of this community, or so long as he doesn't shove himself under my nose and make faces so I have to kick him to keep my self-respect."

"Nothin'," said the sheriff, "could be more reasonable."

"That," said Doctor Perkins, "regarding the situation here and there, up and down, by and large, sideways and wideways, is my position."

"Set, settled and stuck in the mail box," said Mr. Kay, rising ponderously. "I'll consider that there diet of yourn. G'-by, doc."

"G'-by, sheriff."

With which the highest legal officer of the county betook himself in his jovial, unhurried way to the county seat, where he closeted himself with County Attorney Diston.

"I seen him," he said. "I chinned with him. He's about six-foot-two of feller and all of him is gristle. I kind of took to him. But he's jest as safe to have around as a match in a powder barrel."

"Then what?" asked Diston.

"We got to meet sich situations as arise," announced the sheriff—"if we kin. Which, so far, we been full able to do."

"Exactly," said Mr. Diston.

II

A RATHER wizened old man brought a harried expression into Doctor Perkins' consulting room. He announced his name to be Ladd.

"I come to see ye about Peter," he said. "Peter's been actin' queer. His ma 'n' me's most worried to death."

"How," asked Doctor Perkins, "has he been jiggling the normal?"

"Fust off, a week or so ago, he started kind of broodin' Set off places alone and jest didn't move nor speak nor nothin' but scowl, and sometimes he muttered consid'-able."

"I see," said Doctor Perkins. "And then?"

"Then he took to prowlin' nights. His ma 'n' me 'u'd hear him git up around midnight and go out of the house, and he'd stay fur hours."

"And then?"

"Yestiddy he took to fixin' up his gun. All day he kep' on a-cleanin' and a-polishin' it, and scowlin' and mutterin'. And this mornin' he shet himself in his room and we can't git him to come out. He don't do nothin' but kind of growl. Doc, he's all ma 'n' me's got. He's a good boy. Seems like we couldn't endure it if he was to be took away from us."

"When he mutters," asked Doctor Perkins, "what does he mutter about?"

"Killin'," said the old man in a whisper.

"Killing in general," asked the doctor, "or some specific individual?"

Mr. Ladd looked around at door and window before he answered this question. Then he bent forward and his lips barely formed the words as he said:

"The sheriff!"

"Uh-huh!" exclaimed Brant, accenting the last syllable of this expression. "So-oo!"

"Ma 'n' me," said Mr. Ladd, "kind of got the idee he's been readin' the papers or suthin', and got some anarchist idees into his head that mebby kind of addled him, like them fellers that shoots at kings and emp'rors."

"He is at home now?"

"Locked into his room."

"I think," said the doctor, "I'd better go with you and take a look at him."

"Thank ye," said Mr. Ladd. "His ma 'n' me, we jest couldn't stand it no longer alone."

The drive was brief—to the Ladd farm a mile north of Kidder's Dam. Peter Ladd's father sat hunched in the seat, his gnarled hands clasping and unclasping and a look of dumb misery in his eyes which Doctor Perkins tried not to see. It was not a pleasant thing to see on so lovely a day. At the farmhouse the door was opened by a small figure in knickerbockers and a close-cropped head of unruly reddish hair, at whom Brant grinned in a friendly way

"You do bob up," he said. "Hello, Peddy Orphan. Thought you were pitching horseshoes with the boys."

"I don't pitch horseshoes when my friends are in trouble," she said gravely.

"Good kid! . . . Where's my patient?"

"Peter is upstairs, locked in his room. I've got Mother Ladd to lie down for a few minutes. What are you going to do?"

"Let's not prescribe till we make our diagnosis," he said indulgently. And then: "Do you ever wear anything but pants?"

"Seldom," she said impishly. "But I can."

The doctor smiled down from his height at the girl and wondered vaguely how old she might be; he wondered who was looking after her; he wondered a good many things and made up his mind to find out when leisure gave him opportunity.

"Will you show me to the patient?" he asked in his best professional manner.

"Come," she said, and led the way up the stairs and to a door on the left of the hall. "In there," she instructed him. "He won't come out and he won't answer."

"Very well," Brant said, "we'll see what can be done about it."

He rapped gently on the door, but there was no answer. He rapped again, more loudly and insistently.

"I don't want nothin'," said a voice from within. "Go 'way."

"I've come quite a way to see you," said the doctor. "May I come in?"

Continued on Page 126

"I Seen Her Meetin' Him in the Dusk Down by the Bridge More'n Once"

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

By T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

GERMAN strategy, throughout the early period of the World War, showed a fatal misconception of the ultimate effect of sea power. Relying on their huge and magnificently organized armies to win a swift victory on land, the Prussian war lords were content to let the Allies dominate the seas. True, Germany secured control of the Dardanelles and of the Baltic, thus withholding from Russia essential munitions of war, but elsewhere the Allied navies ruled the ocean and the Allied nations obtained supplies from all corners of the earth.

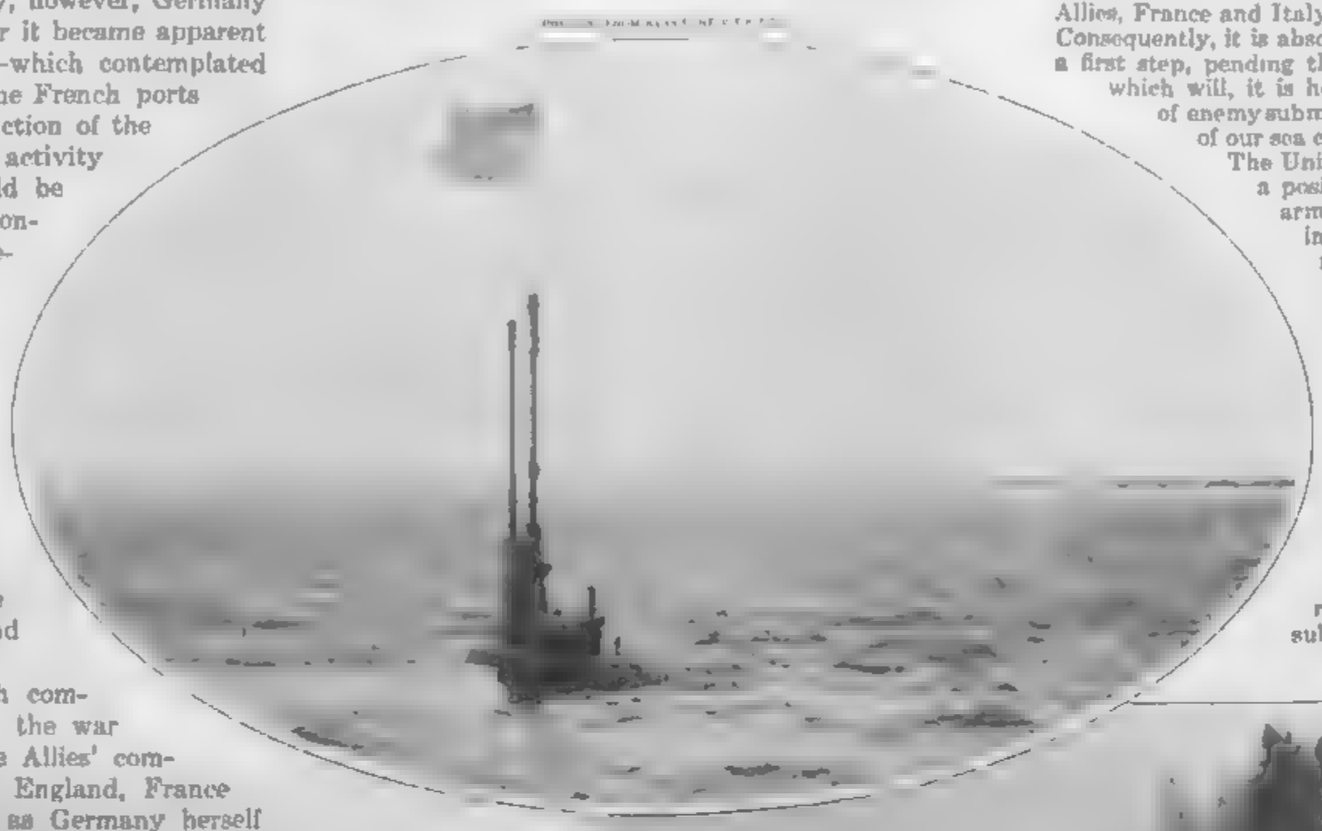
Upon one phase of naval activity, however, Germany placed high hopes, particularly after it became apparent that the grand strategy of 1914—which contemplated a swift rush on Paris, seizure of the French ports on the English Channel and destruction of the French armies—had failed. This activity was submarine warfare, which could be waged effectively against nations controlling the surface of the seas. Designs for subsurface craft were perfected, officers and men were trained, and a program of rapid construction was inaugurated. Great numbers of submersibles, surpassing in destructive power and in cruising radius any prewar types, were laid down in preparation for a character of attack which was later to shock and, at one time, seriously to threaten the Allied nations by its efficiency and ruthlessness.

Early in 1917 the German high command reached the conclusion that the war could be won only by severing the Allies' communications at sea, thus isolating England, France and Italy from overseas shipments as Germany herself was isolated. The order for unrestricted submarine warfare followed. There was at the time a full realization of the fact that this step undoubtedly would force the United States into the war on the side of the Allies, but the Central Powers were convinced that their U-boats could prevent the overseas transportation of troops as well as of supplies, and compel a peace on their terms. American participation in the war was then regarded by the Germans as not a serious factor. In the period between 1914 and 1916, before Germany was prepared for unlimited submarine warfare, our entry on the side of the Allies would have brought a quick and decisive victory. During that time, however, Germany was more careful to observe American rights at sea. Only when strong enough in submarines to see victory within reach, did the military command order the violation of all neutral rights. Thus, as had been the case earlier in history, America's apparent weakness at sea contributed toward drawing her into the greatest of wars.

The Only Source of Help

DURING the critical period of 1917, German confidence in the ability of the submarine to defeat the Allied powers seemed, to some observers, amply justified. In that one year the U-boats sank approximately 6,000,000 tons of shipping—almost half their complete toll throughout the war. In one month almost 1,000,000 tons were sent to the bottom. In the week ending April twenty-second, only a short time after our own entry into the war, eighty-eight ships of 237,000 tons were sunk; and the long days of summer, when the submarines could operate more effectively, were yet to come. Apart from their raiding activities, the U-boats succeeded in planting mines which destroyed at least 3,000,000 tons of Allied shipping. A most disquieting threat lay in the fact that Germany was completing new submarines faster than they could be destroyed by the utmost efforts of the Allies. When the program of unrestricted attacks began, the German Navy had in active service 111 submersibles and was building more. Contracts were awarded in 1917 and 1918 for no less than 396 such raiders, of which 166 were designed to carry mines. When it is remembered that Germany entered the war with only twenty submarines, the extent of her effort in this field becomes apparent. Even today it is appalling to recall the destructive capabilities of such craft. One German officer, of French extraction, Lieutenant Von Arnauld de la Perière, sank 400,000 tons in ten voyages. Another, Lieutenant W. Forstmann, sank 380,000 tons. Twenty captains boasted an average destruction of nearly 200,000 tons each.

The gravity of the situation thus created by the submarine campaign was first revealed to Washington through the reports of Admiral Sims. Immediately after arriving in London he had received from the British Admiralty definite and accurate information of such nature as to



cause his assertion that at that time Germany was winning the war. Supplementing the admiral's reports came dispatches to Washington from Ambassador Page at London, urging immediate assistance. In one very confidential note to the President and the Secretary of State, Ambassador Page wrote

> The British transport of troops and supplies is already strained to the utmost, and the maintenance of the armies in the field is threatened. There is food enough here to last the civil population only not more than six weeks or two months.
>
> Whatever help the United States may render at any time in the future, or in any theater of the war, our help is now more seriously needed in this submarine area for the sake of all the Allies than it can ever be needed again, or anywhere else.
>
> After talking over this critical situation with the Prime Minister and other members of the Government, I cannot refrain from most strongly recommending the immediate sending over of every destroyer and all other craft that can be of anti-submarine use. This seems to me the sharpest crisis of the war, and the most dangerous situation for the Allies that has arisen or could arise.
>
> If enough submarines can be destroyed in the next two or three months the war will be won, and if we can contribute effective help immediately, it will be won directly by our aid. I cannot exaggerate the pressing and increasing danger of this situation. Thirty or more destroyers and other similar craft sent by us immediately would very likely be decisive.
>
> There is no time to be lost.

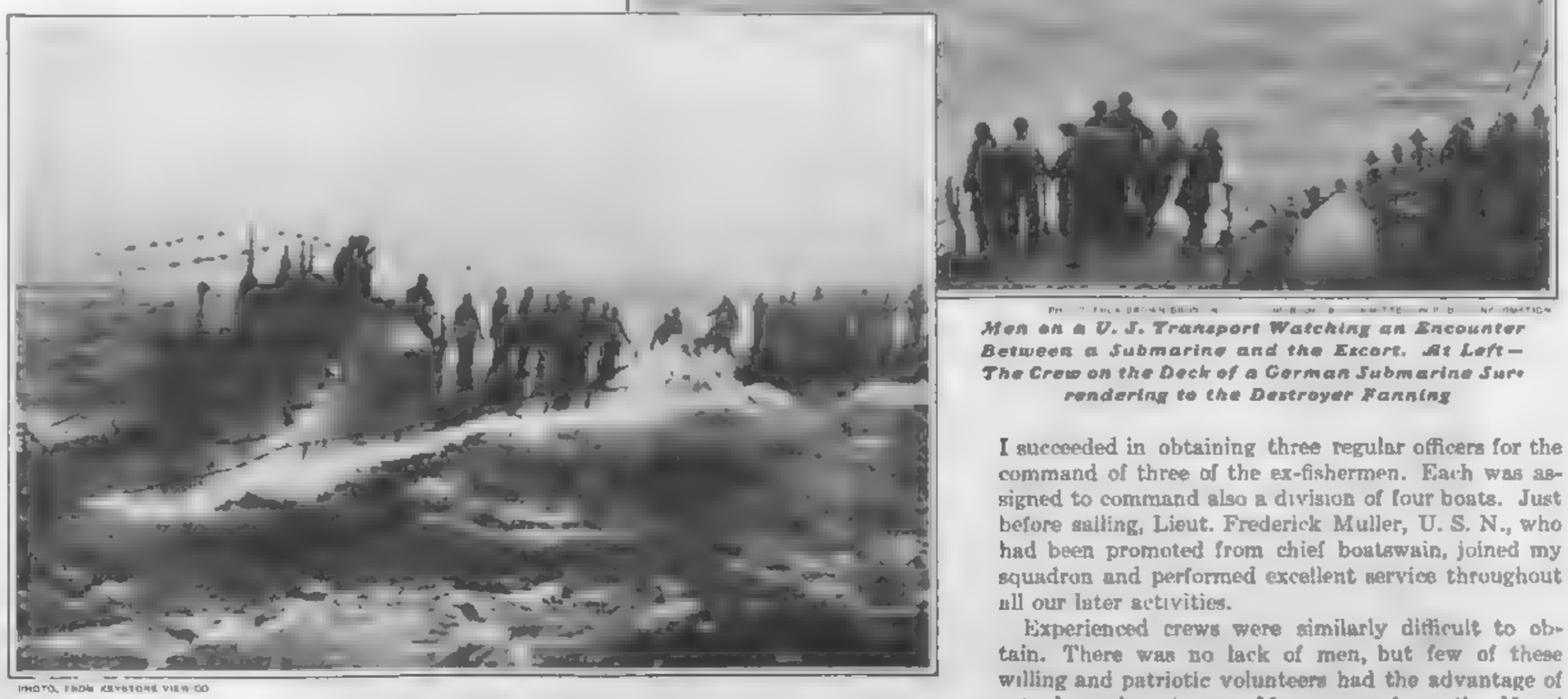
To this appeal Mr. Arthur Balfour, British Foreign Secretary, after consultation with Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral Jellicoe, First Sea Lord, added a dispatch to President Wilson which presented the situation so clearly and authoritatively that I quote it in its entirety. He wrote:

> The forces at present at the disposal of the British Admiralty are not adequate to protect shipping from submarine attack in the danger zone around the British Islands. Consequently, shipping is being sunk at a greater rate than it can be replaced by new tonnage of British origin.
>
> The time will come when, if the present rate of loss continues, the available shipping, apart from American contribution, will be insufficient to bring to this country sufficient foodstuffs and other essentials, including fuel oil. The situation in regard to our Allies, France and Italy, is much the same.
>
> Consequently, it is absolutely necessary to add to our forces as a first step, pending the adoption or completion of measures which will, it is hoped, eventually lead to the destruction of enemy submarines at a rate sufficient to ensure safety of our sea communications.
>
> The United States is the only Allied country in a position to help. The pressing need is for armed small craft of every kind available in the area where commerce concentrates near the British and French coasts. Destroyers, submarines, gunboats, yachts, trawlers and tugs would all give invaluable help, and if sent in sufficient numbers, would undoubtedly save a situation which is manifestly critical. But they are required now and in as great numbers as possible. There is no time for delay. The present method of submarine attack is almost entirely by torpedo with the submarine submerged. The gun defense of merchant ships keeps the submarine below the surface, but does no more; offensively, against a submerged submarine, it is useless, and the large majority of the ships torpedoed never see the attacking submarine until the torpedo has hit the ship.
>
> The present remedy is, therefore, to prevent the submarine from using its periscope for fear of attack by bomb or ram from small craft, and this method of defense for the shipping and offense against the submarine requires small craft in very large numbers.
>
> The introduction of the convoy system, provided there are sufficient destroyers to form an adequate screen for the convoy, will, it is hoped, minimize losses when it is working, and the provision of new offensive measures is progressing; but for the next few months there is only one safeguard—viz., the immediate addition to patrols of every small vessel that can possibly be sent to European waters.

A Depth-Charge Explosion. In Oval—A U. S. Navy Submarine Running Awash

Obviously there could be but one response to such appeals. That was to supplement the detachment of destroyers which Capt. J. K. Taussig had sailed from Boston for Queenstown on April twenty-fourth, with every submarine-fighting vessel available. Later a transport service was organized; the British Grand Fleet was reenforced by

battleships from our own Navy; bases were established on the coasts of Great Britain, France, Italy and even Russia, and marines and huge naval guns augmented the armies on land; but the first and dominant effort of the American naval forces afloat was directed against the submarine. This campaign assumed a form which was at the one time both offensive and defensive. It consisted principally of convoy and patrol activities through submarine-infested waters. While destroyers and other naval craft formed protective screens around groups of merchantmen and troop transports, Allied surface, submarine and air craft conducted systematic patrols throughout the entire danger zone. In addition to these activities, naval vessels swept constantly the areas planted with mines by German submarines and, later in the war, carried to successful conclusion an ambitious mine-laying program which stretched a barrage clear across the North Sea from the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland, to the coast of Norway.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO

Men on a U. S. Transport Watching an Encounter Between a Submarine and the Escort. At Left—The Crew on the Deck of a German Submarine Surrendering to the Destroyer Fanning

Subchasers

ALL these activities were aided by inventions evolved to meet the unprecedented character of warfare developed by Germany. All were attended by discomfort, peril and the constant threat of death. Together with the efforts of Allied naval forces, they made possible the transport of 2,000,000 American troops to France, the safe passage of supplies to the Allies' military and civilian services, and ultimately the defeat of the Central Powers.

Ships of all types went into anti-submarine service. The first American destroyer division at Queenstown was soon joined by others, new divisions of these most effective of all submarine fighters arriving at intervals of about ten days, until thirty-five destroyers and two tenders were stationed at Queenstown under the command of Capt. J. R. P. Pringle. Acting under the general direction of Admiral Sims, at London, and in accordance with orders issued by Admiral Bayly at the station, these destroyers performed zealously and effectively a service which won just commendation throughout the war.

Of the type and operation of various other vessels assigned to anti-submarine warfare and mine-sweeping, I can perhaps present the best picture by describing a squadron which crossed to France under my command. In July of 1917 I received orders to assume command of Squadron Four, Patrol Force. A captain in the Navy on shore duty in wartime—as I was then—has always the uncomfortable feeling that indeed life is vain. Therefore, I was happy and proud to lead the second squadron of small vessels destined for service in the war zone. The first squadron had just sailed for France under Rear Admiral William B. Fletcher, and I was eager to follow.

The organization of Squadron Four provided for a flagship, the converted yacht Wakiva, a new, seaworthy vessel of about 1500 tons with a speed of nineteen knots. This ship was sent to the Boston Navy Yard to have guns emplaced, magazines fitted and quarters arranged for the officers and crew. Twelve menhaden fishermen were selected as the best of many commandeered by the Navy, and these were being fitted out as mine sweepers at the Norfolk, Philadelphia and Boston navy yards. A cargo steamer of about 4000 tons, the Bath, was detailed for a supply ship. Six American-built 110-foot subchasers, purchased by France and manned by French crews, joined the squadron later to be escorted to France.

Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, gave me orders to expedite sailing. To accomplish this I spent many days at Norfolk, Philadelphia and Boston, and many nights in Pullman cars. My first and greatest difficulty concerned officer personnel. The demand for officers of the regular Navy for duty on transports, newly commissioned ships and at training stations was so insistent that few could be spared for Squadron Four. As commander of the Wakiva, I was fortunate enough to have Lieut. Com. T. R. Kurtz, U. S. N., an energetic and efficient officer of most pleasing personality, and as an aide I had Lieut. H. G. Benson, a son of Admiral Benson. In addition to these, I succeeded in obtaining three regular officers for the command of three of the ex-fishermen. Each was assigned to command also a division of four boats. Just before sailing, Lieut. Frederick Muller, U. S. N., who had been promoted from chief boatswain, joined my squadron and performed excellent service throughout all our later activities.

Experienced crews were similarly difficult to obtain. There was no lack of men, but few of these willing and patriotic volunteers had the advantage of actual service at sea. Many were from the Naval Militia. The remainder were college and high-school students or youths accustomed only to civilian jobs ashore, detailed by the commandants of the naval districts in which the ships were fitted out.

Extensive alterations were necessary before the vessels could leave for France. Guns had to be mounted, magazines fitted, fish holds converted into coal bunkers, masts arranged for signaling, and the like. Each boat mounted two six-pounder guns, one forward, one aft. At one navy yard I discovered that the guns were being mounted amidships, on either side of the deck house, close to the water. In this position they could not fire ahead or astern and would prove useless in a rough sea. I had the plans changed, and thereafter insured that boats fitting out at the several navy yards were all arranged alike.

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y. C. COPYRIGHT BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Submarines Steaming in Formation

Captains, But Not Navigators

EARLY in August orders were issued to the ships of the squadron to rendezvous at Provincetown, Massachusetts. Then came vexations, complaints and delays. One captain reported that his vessel sprang a leak and sank alongside a navy-yard dock. The unanticipated distribution of weight caused by installation of guns and large coal bunkers on ships designed for peacetime service caused seams to open in the hulls, washing out the oakum and starting leaks. Fortunately the leaks were small and easily controlled. Later, in mid-Atlantic, Lieutenant Muller's boat sprang a leak and was in danger of foundering, but by resourceful seamanship that officer got his ship safely to port.

At the Provincetown rendezvous on August twenty-fourth, I called the captains to a conference on the flagship to give them orders and instructions and to set the hour of sailing. Then, to my amazement, I learned that several knew no navigation. Of the others, one had served only on sailing ships, one had been a pilot, one a refrigerating engineer experienced only with small boats in the Delaware River, and two had been fishing-boat skippers. All complained of the lack of trained personnel in such essential ratings as signalmen, quartermasters and gunners. I encouraged them as best I could, promised to rectify deficiencies as far as possible when we reached our first port—Ponta Delgada, in the Azores—and our little squadron started for the war zone. I knew of the insistent demands of the Allies for any boats that would float and carry a gun, and felt convinced that the arrival of another squadron in France would aid morale, even though further training and repairs were necessary before it could be considered available for efficient service.

(Continued on Page 70)

HE'LL COME HOME

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"But, Bob, You Were Never Fool Enough to Hide the Formula in That Place?" He Demanded

x

WHEN the news of my discovery was given to the public it excited no small interest. At the inquest the coroner subjected me to a close examination and criticism. On what authority, he demanded, had I opened the dead man's note case and examined its contents.

I replied that by so doing I had hoped to establish his identity, and that having found the body I did not feel justified in leaving valuable property lying in the open.

"In that respect, Commander Shaftoe, you showed good sense," said he, "but the proper procedure would have been to have put the note case in an envelope and sealed it in the presence of a witness."

I promised that when next I made a similar discovery I would follow these instructions.

"You will understand, sir," said I, "that the affair rattled me, and on that account I may have exceeded the duties of citizenship."

"In your opinion, commander, the dead man fell from a German airplane?"

I nodded gravely, and added, "The revolver, sir, is of a German pattern."

"You are an expert in the matter of foreign firearms?"

"I was shot with a German revolver at Gallipoli, sir."

"Very distressing," said the coroner. "You have no further theories on the subject?"

"None, sir, with which I would care to weary the court."

"You may step down."

I stepped down. An open verdict was passed.

Outside the court, I was buttonholed by reporters. My first inclination was to refuse to give interviews, but on second thought I decided on another course. I talked at such length and so vividly that those reporters went back to Fleet Street with a very much better story than the facts of the case merited. In one of the evening papers they gave the story streamer headlines and almost forgot that the nation was on the verge of another great strike.

I had a purpose in talking so abundantly, for publicity seemed the one hope of getting onto the track of the dead man's daughters and finding the keyword to the formula. Before handing the note case to the authorities, I had extracted the formula, the letter addressed to Frank and a few of the notes of each nationality. In doing so there is no doubt I was guilty of a serious misdemeanor, but until I had had a shot at elucidating the mystery, I had no mind to supply the police with material for getting on the right track. By the removal of a hundred francs here, a few marks there and a small sheaf of dollar bills, I utterly destroyed their chances of dating the accident, as I had done, through current rates of exchange.

The following morning the London papers rang with the story. It was presented under fantastic captions: Sinister War Echo. The Path of the White Pheasant. Dead Airman in a Wood. Mystery of the Downs. Empty Cartridge Shell in Dead Man's Revolver.

The newspapers gave rein to their imaginations and before nightfall cars were pouring into the neighborhood, and a stream of sight-seers filed across the frostbitten fields toward Farthing Hacket. Xavier had become a show place.

I had my own theories about the shot the dead man had fired—theories inspired by the rutting my father had shown me about the flaming aeroplane at Sompting. I believed something of this kind had happened: Somewhere on high the fugitive inventor had suspected that the pilot in charge of the machine was in the pay of his enemies. He may have given an order that was disobeyed. He may have expected to fly north and discovered that he was flying south. A tussle in midair may have risen. A shot may have been fired which perforated the tank and set the machine alight. In desperation, the inventor may have jumped. He may have been flung out by the pilot. The machine would then have forged on and pitched in the market gardens at Sompting, bringing about the death and cremation of the pilot. None of these theories was provable, as both men were beyond the reach of question, but I had little doubt that I was not far short of the mark. Some evidence of treachery must have presented itself during the actual flight, or it is reasonable to suppose the bodies of both men would have been found together in the charred remains of the Farman plane.

I had rung up Dominic a few hours after leaving the coroner's court to beg him on no account to refer to my inquiry of the day before.

"As matter of fact," I said, "although with an honest motive, I have done something on the wrong side of the law. If you read the papers, you may gather where."

"Be of stout heart," said he. "I looked up the figures myself, so you have nothing to fear."

"Good man," said I.

"Anything doing?" he asked tentatively. "Worth doing, I mean."

"Might be," I replied. "Why?"

"No reason, 'cept that I'm thinking of knocking off work for a quarter, and if you can suggest something lively in the way of a change ——"

"It's not unlikely I might be able to do that," I replied.

"Don't forget then."

I promised I would not forget, since of all the men I know, my father excepted, there was none better equipped

in the way of courage and gayety than Dominic Vane. Not only was he a stranger to fear but he was possessed of a first-class intelligence—which is a rare combination.

I felt the better for the knowledge that if anything developed out of the startling discovery I had made, I could count upon Dominic to bear me company.

My father, who had pronounced opinions on the rights of private ownership, was in a fine rage at the invasion of his property by the sight-seers. Had I not persuaded him otherwise, he would have spent the day that followed the newspaper reports of the affair in slinging trespassers off his property.

"Prying jackanapes," he complained. "Stamping down my plow and wasting my hands' time asking questions."

"I know how you feel, guv'nor," I replied, "but I can't help hoping that out of this crowd someone will turn up to put me on the right track."

"Track to where?" he demanded. "To a fortune that don't belong to you?"

"Perhaps," said I; "but also to these two youngsters in the photograph."

He nodded and scratched his stubbly beard. "Nice straight girls—the young 'un especially. Good eyes. Yes, it's rough on them."

"It is rough."

"I said so, but for that I'd have exploded those half truths of yours in court yesterday and left you to face the consequences."

In matters where women are concerned he was inspired with a knightliness not of this age.

"But I don't like half truths, Bob," he added growlingly.

I thought it wise to turn the talk. "If the dead man had really succeeded in finding a cheap petrol substitute, those children should be millionairesses."

"They aren't children. The younger must be four and twenty. To my thinking, the world 'ud be better off without petrol and steam and electricity and what not. The Almighty gave us legs to walk on, horses to ride and He made the winds to blow. That ought to be enough. Modern invention is the cause of half this world's dishonesty."

"Maybe, guv'nor," said I; "but there have been one or two shady transactions in the matter of horses, and isn't there a saying about stealing the wind from another man's sails?"

"Don't twist my words," he complained. Then—"Have it your own way. I'll let 'em come and stare for a week, but if at the end of that time nothing has happened I'll clear 'em off the place with a riding crop."

"That's a bargain," said I.

The old man looked moodily through the window at the tiny figures streaming upward toward the down.

"The world's made up of folks who do and folks who don't—men of action and lookers-on. Steer clear of the habit of looking on, Bob."

I said, almost to myself, "That younger girl, Noelle—I wonder—she may be married by now."

He spun round and faced me. "Get that idea out of your head. Losh! You'll want some kind o' expectation to spur you on in a madcap game o' this kind."

I laughed a trifle awkwardly. "Look here," I complained, "I'm not looking for a wife."

"How do you know? How do any of us know? In the mighty scheme o' things, man was put into the world to find the proper mate who'd bring forth his children. That's a finer aim and object than bringing forth synthetic petrol. It fell to your lot to find that poor fellow's body—and find that photograph of the girl with good straight eyes. Who are you to say that you weren't chosen for an object?"

It was like him to talk that way. He was a stranger to all forms of embarrassment. Beneath his bluff and overbearing crust of common sense, he was incurably romantic. He saw the divine hand of Providence in the simplest affairs of every day.

Probably he would have gone on in the same vein, but at that moment the front doorbell rang, and following his customary habit of doing all things himself, he did not wait for the servant to answer it but strode from the room. I heard his great voice booming:

"If you've come here to satisfy your curiosity, the sooner you take yourself off the better."

The voice that answered sounded by comparison mild as milk: "I hardly know how to reply to you, sir, save that in search of Nature's truths and beauties, all artists are curious. I have no other curiosity with which to reproach myself."

"So you call yourself an artist, eh?"

"On the contrary, sir, I leave that to my patrons. I am content to call myself a workman in colors."

From the silence that followed I judged my father to have been somewhat taken aback.

"If you intend to use your colors to reproduce the spot where a dead man was found," said he, "I recommend you look for a better subject."

"I fear we are talking at cross purposes," was the reply. "The last thing I should wish would be to perpetuate anything with gloomy associations. Am I to assume, sir, you have sustained a loss in the household?"

"You have read your papers, I take it?"

"With so many mysteries of Nature unrevealed, I have no leisure for newspaper reading."

"H'm!" said my father. "Then what brought you here?"

"I was attracted, sir, by the exterior beauties of this old house, and was about to ask your leave to make a sketch of it to embody in a series of Sussex scenes that I am engaged upon."

"You want to paint the outside of the place?"

"On paper, sir."

"But it's nearly dark," said my father. "You can't paint this time o' day."

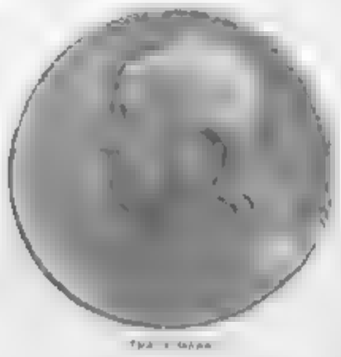
"That is true, but I hope to obtain permission to make a start tomorrow morning."

"A start!" my father echoed.

(Continued on Page 78)

"Perhaps, if Mademoiselle is Not Too Occupied, Madame Would Allow Her to Show Me Anything of Interest the Village May Contain"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy, $3 00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy, $5 00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $6 00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $4 00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10 00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 16, 1929

Expanding Agriculture

LONG-PROTRACTED discussion of the so-called farm problem and the woes of the farmer cannot fail to spread at least one erroneous idea. We refer to the impression that agriculture is a slowly dying occupation. Of course it is true that many farmers have fared badly of late years. There are crops, and always have been, in which profits were small to numerous growers. But neither are all the branches of any other human pursuit invariably prosperous. Tens of thousands of mines have petered out or failed. The mortality among retail establishments is one of the commonplaces of business experience; nor do manufacturing and transportation enterprises invariably succeed.

It is true that very important branches of agriculture have suffered extensively. But all the time there has been steady progress toward variety and diversification. In other words, new branches of farming have developed, and today we have great volumes of production in lines which amounted to almost nothing from a commercial standpoint a generation ago. The value of the combined fruit and vegetable crop has reached a total of one and a half billion dollars; this constitutes one of the nation's major industries. A single railroad shipped out of two states—California and Arizona—no less than seven hundred and eleven million three hundred and sixty thousand heads of lettuce in the year 1927.

Distance seems to be no bar to the expansion of the production of fruit and vegetables. Those consumed in New York City are brought from an average distance of fifteen hundred miles. Florida, which is a large producer, sends more than three-quarters of its foodstuffs a thousand miles, and California sends half of its products much farther. The metropolis obtains a large percentage of its poultry and dairy output from states bordering the Mississippi River.

The fruit and vegetable industry is capable of further expansion; certainly as regards varieties. The whole world is being ransacked for new types of foodstuffs, and no one dares predict that fruits and vegetables which are now little more than curiosities will not in time become staples of diet. As for the dairy industry, it is practically new in its present magnitude. Scores of thousands of farmers have only one product to sell—namely, liquid milk—which in turn is being processed more and more into a number of articles, such as malted, dried or powdered milk, cheese and ice cream. In portions of Texas formerly given over solely to cotton the dairy herd is coming in. A great milk and ice-cream distributing company, with headquarters and its main outlet in New York, has been opening processing plants for dried milk in the Lone Star State, despite the long distance between the two sections. Then, too, just as a great population has become dependent upon the dairy industry, so another multitude now devote their lives to poultry and egg production.

We do not mean to imply that all these newer branches of agriculture are always or necessarily profitable. But the whole tendency is toward an industry of many crops and many specialties. Farming is becoming as diversified as industry itself. There is no such thing as a farm problem, although there may be different problems in different branches. Just as in manufacturing and in commerce, the new may in some instances push out the old and cause suffering thereby. On the other hand, as agriculture takes on variety and specialty, it cannot well be poverty-stricken over the whole field, any more than it can be universally profitable.

Where to Park

WHEN Vice President Marshall issued his famous edict that the country's greatest need was a good five-cent cigar, he probably was unable to foresee the massed squadrons of harassed motorists looking for a place to park, or he might have coined an entirely different phrase. In all seriousness, the parking problem seems to be the most difficult of that vast array of riddles and complexities which are known under one collective term as traffic. Though the parking question differs from city to city, it may be vividly generalized by pointing out that seventeen American cities have street or curb parking space for only 6 per cent of the automobiles that enter their business districts daily.

Although the problem is many-sided, it quickly comes down to a debate between those who believe in the total abolition of all parking in the more congested urban areas, residential as well as business, and those who greatly fear such a move. Obviously, parking for limited periods of time is a rather unsatisfactory compromise, both because of the abuse of the privilege and the difficulty of police enforcement. As everyone knows, Chicago has abolished parking in its Loop district, and thus far the consensus of opinion appears favorable. But other cities fear to take such a radical step, the merchants of midtown Manhattan Island, perhaps the most congested of all city areas, dreading the results upon their trade. There is dispute as to what percentage of shoppers arrive by automobile. It varies from city to city, but is probably smaller than most persons suppose.

Where parking is permitted at all in thickly built-up districts, it has become in reality a usurpation of the streets by a minority of the motorists, not only in defiance of the rights of the property holders and realty taxpayers but of the majority of the motorists themselves. A case is cited of a request for an appropriation for a street widening. The cost was $25,000. Upon investigation, it developed that if twenty automobiles belonging to employes of a near-by establishment were not parked along one side of the street all day the street would be wide enough for all traffic needs. In other words, the taxpayers were asked to subsidize each private automobile to the tune of $1250.

It is to be feared that, despite all the inconvenience involved, nothing but the gradual forced abolition of parking will pave the way for the development of adequate storage or so-called hotel garages, which are needed for a solution of the parking problem. As long as the motorist feels that by cruising around he can find a free curb parking place, he is loath to pay for storage. Yet, manifestly, increasing numbers of automobiles cannot be accommodated in the hearts of our cities on the streets themselves. They must be placed in garages, either of the many-storied type above ground, or underground. Likewise, it is obvious that someone must pay for these garages.

Fortunately, the skyscraper garage is coming into style in several of the large cities; especially in Los Angeles and Chicago. Possibly, cities themselves might provide downtown garage facilities at nominal fees, although the field seems a reasonable one for private enterprise. The only point which is certain is that garage facilities on a scale now undreamed of must be developed. There are cases where such buildings conflict with zoning laws, but there is no reason why they should not be made seemly to the eye. In the parking problem our cities face a condition and not a theory. The force of necessity, the very logic of events, points to the gradual abolition of curb parking and the storage of cars in structures erected for that specific purpose.

A Flourishing Criminal Industry

DIAMONDS and narcotic drugs are two of the easiest and most profitable commodities to smuggle into the country. Illicit traffic in gems has grown to large proportions and has worked such hardships upon honest dealers that they have raised a loud outcry through their trade bodies and have done much to stimulate the Treasury Department to tighten its grip upon the diamond smugglers and thus protect law-abiding merchants from ruinous competition.

The wholesale smuggling of narcotic drugs into the country, a criminal industry which is a far graver menace to our national well-being than the unlawful importation of gems, continues to thrive. It is enriching a handful of large importers and a host of middlemen and retailers, and it is debauching something like a hundred thousand addicts, most of whom are the partners or the tools of the most vicious criminal element in the land.

The complete elimination of the unlawful sale of cocaine, opium and its most insidious and noxious derivative, heroin, is scarcely within the bounds of possibility, but if Congress would attack the evil aggressively and resolutely it could be largely abated; and what is more important, the inflow of new recruits to the ranks of the addicts could be almost entirely cut off.

Any serious attempt to control the narcotic-drug traffic must begin at the source. First and foremost, we should provide for more active and effective participation of the United States with other nations in limiting the production of crude opium and of coca leaves. We should give careful thought to the suggestion that we establish a foreign intelligence unit whose duty it would be to prevent unlawful shipments of narcotics to this country and to give advance information of shipments in transit which they had been unable to divert.

The present budget and personnel of the Narcotics Bureau are quite inadequate, and there is no reason to suppose that it will reach the highest level of efficiency of which it might be made capable until its staff and its appropriation have been substantially augmented. We are now maintaining one narcotic agent for each 460,000 of our population, or some two hundred and seventy in all. A much larger force will be required before we can hope to see the dope-selling industry seriously crippled. Arrests are numerous even now, and important seizures of contraband are not infrequently made; but for the most part it is the small fry who fall into the clutches of the law, and the higher-ups, protected by strong-arm men and machine-gun gangs, are rarely haled into court. Fear of sudden death seals the lips of the small peddlers who are taken into custody.

The bootleg traffic in narcotics is to such a large extent in the hands of foreigners that the arm of the law would be mightily strengthened by a Federal statute providing for the deportation of aliens who have violated any state or national law restricting the sale of narcotics. Heavier penalties should be imposed upon unlawful sellers of narcotics, and Congress may well consider making mandatory upon the courts the severe treatment of second and subsequent offenders.

The adoption and aggressive prosecution of some such comprehensive program could scarcely fail to better a situation which is at once a menace and a disgrace to any civilized nation.

BULLS ON AMERICA

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IN THE course of my investigation I called on one of my oldest Wall Street friends. He is a remarkable man who studies the psychology of the railroad presidents as carefully as he does the earnings of the roads. As a banker he knows his trade so thoroughly that he can philosophize about it. He is one of the two men living to whom I can listen without wishing to interrupt. I may add that I have known him for thirty years and I still admire him unreservedly.

"The bull market brought you down," he asserted as we shook hands.

"Yes," I confessed. "How different is it from the other bull markets that you and I have seen?"

"Of course, it is the same—with differences; just as life today is different from the life of thirty years ago—not the act of living, but the fashions. The phenomena do not change. And yet this market differs from past booms psychologically. The speculators are the same, but the environment is not. Suppose we go back to when I was a boy at college. I am not very old ——"

"You are a young man," I assured him. I could not help it. He is about my age.

"After I graduated I came down to Wall Street and began my life as a grown-up. I was confronted by the philosophy of life then current, inherited from our mid-Victorian parents. Nearly every human being I met had the point of view that grew out of that philosophy. I was conscious of it everywhere—in Wall Street, at home, in my clubs, in directors' board rooms—everywhere. It was expressed by the phrase: 'The survival of the fittest.' A brutal philosophy, an unchristian belief! The half-baked minds of that day talked as glibly about it as they chatter today about Freudian complexes."

The Democracy of Business

"THE mob always paraphrases these condensed philosophies. It translated Darwin's ruthless phrase into the more easily assimilable: 'Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!' People may deny it, but that was the fact.

"Since my callow days we have gone so far forward industrially and, I am assured, morally, as to necessitate another phrase to express the contemporary philosophy of a life which is faster-gaited, higher-geared. Our business men work at a higher rate of speed and our manufacturers produce more efficiently—that is, in greater volume and at a cheaper cost. We have developed new theories of wages. We admit cheerfully that labor has rights and that capital has obligations. We develop mass production by eliminating waste motion. We raise the standard of living by avoiding needless duplication of human effort. Man hasn't changed, fundamentally, but he reacts differently now. It comes from the changed point of view. We no longer accept the law of the survival of the fittest. We listen to long dissertations on the beauty and the wisdom of service! A more efficient business world working more humanely, expresses its philosophy of life today by: 'The greatest good of the greatest number,' and in a whisper: 'And to hell with the minority!' We see on all sides the apotheosis of the majority. That may be the ideal of a democracy, but it is mighty tough on the millions that constitute the now negligible minority. It is changes like this that you must keep in mind if you seek to determine the real difference between the bull market of 1928 and that of 1901.

"The magnitude and extent of this tremendous bull market are extraordinary when you consider the movement statistically. Yet nothing could be more logical. Brokers' loans may be ten to fifteen times greater than they were in the McKinley election boom. Why shouldn't they be, with our increase in wealth and the change in our habits? With spending now considered a virtue and everybody with higher standards of living? You hear less stressing of the raw material and more of the product. When you first wrote about Wall Street you spoke of greed as the motive power of the speculators, big or little. Today you probably refer to the acquisitive emotions of millions of occasionally normal Americans.

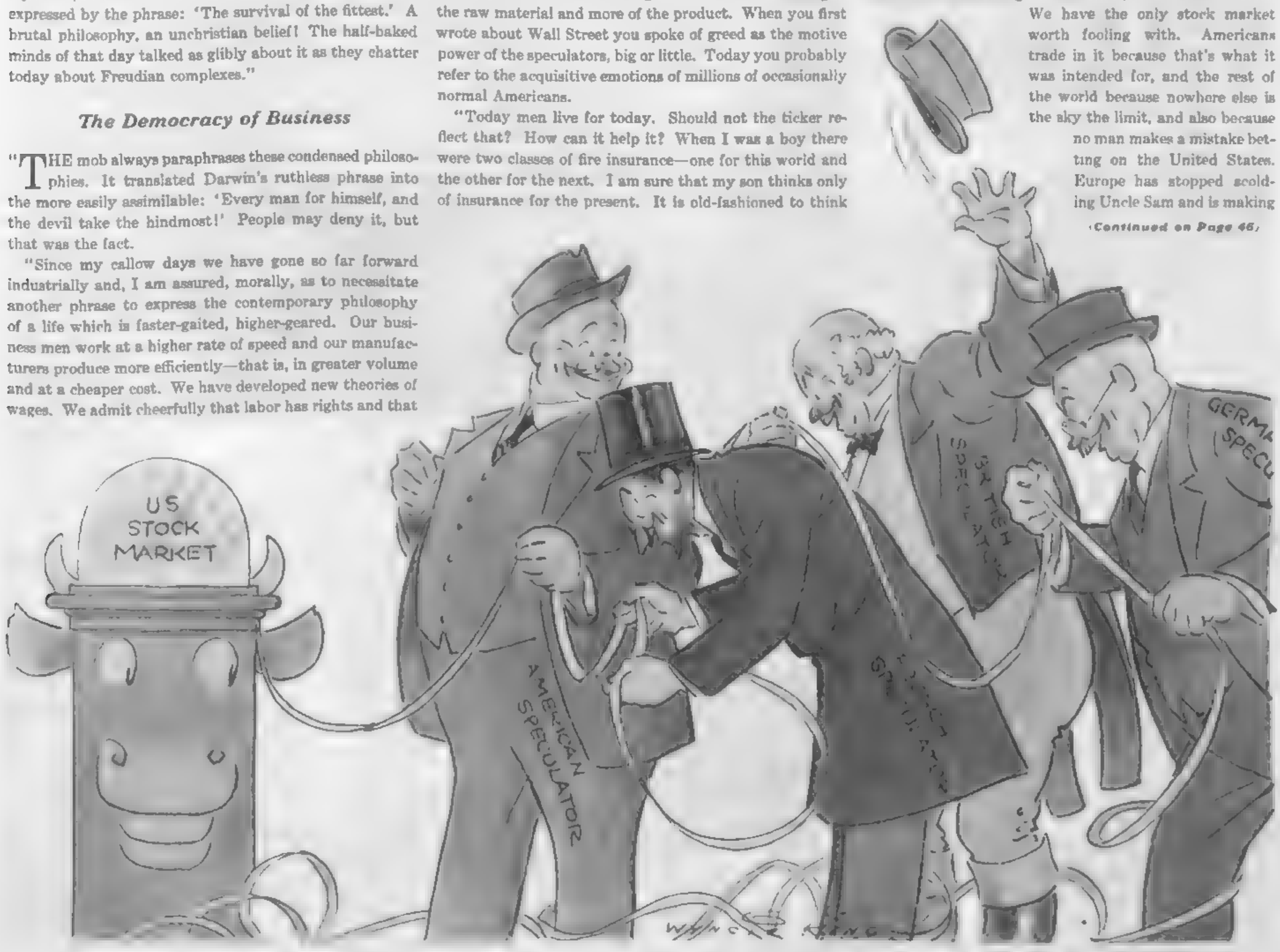
"Today men live for today. Should not the ticker reflect that? How can it help it? When I was a boy there were two classes of fire insurance—one for this world and the other for the next. I am sure that my son thinks only of insurance for the present. It is old-fashioned to think of the future. If you live today, you must think of today and not of tomorrow, the youngsters tell you. The fact that all human experience proves that this is not the wisest business policy does not affect the thinking of millions of our business men. It is a wonderful thing to insure your life and expect to collect the insurance before you die. Nobody has ever done it, but the Wall Street offices are now filled with people who are trying. They buy stocks because of what the companies are expected to do years hence, but expect to cash in in an hour!"

The Will, the Ways and the Means

"I AM not a particularly religious man, but the other day I passed a huge building not yet quite finished. It had been erected on church land. The congregation made a deal by which it rented the ground for a long term at a high price and, in addition, received, on the ground floor, a fully equipped church. It was good business—to have a church and an income, instead of the old church that was an expense. That way it need not cost the congregation a penny to belong to it. I noticed that the front of the building will be occupied by a branch of a bank of which I have the honor to be a director—a big Wall Street bank. The church will be the rear. And so, this bull market has exceeded all records. How could it help it—with the will and the ways and the means?

"Of course, you must not forget that it is not the United States alone that has gone stock mad, but the entire world. We have the only stock market worth fooling with. Americans trade in it because that's what it was intended for, and the rest of the world because nowhere else is the sky the limit, and also because no man makes a mistake betting on the United States. Europe has stopped scolding Uncle Sam and is making

(Continued on Page 46)



"WE HAVE THE ONLY STOCK MARKET WORTH FOOLING WITH"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

If Truck Drivers Really Dressed the Part

Golfer: "The Nearest Garage? A Good Mashie Shot Straight Ahead, Hook Left Into the Rough, a Slice to the Right and Three Short Putts"

GO FETCH ME THE HEAD OF YONDER DRAGON
IT SHALL BE DONE, FAIR LADYE!
TOMMY, WILL YOU BE A SWEET BOY AND GET ME A GLASS OF WATER?
GET IT YOURSELF, GAL YOU'RE NO CRIPPLE!
Mangel

Yes, Times Have Certainly Changed!

Proof Positive

IF THERE is anything that I, as a reader of fiction, have come to hate, it is the author who persists in the use of foreign words in his English manuscript. One picks up a story and begins to read, only to find that in the third paragraph the writer calls upon another tongue to help him make his point. From then on these words, meaningless tome, increase with rapidity. At the conclusion of the fourth page I am ready to kill.

And I think that I am only *e pluribus unum* who hold the same view. *Bien entendu*, the use of foreign words in an English piece is *cacoëthes*, and hardly *belles-lettres*. Sadly enough, the practice seems to be more and more popular. *Cela saute aux yeux.* Writers use foreign *sesquipedalia verba, ab ovo usque ad mala* of their stories more and more, until to the reader the whole thing has come *ad nauseam*. It can only be their *auri sacra fames* that makes them do it

I appreciate, of course, that *abusus non tollit usum* and that, despite my violent feelings, I have tackled this subject *aequo animo*. This piece is really *argumentum ad hominem*. *Cela va sans dire*, that a mixture of several languages in one article is not *comme il faut*. One almost has to have *alter ego* or several *alter egos*, including the Scandinavian, if one is to understand correctly any four successive stories these days.

(Continued on Page 68)

"And Mamma's Little Man Will Never, NEVER Smoke the Nasty Cigarettes, Will He?"

American Tourist (Looking Into Crater): "It Sure Looks Like the Infernal Regions." English Tourist: "My Word! You Americans Travel!"

Everybody wants to know why more people buy Campbell's Beans than any other kind

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EILEEN AROON

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"Funny I Forgot to Tell You. The Fact is, I Ain't Sure But What a Young Man May be Riding Out Here Today"

MR. STEGG'S conscience, peaceable and amenable to reason as it generally was, smote him when he looked across the breakfast table at his niece, Mrs. Bessie Kane. She looked so placid, so innocent and unsuspecting, and she had, moreover, surpassed herself in the mixture of the batter which her daughter, Eileen, was at the moment converting into griddlecakes. It was playing it down pretty low on the poor woman to wink at and even participate in the little minx's deception.

"Deception is what it amounts to," said Conscience. "That there poor, trusting female, your own blood kin, gave up her happy home away back in Missouri, where she was a-living in the lap of luxury, with running water in the kitchen and a good plank sidewalk all the way to the grocery store, to come out to this God-forsaken Territory of Dakota, among rattlesnakes and coyotes and cowboys, to wash your shirts, cook your meals and put lace-edge paper on the pantry shelves, and other boons and blessings—and what does she get for it?"

Without any pause for a reply, Conscience proceeded: "You turn right around, and unbeknownst to her, smuggle in letters to her loved child from the no-account, poverty-struck young rooster back in Lebanon—or that she thought was safe back there—the trifling pup that she was a-trying to save Eileen from. You can say that Eileen has got a right to her mail, but that don't excuse you from delivering it to her surreptitious. You know and I know that a girl's best friend is her mother, same as a boy's. I do give you credit for not telling the girl that you seen this Joe Lenning in Blueblanket yesterday and thought that there was a chance that he wasn't as plumb worthless as Bessie made out, but you hadn't ought to let the girl hornswoggle you into aiding and abetting, and you got to quit it. Yes, I know that her eyes is mighty blue, and there ain't no question but she's got a right cunning little dimple in her cheek when she smiles at you, and you may like to have her hug you and pull your whiskers, being an old fool. That's all right, and nobody's blaming you, but you ought to have sense enough not to stick your finger in hot mush. A mother ought to know best."

A thick, malodorous smoke arose from the griddle and Eileen gave a little squeal of dismay and plied her cake turner hastily, but too late.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Bessie Kane. "What on earth are you doing, Eileen? Standing right over them cakes and letting 'em burn. What's got into you this morning?"

"I don't know why it is, but everything goes wrong with me," Eileen replied dolefully. She heaved a deep sigh, raised a stove lid and dropped the ruined cakes in the fire. "It's a wonder I didn't burn myself then!" she cried, as the blaze leaped at her arm. "Some of these days I'll set my dress afire and burn to a crisp. I wouldn't care if I did. Nobody'd miss me."

Mrs. Kane was shocked. "The very idea! Eileen Kane, ain't you ashamed! And ever'body in Lebanon asking after you and sending their love to you. Nobody miss you! Ever'body's missing you."

"Not ever'body," Eileen corrected, ineffable sadness in her tone. She placed the heaped platter of well-browned, feather-light cakes in front of her mother and took advantage of the distraction to dimple at her great-uncle and wink one of her very blue eyes at him. He regarded her sternly.

"It's enough to bring a judgment on you," Mrs. Kane resumed, ignoring Eileen's exception. "Never mind scraping that skillet; I'll 'tend to it. You just set down and eat something. I reckon that's what ails you as much as anything."

She got up from the table and forced the girl into the chair she had vacated. Eileen protested that she had no appetite, but was prevailed upon to take a couple of the cakes and, after languidly inserting a large slab of butter between them, to add to her plate a *rissole* of sausage meat and several spoonfuls of gravy. After wearily consuming these and drinking a large, well sweetened and richly creamed cup of coffee, she took some more cakes and deluged them with sirup, and then trifled with hot biscuit and strawberry preserves.

"No, it's no use; I can't eat," she sighed, and pushed her plate away. There remained upon it a minute fragment of biscuit and a pink smear. "But I might take another cup of coffee, U. S., please."

"You're like me," said Mr. Stegg, making a long arm to the stove for the coffeepot. "Eating plumb destroys my appetite. Still and all, you ought to try to take enough nourishment to keep up your stren'th. How'd it be if I sliced up a side of bacon for you? Your ma could fix you a pan of eggs in a minute or two. 'She said she wasn't hungry, but this is what she et.'"

"Quit teasing her," Mrs. Kane admonished. "She hasn't eaten so much for a growing girl, and there's something in

(Continued on Page 30)

THE poor old overworked stove! It needs more than just a scouring to remove stains. Gas plates, broiler, drip pan, require a special sweetening to kill odors, to make them fresh as new! "Double-action" Sunbrite will do both, in one quick process. It *purifies* as it cleans. It saves time. It saves money. It saves hands! "So little rubbing with Sunbrite," writes one enthusiastic housewife. "It makes such a difference in my hands!" . . . Order a supply of Sunbrite for all your cleansing, today.

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S W I F T & C O M P A N Y

(Continued from Page 28)

the air here that just makes a body want to sleep and eat all the time. My, but it's a lovely morning. Seems 'sif we ought all to be a-going to church, a fine Sunday like this."

Eileen was all excitement. "Of course!" she exclaimed. "Oh, let's! Goody, goody! I never once thought of going to church, somehow. We'll have time to get ready if we leave the dishes"

"It ain't so far to walk," said Mr. Stegg. "Twelve miles or so, and the Cheyenne crossing ain't likely to be deep."

There was the difficulty. Mr. Stegg had lent his team to a neighbor for a trip to the Limestone range and it would be days before their return. Eileen wondered if Mr. and Mrs. Yoakum, their Hat Creek neighbors, wouldn't be going to church; if so, they would, no doubt, be glad to take her and ma along. To make sure, dear, darling U. S. might saddle up the colt and ride over to Yoakum's. If they weren't going they certainly wouldn't be using their team on a Sunday, so U. S. could borrow the team and wagon.

"The only thing about that," said Mr. Stegg, "is that Tip gets all mixed up on the days of the week and mightn't know it was Sunday. Or he might have hitched up and gone down to the Falls to see how the sand pike was biting. Another thing is that I done enough riding yesterday to last me for a spell. My bronco-busting days is over, my dear. Furthermore, and granting that it would be a pleasure to risk my neck for your sake, there ain't no church until the Reverend Spotkin comes down from Hermosilla next Sunday."

It seemed, then, that there would be no churchgoing that day. Mrs. Kane began to remove the dishes from the table. Eileen told her that she would attend to the washing of them and that no doubt Uncle Sam—bless him!—would dry them for her. She nodded significantly to Mr. Stegg, who, nevertheless, declined the pleasure of helping her and made his escape outdoors. After establishing a speed record for the washing and drying of breakfast dishes and cooking utensils for three, Eileen, questing, found him behind the barn in the old laced rawhide chair that Bessie had discarded to install the new Boston rocker. He was smoking his black-pitted corncob pipe, which he might have done just as well open and aboveboard in the sitting room, or outside the house, where the air was sweet and the bees were buzzing about the hollyhocks and plunging head foremost into their blooms. Here, behind the barn, was nothing but a litter of junk: The wreck of a wagon box and an old hayrack, rusty links of chain, iron rods and scraps of corrugated roofing, a couple of barrels fallen into staves, a broken oxbow or two—nothing lovely, but peace and quiet. There was even a certain smelliness that made Eileen cock her nice nose disgustedly as she approached.

Eddie

"So this is where you're hiding yourself," she said severely. "It's a wonder you didn't crawl under the house and growl at me when I tried to poke you out."

Mr. Stegg jumped up. "I declare I forgot all about bringing that water," he said, starting off at a rapid pace. "I'll get it now."

Eileen ran and caught him before he reached the corner of the barn. "You stay right here and listen to me," she commanded. "You know perfectly well that you filled both of the pails before breakfast. What for are you dodging me all the time, U. S.?"

"Dodging you?"

"Yes, dodging me. You haven't given me a chance to say a single word to you since you got back from town and gave me my letter. Not one word." She clutched the lapels of his waistcoat and shook him. "What's the reason?"

"Seems like to me you've said several words since I got back from town," Mr. Stegg told her. "Not that I mind. I'd as lief listen to you as not, so long as your conversation ain't about drying dishes. That's the reason I run."

"That," said Eileen, "is a wicked, barefaced, story-telling lie. You can't tell me that you don't love to dry dishes for me. Any man would; so you see you've told a fib. I take it back about being barefaced, account of your whiskers. You understand I ain't criticizing your whiskers, U. S., although they're awfully tickly sometimes; but then if you didn't have 'em you wouldn't look like yourself, and I like the way you look, even if you do rush off when you see me coming to talk to you. Now! I—want—you—to—tell—me—who—you—saw—in—town—yesterday."

Mr. Stegg named a number of Blueblanket's residents—a dozen, perhaps—before Eileen checked him. "I mean strangers," she said. "Did you see any strangers?"

Her great-uncle frowned reflectively. "Le' me see. Strangers. . . . Why, yes, come to think of it. The stage come in with some passengers. One of 'em was a lady. I don't know whether you would have called her a young lady or whether you'd have said she'd never see twenty again. That always depends. She was kind of interesting though. Nobody with her belonging to her, I reckon. There was two men ——"

Eileen interrupted: "Was one of them a young man—dark-complected and ——"

On the soft breeze came to them the sound of Bessie's voice. "Ei-leen! Oh, Ei-leen!"

Eileen threw out her hands in a despairing gesture. "Now she'll be out looking for me, and I've got so much I want to ask you."

"They was both dark-complected," said Mr. Stegg. "One of 'em was some younger than the other, maybe. But you can never tell how old a Chinaman is. Here, quit that, girl! Your ma's a-calling you."

Eileen shrilled a response to the second call.

"And if you don't ask no questions you won't be told no lies," continued Mr. Stegg. "Also remember that a girl's best friend is her mother." He emphasized this admonition by a nasal rendition of the song:

"Then cherish her with care and stroke her silv'ry hair,
For when she's gone you'll never find another.
Oh, wherever you may turn, this lesson you will learn:
A girl's best friend is her mother."

(Continued on Page 118)

Old Man Jennings Was a-Coming Down the Street, and Old Man Jennings Was Carrying a Rifle

Stone Crushers
One of a series of industrial drawings by Earl Horter

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GENERAL MOTORS

GOLD IN GOLDFISH

As Told to Mara Evans

Japanese Goldfish in the New York Aquarium

WHEN I tentatively began the enterprise to which I've given more than two decades of hard and profitable work, I had very great doubts in common with all the friends and relations who took turns in warning me against the step—as to whether or not commerce in any article valued, on the average, at three and a half cents, could possibly produce adequate returns. Not all goldfish, to be sure—for it was in raising goldfish that I decided to risk a livelihood—are worth only a few cents. I have myself sold a pair for $500, and have seen occasional rare specimens valued at several thousand. But where a few bring the phenomenal prices that run into four figures, the backbone of the trade is in the millions of fish that sell for two and a half or three cents apiece.

Goldfish first caught my attention twenty-two years ago. My younger brother and I were escorting the two young ladies of our choice to the annual county fair, held only a dozen miles from our parents' farm. To my brother, then just seventeen years old, it was simply an occasion of high revelry with soda pop on the side; but I was turning twenty, and more mature reactions were called forth in me by the touching dependence upon me of the young lady whose elbow I occasionally very respectfully touched with a guiding forefinger. My thoughts were beginning to veer toward matrimony, and to grope for some means of livelihood which would facilitate it. We could not all of us expect to make a living from the farm; the time had about come for me to branch out for myself. These things were revolving beneath my hat as we watched the trotters and pacers, saw the prize Holsteins and Jerseys, the incredible pumpkins and enormous tomatoes, and enjoyed the free show and band concert. At one corner of the fair grounds a game of chance was being played, with pleasure on one side of the counter and profit on the other. Most of the attractively displayed prizes, I noticed, stayed just where they were, but few players were so unlucky as to come away without even the lowest prize—a small, round glass bowl partly filled with water, containing two little red-gold fish. Altogether, that day, I decided, hundreds of those glass globes changed hands. A thousand fish in just one of the five fair days! And there were innumerable fairs every year!

Down on the Farm

"WONDER where they get all those fish?" I whispered to my brother. "Bet you could make a lot of money if you had goldfish to sell to carnival people."

"Aw," he scoffed, "there can't be any money in anything that's practically given away!"

But I wasn't convinced, and I asked the proprietor of the booth where he got his fish.

"Why, from a goldfish farm," he said. "They supply us with all we need by the thousands."

"And do you—do you pay for them?"

"Say, are you getting fresh, young man? What do you think we do—whistle a tune at 'em? Of course we pay for them—enough too."

I hastily apologized.

"I never heard of a goldfish farm," I said. "I was just wondering about it."

He told me there were a number of them in that state and gave me the address of one hardly twenty miles away from my own home, in the opposite direction from the fair grounds. The next week I took a day off and paid it a visit. For some reason the idea of raising goldfish fascinated me. I had always been interested, as nearly all farm boys are, in hunting and fishing and the ways of wild animals, but this was different. I have never had it explained. Yet from the very first sight of those rows of goldfish bowls at the cheap concessionaire's booth at the county fair, I have been attracted by the various phases of the goldfish trade.

Well, that fish farm was certainly a surprise to me. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I'd expected to see some thousands of the ordinary little goldfish I'd seen kept as pets all my life; in fact, I didn't know there were distinct breeds. But here were almost as many different breeds and colors of goldfish as there are different kinds of dogs, and I followed Mr. Johnson, the proprietor, around his concrete-floored, glass-roofed buildings, peering into aquariums in a crescendo of astonishment. He showed me an order that had just come in from a big department store in an Eastern city. He told me that when it was filled the bill would come to about $300. Here are the items:

Four dozen comets, at least four years old.
Four dozen nymphs, any color.
Two pair of celestials.
Two dozen Moor telescopes.
Two dozen calico telescopes.
A dozen pair of red lion heads.
Two thousand large red commons, four inches.

I was thoroughly bewildered. "Four dozen comets four years old!" Who ever heard of a goldfish that was a "comet?" "Two pairs of celestials!" "Nymphs—any color!" And "calico telescopes!"

"The common goldfish are in their outside pools," he said, "but since you're interested, I want to show you these special varieties I've just brought inside here."

A Black, or Moor Veiltail Telescope

I haven't seen since—at goldfish shows or in private aquariums, even though we've produced in this country new color and form variations since then more than two or three kinds that he didn't have specimens of right there. There are two general lines, I learned, along which common goldfish vary: Form and color.

Freaks

FROM the rather thickish little body, moderately long in proportion, with a large head and equal jaws and five simple fin forms, breeders have produced an almost infinite number of abnormalities that have become types. Mr. Johnson introduced me to specimens of every kind. From fish that sold for two dollars a hundred he had varieties all the way up to fish priced at $1000 a pair.

Comet goldfish, I found, were robust fish and pretty swimmers, with long, broad tail fins, erect back, or dorsal, fins, and drooping pectoral and ventral fins. There were fantails—the type most people know best of all, halfway between the common goldfish and the fringetail—with double tail fins, well separated, and a very high back fin; the nymphs had one long, broad tail fin, a high back fin and drooping pectorals and ventrals; and the fringetails, very graceful and beautiful, had tail fins forked more than a third of their length, a short, deep body and a highly arched back. Fringetails are divided by a difference in the tail into swallowtails and veiltails.

When we left the pond where he kept the fringetails, Mr. Johnson led me to a smaller tank of Chinese telescopes—one of the strangest varieties of all, a good example of the Chinese love of the grotesque. These telescopes—dragon-eyes, the Chinese themselves call them—had eyeballs that protruded sidewise or forward; the more prominent the protrusion the more valuable the fish. There were some fringetail telescopes, offspring of Chinese telescopes and Japanese fringetails, with long, drooping, double tail fins. He even had a few pairs of the celestials—rather more slowly moving telescopes with the pupils of their eyes turned straight upward, and no back fins. There have been all sorts of theories advanced by scientists and breeders as to just how the original celestial telescope goldfish, which are said to have first been bred in America, were produced. I've heard some people insist that the method was to keep the fry in a tank entirely enshrouded in darkness, except for a tiny spot in the top which let in light, and to which naturally the young fish turned up their eyes. Others say some sort of operation was performed upon the eyes. Neither, I believe, was actually the case; it was merely a chance abnormality that breeders pounced upon, selected, bred and made a type, and increased the price. If such strange freaks appeared among fish in the wild state, they would have been, as is any freak of Nature, weaker and more helpless than the rest, unable to withstand the dangers of their environment. They would have perished. In domesticity the same odd fish are cared for and eventually become standard types.

The lion heads—Shishigashiras, as they are called in Japan—were almost entirely round, with no dorsal fin at

(Continued on Page 54)

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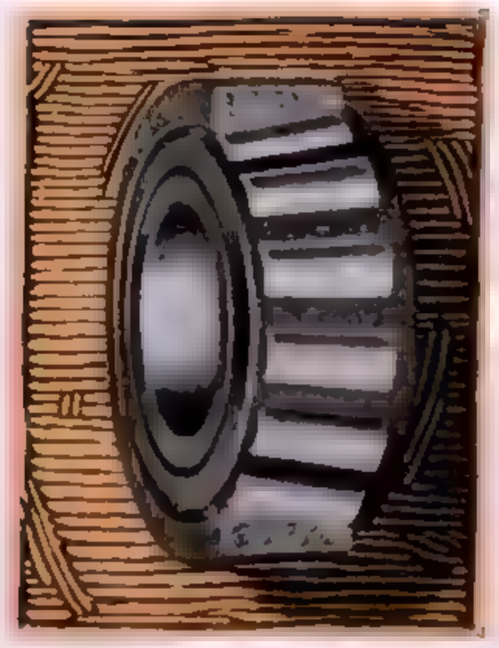

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

CRASH OR CREDIT

By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

AT THE frigid height of twenty thousand feet two large biplanes, stately as comets, pursued an unswerving course above Commercy. Their even, majestic sweep across the sky would have detached them completely from such an earthly thing as war had it not been for Lieut. Aleck Beverley Wilder of the Jayhawker Squadron.

Lieutenant Wilder ruined the effect. In his tiny Nieuport pursuit plane he cavorted around the big ships like an excited puppy around two dignified dachshunds. To him they had no semblance of heavenly bodies. They were Rumplers—German camera kites—on an early photographic reconnaissance of the back areas along the Meuse—meat for his machine gun.

Although young Lieutenant Aleck was fighting the enemy photo planes—fighting red-headed and hot-eyed—his performance so far had been more spectacular than efficient. Nobody realized this more acutely than Aleck Wilder.

The young Jayhawker pilot's face reflected a distinct and rising animosity toward the German airmen.

"Just let those buzzards come down a couple of thousand feet and see what happens," he muttered.

Just at that moment the observer in the rear ship got in a neat burst at the Nieuport with his *tourrelle* guns. Smoking tracers and solid lead bit into the flimsy right wing of the pursuit plane.

Aleck flung his menaced ship hastily into a vertical bank that should, in a fraction of a second, bring his fixed machine gun to bear on the enemy. Though he moved with automatic precision, the tiny ship fell promptly into a tail spin. Boring into the air, the Nieuport whirled earthward. The gratified boche observer leaned far over to watch it.

That Was All He Knew, Before There Was a Crash Like the Crackle and Crash of Lightning Ripping the Sky

Aleck dropped two thousand feet. As he emerged from the *srille* he doggedly headed for the ceiling again.

"You never touched me!" he growled, as he craned his neck at the gunner high above him. "Come on down here where a decent ship can get a grip on the air."

The enemy ships—slow, clumsy craft and easy prey in the lower reaches of the atmosphere—moved sedately onward. They were truly in their element at twenty thousand feet. Their broad wings supported them easily in the rarefied air.

Lieutenant Aleck, climbing as rapidly as his little rotary motor would permit, stuck his displeased countenance over the side to glance ahead. Two other Nieuports, bearing the Jayhawker insignia, droned hungrily along a thousand feet beneath the Rumplers. They were replicas of his own plane, yet his alone was able to scramble aloft to the altitude of the enemy. Ships differ.

The procession continued. First the serene Rumplers, descending a few hundred feet and heading deeper and deeper into Allied territory, with both rear-cockpit men busy now with their cameras. Then, directly below, Capt. Sam Allison and Lieut. Fiz O'Brien, old hands at this game, alert but not particularly hopeful of action. In the rear, but making for the ceiling, Lieutenant Aleck, in a white heat inside his Teddy bear.

The Rumplers circled to photograph the road to Toul with leisurely and maddening thoroughness. Lieutenant Aleck gained on them. Grimly he hoarded altitude. As the Nieuport hummed nearer, the observer in the trailing Rumpler waved a hand invitingly and tapped his ring-mounted machine guns. He also waggled the barrel of another gun projecting through the bottom of the fuselage.

"I'm coming," Aleck muttered. "Keep your ears folded."

With painstaking skill he nursed his motor on until his ship, nearly uncontrollable, staggered up to perhaps a hundred feet above his enemies. Then he cut across the circle that the Rumplers were describing.

The shorter course Aleck flew brought him rapidly toward the second plane. As the ships converged the German observer swung his twin machine guns at the fair target. A veteran air fighter, he held his fire even after the Nieuport was well inside three hundred yards.

"Now then!" Aleck rasped, and gulped down an extra large breath of thin air.

Prodigally he squandered his precious hundred feet in a dive toward the tail of the Rumpler. Through his sights he stared fixedly at the rounded body of the enemy ship.

Both he and the boche observer cut loose at the same time. From the Vickers gun on the Nieuport a stream of tracer, incendiary and armor-piercing bullets seemed to be ripping through the Rumpler. And then the fuselage vanished from Aleck's sights. Easily the Rumpler was zooming—riding up over the air as if it were dense as water.

"Quitters!" he railed. The observer blew him a kiss and followed it instantly with other tokens.

Aleck wrenched back on his stick, to raise the descending Nieuport's nose. His gun raked only the blue sky as the ship stalled. With desperate hands and feet he fought to get the Rumpler back before his sights. But the Rumpler was flying and his ship was tumbling through the air now like a wounded duck.

Savagely he kicked the rudder bar straight, shoved his stick forward, and waited for the ship to come out of its gyrations. Had they got him that time? They had not. The Nieuport consented to emerge from the *srille* as it reached thicker air. Aleck Wilder found himself below Captain Sam and Fiz O'Brien.

"I'm coming back!" He nosed his ship upward again.

The second spin had done his right-wing fabric, already well perforated, no good, but the plane still responded to stick and rudder. Sam Allison dived suddenly ahead of him, straightened out, and waggled his wings imperatively.

"Go to blazes!" Aleck mumbled defiantly. "Who's doing this fight, anyhow?"

Then he glanced at his wrist watch, and his insubordination faded away. The flight had been out more than two hours; their gas was almost gone. Enough common sense still lurked in Aleck's heated head to convince him that a damaged ship without petrol is not a weapon of offense. Gloomily he fell into his place as Number 3.

The Rumplers headed blandly toward the Forest of Vaucouleurs. Aleck stared hard at the second ship, but it showed no indication of falling to pieces.

His own motor hummed steadily on, but Aleck found that he must keep his stick well to the left to compensate for his shot-up right wing. He lagged somewhat.

Successfully avoiding the worst morasses of the field near Toul, the three ships landed right side up and taxied to the line. Lieutenant Aleck was the first of the pilots to alight. He slipped his helmet off his hot skull and dashed it in an ecstasy of frustration to the muddy grass.

Capt. Sam Allison, who was almost a comic fat man on the ground, though something different in the air, clucked and shook his head in mute sympathy. Fiz O'Brien, black-haired, blue-eyed, somewhat battered, and so thin he fitted with comfort into the cockpit, slid leisurely over the side and laughed. Fiz took nothing seriously, not even the fact that he was an ace.

"You aren't resigning, are you, Aleck?" he asked. "You'll get shot worse than this if you do."

"Aleck, you'll feel better after breakfast," Captain Sam assured him. He moved briskly toward the mess.

No trace remained of the pleasant expression that the Jayhawkers were accustomed to see on Lieutenant Wilder's face. His countenance was as taut as the linen on a wing.

"It isn't fair, Fiz!" he burst out. "I've done my routine patrols and kept formation and escorted camera buses, and played this military game as if Black Jack himself was my flight leader. And after that I've gone out on voluntary patrols to try to get a *descendu*. This is the fourth time I've come back with a ship full of holes and no victory."

Fiz nodded gravely. "The Germans are a disobliging people. That's what we're fighting 'em about, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't mind getting shot up so much if I had something to show for it," Aleck fumed.

"Something to show for it!" Fiz repeated. "Look at the magnificent education you're acquiring, man. Would ye mind teaching me that last thing you pulled -the one that starts with a tail slide?"

Aleck Wilder stared past the small ace.

"I've got to get a victory!" he muttered feverishly.

The agile mechanics were rolling the ships into the hangar, but he did not move away from the line.

His brother pilot looked at him with dawning suspicion.

"Of course every man on salary should do his utmost to win the war by Saturday night ——" he began tentatively.

"You've got me wrong, Fiz," Aleck interposed, emerging from his trance. "I'm not out to get patted on the head by a general—or by a spade, either. But, you see, there's a girl back in Redding, Connect——"

"Enough!" Fiz broke in. "I misjudged ye for a hero. I'm on. If you don't down one you're in a ring and out a girl."

"You misunderstand," Aleck Wilder said with dignity. "Miss Hastings has not a bloodthirsty disposition, but—do you remember that tall, handsome uniform that comes breezing up to the field every week or two—Capt. Eli Fisher Call?"

"The M. P. A gushy lad. Of course I remember him. When did I ever have the luck to forget an M. P.?"

"Captain Call's the reason why I have to drop a ship," Aleck said grimly. "He says he's a friend of mine—and Marj—Miss Hastings. He gets more leave than the rest of the A. E. F. all together, and he spends it coming up here to ask me how many Germans I've bagged. And then he writes to M—Miss Hastings and tells her that I haven't downed any yet, but that he's sure that it's only my bad luck, because the other pilots all have several."

Fiz O'Brien was silent, which was rather remarkable. He pondered his friend's position, and he remembered Captain Call's vivid smile and sparkling white teeth.

"One more chatty little letter from him and she'll think I'm a cowering coward," Aleck added morosely. "It isn't what he says; it's the way he defends me that's getting her suspicious. I could tell that from her last two letters. Somehow I've got to get one, Fiz."

"I need some fresh air," Fiz said suddenly. "How about a little voluntary patrol about eleven o'clock?"

"Great!" Lieutenant Aleck smiled genially as hope revived. A voluntary patrol is a trouble-hunting flight. "I'll borrow another ship—or steal one."

"Steal one," Fiz O'Brien advised. "It's quicker than trying to borrow, for the squadron knows what happens to your ships. The woodpeckers get 'em "

"Not this time, they won't," Lieutenant Wilder announced confidently. "I have a feeling ——"

"Hang on to it, then," said Fiz. "Not having any feeling is the possibility I don't like in this war."

"I wonder whose ship ——" Wilder murmured thoughtfully, but Fiz waved him imperatively toward the mess.

"Sam will be having the flight surgeon ground us as mighty sick men if we miss out a meal," he reminded his friend.

Aleck walked at least twenty feet willingly enough. Then his mental processes put a brake on his legs. He stopped.

"You understand the situation, Fiz," he said thoughtfully. "You see, I feel that if I don't down a ship pretty soon she'll think that—that ——"

"Let me tell ye something: This Captain Call knows the mind of a girl as well as I do myself, which is some," Fiz said emphatically. "Man, you need a *descendu* worse than Sam Allison needs breakfast."

Later that morning Aleck Wilder borrowed a ship, although the most recent replacement, whose ship it was, vigorously likened the process to theft. But Aleck was past considering such technicalities as the Ten Commandments.

Fiz, who led off, waited for Aleck at five thousand feet above the field. Then the two turned their ships toward the Front.

Everything seemed propitious. Their motors, with the aid of an occasional adjustment of the *manettes*, functioned smoothly: and their necks ached no more than usual from the constant inspection of every point of the compass.

By the time they reached the rambling lines of brown earth that were the trench systems they had sixteen thousand feet of useful altitude under their landing wheels. It seemed that they were the only craft in the sky that pleasant spring day. The Allied Archie batteries were silent for lack of targets, and so were the German guns.

Lieutenant Aleck scowled at all this peace and quietude, but Fiz O'Brien was in no wise disturbed. He headed purposefully toward an enemy battery near Seicheprey which had a reputation for conscientious and prompt service. It required only the loss of a little altitude and a few insulting loops and rolls over the German battery to arouse the gunners. The desolate air around the two Nieuports soon became alive with sudden black puffs. They were an excellent advertisement that here were two American pilots waiting for a fight.

Fiz O'Brien did not permit his less experienced companion to become overabsorbed in demonstrating his contempt of German ballistics. He advanced over the flat country toward Thiaucourt as soon as the Archie gunners were thoroughly stirred up. There they burned petrol to await the result of the shelling.

Nothing happened. The two Jayhawkers had absolute control of the air, which is something the importance of which strategists rave over.

After a considerable session of neck work Fiz O'Brien headed deeper into enemy territory. Aleck Wilder, a few hundred feet above him, followed.

"A fine streak of luck I'm playing in," Aleck Wilder muttered resentfully. "First they shoot me full of holes and then they don't even show up."

His eyes were watering from the intensity of his search for a foe. He began to feel a personal grudge against the enemy. The Germans were on Call's side.

Gradually his scanning of the earth and sky became somewhat less vigilant, although he did not forget to keep changing his course. In the course of one petulant upward

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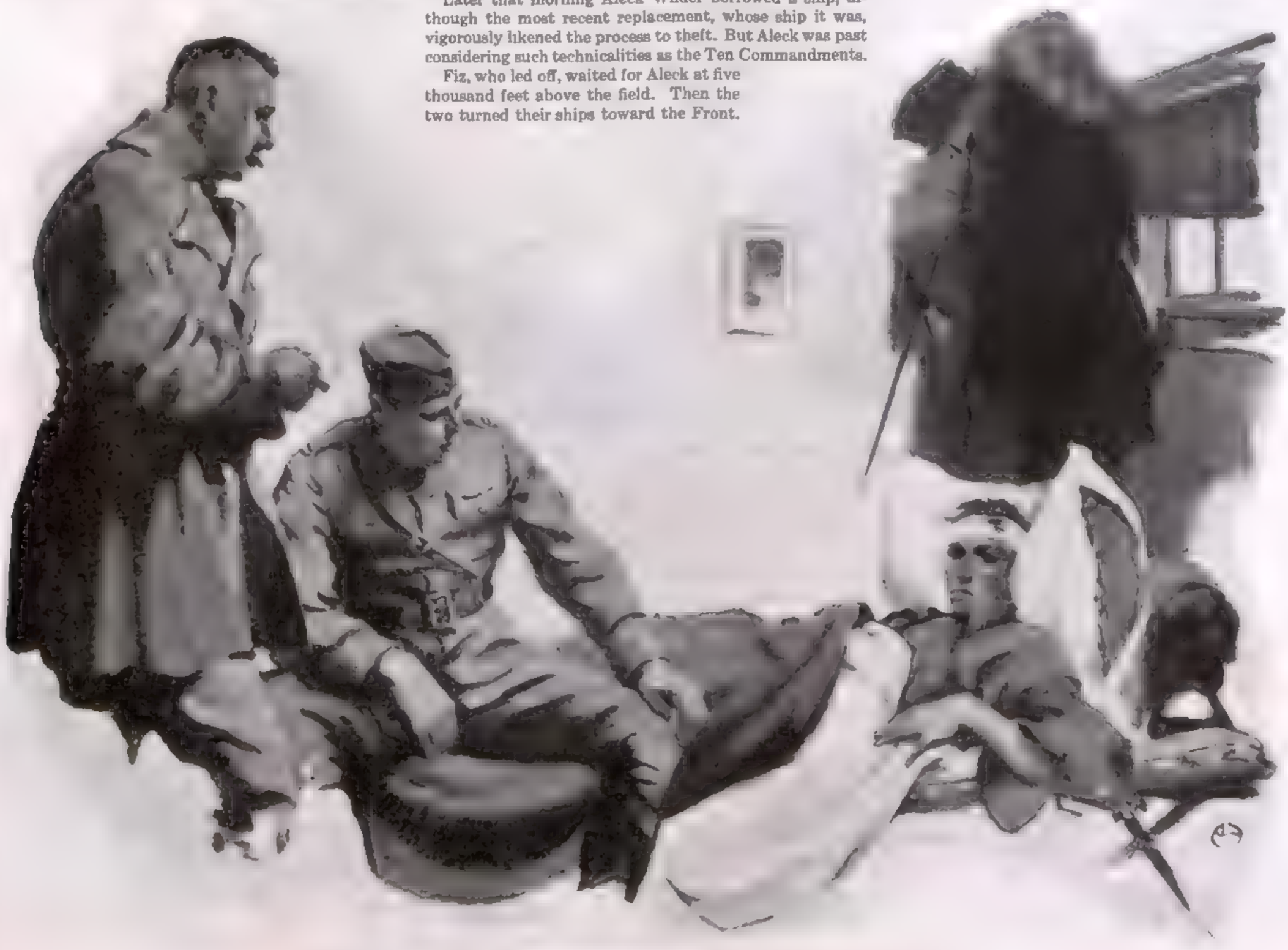

"But, Fiz, I Tell You I Hadn't the Least Intention of Crashing Into That Fokker"

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(Continued from Page 38)

jerk of his head he stiffened into immobility in his cockpit. The battle glint of the earlier hours returned to his eyes.

Directly above, three or four thousand feet higher, was the unforgettable silhouette of a Rumpler—broad, squarish lower wing and fish tail. The machine was heading northwest, apparently just returning from a trip over the lines. Lieutenant Aleck waggled his wings hastily. A quick glance ahead showed him that O'Brien's ship was also rocking in the air as Fiz signaled with his own stick. He had seen too.

The morning failure had taught Aleck something. He did not attempt to climb. He thought, instead. This Rumpler was coming home. Doubtless it was within a few miles of its field. Neither pilot nor observer would be particularly watchful. Neither would be apt to spot an enemy plane that kept directly beneath.

"They'll be coming down soon," Aleck informed the cold air that swirled past him. "And when they do—I hope it's one of the crates that made a monkey out of me today."

Eyes raised, he held his position under the tail of the camera ship. There was the chance that if pilot or observer did see him, the plane might come down faster than he anticipated, with its fixed forward gun regurgitating lead.

Minutes crept by, and still the relative position of the planes remained unchanged. The course flown took Lieutenant Aleck farther into enemy territory. Gratefully he noticed that Fiz O'Brien had made himself discreetly scarce. One ship might remain unseen, but two would surely give the game away.

The little Nieuport hummed on like a dwarfed shadow of the larger craft above. They were heading toward the Heights of the Meuse, mere slight, green swellings of the land from Aleck's altitude. A tiny town, with a few remaining roofs still verdant with moss, drifted beneath the pursuit ship's wing.

He gripped the stick trigger and fired a burst to warm his gun. It chattered eagerly. Things might begin at any moment now. The home drome of the camera ship was probably not far away. The Rumpler must soon abandon its majestic isolation. Lieutenant Aleck squinted fiercely through his sights. It would not be his fault if the high Rumpler did not find the lower reaches of the sky beset with earthly troubles—steel-nosed, phosphorescent, explosive and plain leaden troubles.

Something popped louder than his motor. His ship jumped like a startled horse. Before Aleck's dilated eyes the fairing of one of the center-section struts splintered. A stream of spitting, smoking tracers went flitting by his ears. The smooth regularity of the upper wing was broken by gashes leaping into being as if from some internal eruption. The flesh outside his ribs under his armpit stung and burned. Aleck side-slipped—wrenched himself and his ship out of that thrusting lance of projectiles.

A plane with screaming wires—a one-seater Pfalz—shot down to the left of his skidding ship. The enemy pilot had expected the surprised Nieuport to dive if it did not at once spin earthward in flames. The Pfalz looped up out of its precipitate course. It swung skyward, flipped over on its back, and then, with motor roaring full on, piqued again on the American ship.

But this time, also, Lieutenant Aleck wasn't where the Pfalz had confidently assumed that he would be. He had converted his slip into a steeply banked turn that got him well beyond the enemy *chasse* plane. Though the Pfalz dived vertically, the target had curved out from under him.

As the Pfalz flashed by him, Aleck kicked his tail around and nosed over after the plunging enemy. His motor was revving its best, but he knew that his Nieuport could not equal the speed of the Pfalz in a dive—not unless his wings ripped off. He pressed his stick trigger. The range was long, but bullets only could beat that Pfalz in its earthward course.

Even as Aleck's fingers cut loose his machine gun, the boche pilot was guilty of an error. Instead of diving on to safety, he decided to have another go at the Nieuport on his tail. He brought back his stick for a second loop to reverse their positions.

The nose of the Pfalz raised from the perpendicular. The machine was leveling off. It seemed as elusive as light, for it was traveling three hundred feet a second. Its course traversed the course of the pursuing stream of bullets from the Vickers gun.

Smoothly the Pfalz zoomed on upward in its loop and soared over onto its back. At the very top of the circle it wavered and slipped off onto one wing. Out of control, it dropped, with erratic dartings and pauses.

Lieutenant Aleck, doing a turn with ninety degrees of bank, shot a quick, suspicious eye skyward to locate possible companions of the Pfalz. There was no other German, save the Rumpler, upstairs. The Rumpler itself was putting on the sauce and climbing as it ran. Its day's work as a decoy was over.

"Well," he muttered, "I guess he's not kidding me."

Rapidly he followed the Pfalz down. There was no deception about that falling leaf. The machine crashed, demolishing a clump of saplings. A damaged pilot crawled out. Seconds later the gas tank let go and a gush of dense smoke veiled the wreckage.

"I shot one down," Aleck informed himself. "One *descendu*."

He felt curiously numb about it. He looked at the bullet holes around the cockpit. With caution he felt his side inside the heavy leather Teddy bear. It didn't seem to be much, that wound—just a flesh burn outside his ribs, though it hurt. He felt a rush of gratitude toward the Pfalz pilot who had so neatly ambushed him. Then he thought of Capt. Eli Fisher Call and his graveling, reiterated question.

"But, You See, There's a Girl Back in Redding, Connect——"

"Just wait till next time he asks," he said. "I'll take the shine off his teeth."

He headed rapidly for his side of the lines. He wanted to get home with the good news before somebody shot him down. His keen eye, rolling over the sky behind him, came to a stop on a ship just emerging from the silver, puffy edge of a cumulus cloud to the northeast. Aleck jumped nervously in his cockpit.

Then he saw that the plane had the familiar outline of the powerful DeHaviland. It was a bomber of the British Independent Air Force, a ship whose duty took it deeper into enemy territory than Aleck had ventured. Other ships emerged from the cloud—a regular formation.

These were the only planes that he sighted in his retreat toward Toul.

Fiz was at the line when Aleck landed.

"Where've you been wandering to?" the ace inquired.

"I got one, Fiz," Aleck announced triumphantly.

"One!" O'Brien poked at several holes in the stunted fuselage. "I'd say you got a double handful, as usual."

"One *descendu*," Aleck explained, fumbling with stiff fingers at the collar of his Teddy. "And it wasn't that Rumpler, either. It was a Pfalz monoplane."

"Yes?" Fiz showed little enthusiasm. "You deceived me, Aleck. I thought you'd fallen for that Rumpler gag when I saw you follow him. Then the other two Pfalz came down on me and I quit thinking."

"The other two?" Aleck asked faintly. His stomach was cold. "You mean there were three Pfalz fighters behind us?"

Fiz O'Brien nodded. "In the sun. We had an interesting game, me and my two playmates, but nobody was it. I tired 'em out, sky-hootling away from them. And you sailing on into Germany with that third Pfalz sneaking behind you!"

"I got him, anyhow," Aleck said, with reviving cheerfulness. "But it will be a lesson to me, Fiz."

"One more lesson like that will be too much for your constitution," Fiz warned him grimly. "Lead poisoning will set in."

"I got him," Aleck repeated.

"But instead of getting him first, like the book says, you give him first whack and ruin a nice new government airplane."

"Oh, cut it, Fiz," Aleck said, with a placating grin. "At last, after flying my head off for five weeks trying to ——"

"Where did the poor boche's luck peter out?"

"I shot him down about a mile northeast of Vigneulles," said Lieut. Aleck Wilder with dignity. "It was quite a fight. I—— What are you whistling like that for?"

"Anybody around during the fight?" Fiz asked, ignoring Aleck's sudden question. "Any Frenchmen, even?"

"No. I was alone in the sky, except for that Rumpler. Why?"

Fiz shook his head in commiseration.

"Aleck, you'll never be a famous ace—such as me, for instance. How do you expect to get any glory? You go chasing so far inside the enemy lines that not even the artillery observers—the sculpins—can see you shoot the air out from under the foe."

A stricken look leaped into Aleck Wilder's brown eyes.

"You mean that victory may not be observed and confirmed?" he faltered. "You mean I may not get credit for it?"

The older pilot nodded. "Always shoot your *descendu* down on top of General Headquarters, where they can hear it drop. And initial your bullets, too, or the General Staff will claim they did it with automatics."

The pleasant countenance of Aleck Wilder became rugged, almost disagreeable.

"I'd like to see anybody in this army deny that I dropped that Pfalz," he announced belligerently. "Now what are you waggling your head like that for?"

Angrily he turned to follow the direction of Fiz O'Brien's eyes.

The chunky, almost rotund figure of Capt. Sam Allison had rounded the corner of the hangar. Striding beside him was a tall, lithe young man in a glove-like uniform. There were few uniforms as unwrinkled in all France. Captain Allison's face had a pained expression, for he resented the fact that however much he fought like a soldier, he would never look like one.

"Ah, my dear Wilder!" exclaimed the military Beau Brummel. Hand outstretched, face beaming, he bore down upon the pilot. "You've been flying!"

"Hello," said Aleck Wilder in a flat voice. He shook hands with Capt. Eli Fisher Call, but he controlled his joy without effort. "Yes, I've been up."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Call, as if this fact struck him as most unusual. "Marjorie will be interested. I occasionally mention you when I write."

"I know you do," the young pilot said bitterly. "And what you said about aviators on leave in Paris ——"

"Flying over the lines!" Captain Call mused aloud. "Exciting, and doubtless dangerous too. And how—ah—is it etiquette to ask how many—that is, since I last saw you have you had any success?"

He slanted his head a trifle to one side and beamed expectantly at his dear friend Wilder. Aleck paused luxuriously. Captain Call's sympathetic smile grew in scope.

"Just one," said Aleck modestly—"one Pfalz."

For an instant the M. P. officer seemed surprised to an uncomplimentary degree.

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you!" Call burst out with tremendous enthusiasm. "I do indeed!" He wrung Wilder's cold hand again.

"'At's the boy, Aleck!" Capt. Sam Allison exulted. Every feature of his round face played its part in his smile. He thumped his young pilot wholeheartedly upon the backbone. "Where'd you get him, boy?"

"Northeast of Vigneulles," Aleck answered guardedly.

"Way back in! Any other ships around? Those bat-eyed balloon men will never confirm it for you that deep in ——" Captain Sam's voice trailed off and he stared with obvious perplexity at Fiz, who had been making horrible and arresting faces at him. "Huh?" he asked blankly.

The quick eye of the captain of military police had not missed this byplay. "Vigneulles," he murmured reflectively. "That is miles within the enemy territory, I believe." Again he scanned the tense, apprehensive countenance of Aleck Wilder. "Oh, my dear fellow," he exclaimed suddenly, "don't tell me that this gallant deed was done so far from observation that no official cognizance can be taken of it?"

(Continued on Page 158)

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UNEMPLOYMENT STATISTICS

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

AMERICA'S industrial resurgence since the decade's dawn holds no promise more heartening than the changed attitude of its leaders toward unemployment. Formerly they gave their sympathy and money to lightening its effect upon others. Today, in addition, they are giving a concern, constant and intent, to unemployment's effect upon themselves.

At my elbow rests a sheaf of letters. A bank of towering resources prefaces a round dozen questions with the phrase: "Because of the implications it has for general business, we are very much interested in the employment situation at the present time." An automobile finance corporation—forty-eight offices grace its letterhead—requests periodic reports on the employment trend in a score of industrial fields that bloom within a trolley fare of my office. A steamship company of time-honored lineage, prodded by its New York office, asks for data, statistics and general information from time to time on the extent of unemployment in industrial and near-by farming communities. A tire and rubber company incloses a questionnaire. Approximate percentages, numbers unemployed today, one year ago, two years ago, and eight years ago, extent of immigration and other themes engross it. Railroad and public-utility officials, five-and-ten-cent stores, theatrical booking agencies, life-insurance companies, welfare associations, economic foundations are but a few of the interests that, by letter or personal representatives, seek to glean what they can of unemployment.

Why is so much of the information they seek unavailable? So many of the figures they accept unreliable? And where, if anywhere, are the best charted channels for getting what they want or really need?

At the kick-off, the main reason much of the information and many of the statistics they seek are unobtainable is that rarely do we have a clear concept of what we mean when we use the word "unemployed." Take almost any day at my office—an employment mart where men seek work and work men. An acetylene welder asks for a job at his trade. He's been out of work a week. The moment holds no job in his craft, but the window's bulletin boards show a couple he could have if he would—orderly, laborer, for instance. He leaves, still without a job. A mechanical engineer calls, but at the moment there is nothing for him. A drafting job is offered him. Does he take it? "No, I don't want to go back to the board," he says, and leaves jobless. Pride of craft or common sense—call it anything you wish—makes each stick to the vocation he's mastered. Millions like these cherish the same fetish. Hunting jobs some of them are, but only because they prefer to hunt rather than take what they can get. Should they, then, be termed unemployed?

A carpenter strolls in; work in former jobs we've given him attests his competence.

"Anything in my line today?"

"Yeh, construction work out at ——"

"Whaddasit pay?"

"Eighty cents, time and half."

"Not for me, brother."

Where Does a Definition End?

A SALESMAN calls. Selling jobs, good and indifferent, await him. He can just about take his choice, but no one of them strikes him foursquare. "If they'd make it seventy-five I might consider it," he says. He, too, leaves. Like them, also, there are millions. Men and women here, there, everywhere, who, when jobless, reject positions because they feel they are worth more than the positions offer. Unemployed should we call them? If so, how come? If not, why not?

A textile worker shuffles in. He quit his last job, en masse with a hundred others. It's his again for the asking, but he won't ask. Neither will another textile worker of the same trade take the striker's job if offered him. What of them?

A youth just out of high school or college enters. He wants a job, his first. For a week he's been trying to land one. Unemployed? Possibly, and yet he never has been employed.

To augment a dwindling family income a woman asks for part-time work. Husband or son is out of work. Perhaps at one time she has worked. There are hundreds of thousands like her, eager to earn however and whatever they can. Wage schedules, strikes, pride of craft are beyond their ken. Unemployed?

A pensioned locomotive engineer, jaded by inactivity, wants a whack at anything—bank guard, night watchman, elevator operator—anything that will crowd drab thoughts from his mind, give him an appetite, keep him from going to seed. The wages matter little. How many are there like him, hunting for a something to avert mental and physical atrophy? Keener to work, many of them, than those who have never worked. Unemployed?

An electrician, his last job finished the day before, drops in to ask when hiring will start on a building operation he is anxious to connect with. He's told he'll have to wait a week or two. He decides to make some needed repairs about his home or motor, fish or gun until that particular operation is ready for him. Unemployed?

Come scores of privates in the army of casual workers; men and women, the very nature of whose vocation is casual—stevedores, tally clerks, truckers, gardeners, building mechanics whose trades are seasonal. Comes, too, the never-depleted battalion of the unemployable—the halt, the feeble, the aged. Those, in short, whose state only a well-endowed sympathy can alleviate. They crave employment, many without reservations. If they're not unemployed, who is?

When Any Guess Is Good

THESE are questions I can but ask. I am passing sure, however, though our main difficulty in ascertaining the number unemployed in a given area comes from a failure wholly to define the meaning of the word, another hurdle more formidable bars the way.

A last-winter's mail brought me a task to perform. High public officials had agreed that a deal of unemployment existed in the country at large. But how much? That, they felt, must be determined. Specific instructions stated just how the essential data could be reaped in my own community. And—quite important—a fairly adequate definition of unemployment accompanied them.

That was that. How to corral the figures was the next problem. Fortunately the letter of instruction told how. Six sources of information were to be visited and the best possible independent estimate secured in each case. The information gained from one source was not to be disclosed to another.

So to each said source the question was put: "How many persons usually employed are now out of work and looking for employment?"

No. 1, the local commander of a nation-wide organization devoted to salvaging the down-and-out, smiled engagingly: "About 40,000, I should say, in the city proper."

The secretary of the city's charities organization, No. 2, shook his head: "I haven't the faintest idea. Have you?"

"In the neighborhood of 60,000," asserted an official of the city's largest employing group.

A private employment agency asked to be excused. "If we gave you any figures they'd merely be shots in the air," they said.

Four that made. The fifth was a labor-union official.

"How many unemployed? 130,000 at the very least," he said—and breathed easier.

The sixth and last was a high police official. The question seemed to tickle him. "How many looking for jobs?" he said. "Too many. That's the best I can do for you."

So much for the six most authoritative sources. A seventh estimate—my own which was requested, was 35,000. Four estimates from seven sources; the highest figure nearly four times the lowest. Whose was closest to the correct figure? No one will ever know. All were shots in the air, because even with a cameo-clear definition at hand, no agency existed then or now with sufficient funds, time or staff to do the task in the one manner that could possibly evolve the riddle's answer—by a city-wide, simultaneous, house-to-house canvass; an enterprise as exacting and costly as the taking of the census. That it can be done or some day will be is beside the question. It has not been done for the reason that substantially no city has a clearing house at which all its job seekers register. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and cities a tenth their size have their employment offices, private and public, but only in rare instances does more than a very thin percentage of their jobless population patronize any one agency exclusively.

And but a small minority of those who get jobs get them through either the fee-charging or the public agencies. The overwhelming majority land them through the medium of help-wanted columns of the newspapers, corner-store gossip, friends, and by approach to the employer or his personnel department.

The trend of the past ten years, nevertheless, is unmistakably toward a more constant patronage of employment agencies of private and public sponsorship. In the United States both are increasing in numbers; in Canada, where the private agency's growth is restricted, only the public offices are increasing. It is natural that they should in an era like the present, when the supply of man power exceeds the demand. For it is in such periods that the need for a specialized brokerage service is most keenly felt. When jobs are scarce the jobless seek any aid that may unearth jobs.

And while employment agencies multiply, so, too, with a portent significant, I believe, of a definite and come-to-stay policy, are increasing our commercial and industrial trade associations; an arc of whose functions in many instances is to recruit more substantial man power for their members. An official of such an organization, if he's fit, knows better than the broker what the plants back of him need and how best to select the men and women to fill these needs.

Therefore, when the coming years crystallize this trend, the searcher for unemployment as well as employment statistics will have a source more accessible, accurate and authoritative than any now existing. The same gradual transition will in all likelihood also bring employment agencies to broader usefulness and see them directing men and women to well-rounded specialists in definite industries rather than referring them, as now, merely to jobs.

Until, then, a community has one clearing house where all folks seeking work register their state and needs, any figures as to the number unemployed in that community at a given time will be the more or less inspired opinions of people willing to express themselves on a subject the layman knows as much about as the authorities. All the man in the street has to do in order to puncture their logistics is to inquire who counted the jobless, and how.

But assuming, not for argument but for thought, that some day someone with a will and a wad reduces the *x* to a quantity known and indisputable. What then? How long would it be wise to use the figure thus gained as a pole star from which to make commercial reckonings? Not long, certainly, in this day of news flashes and rapid transportation, for no industrial species moves faster than real job hunters in pursuit of real jobs.

Early of an autumn morning a few years back I mailed from an anthracite center a registered, rush, special-delivery envelope to my superiors up the line. It contained unemployment data—the views and forecasts of scores of coal-belt people I'd talked with regarding the more or less voluntary unemployment then existing there, and the number of miners idle, of mechanical and operating department employes temporarily furloughed by the railroads serving the region, and of platform crews laid off by the local traction company. Sources of authority had contributed the figures almost to a decimal point.

Some Very Nice Statistics Ruined

THE envelope had hardly reached a mail sack before I was in the depot of the city's largest railroad en route to another community affected with the same scourge. For ten minutes I stood in line at a ticket window as inside and out hundreds of men of Old World extraction milled their way through stacks of baggage. Three ticket windows were working to capacity at six o'clock in the morning. The vanguard of the unemployed I'd tabbed so religiously were leaving for greener fields, where jobs in orchards, on road and power-plant construction, in the bituminous belt and steel mills beckoned them

How many? No one knew. "Thousands," was the best the head ticket agent could vouchsafe when I passed his way a week later. "Thousands by rail and automobile every week." And when I returned to my offices, a night's ride distant, associates told me of the hundreds of baggage-laden tourists who had stormed the office, for many of whom they'd found jobs.

Not only, then, are figures on unemployment of fleeting value but a sponsorship of them by public officials or by groups imbued with the public interest may well spur others, equally public-spirited, to ask: "For what useful purpose?"

"The American specific for unemployment is employment. Does it help the morale of a community, bolster the

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PACKARD

For centuries man has combed the farthest corners of the earth for new and precious materials

The romance of exploration and discovery still lives—in modern industry. The search for new and better materials to serve the needs of men still goes on. Packard for 30 years has pressed the thrilling hunt which has tracked down the thousand things required to make a Packard what it is.

Packard materials come from the ends of the earth—from wherever the best may be found in fine fabrics, choice woods, rich leathers and rare ores. Packard quality standards, in both material and workmanship, become yearly more exacting. Improvement never stops.

So it is that the Packard Eight today surpasses in excellence of materials, as in craftsmanship and design, all of its famous forebears. Increasing patronage indicates the world's appreciation of what Packard stands for in fine motor cars.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 43)

confidence and stimulate its manufacturers to recall old employes or to take on new ones to learn that exactly 11 per cent, we'll say, of the community's or of the nation's workers are idle and therefore not potential buyers?"

The queries are Mr. Walter J. Lloyd's, director of the Bureau of Employment of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry at Harrisburg, and Federal director of the United States Employment Service for that commonwealth.

He went on to say:

"It's a thing we should think about before we play publicly with figures. The individual, private or public, no matter how well-intentioned his purpose, who stresses unduly the extent of unemployment in a community, hacks at the very keystone of business and destroys the sole remedy for unemployment. And he serves ill those he most earnestly wishes to help, for a community whose leaders lose confidence stagnates until their confidence revives.

"Many, I know, will disagree with me. I respect both their opinions and their lofty aims. But let them for a moment put themselves in the place of men who haven't found the work they need. Will not the same figures that shatter the confidence of the manufacturer rob the jobless man of the quality he most needs—hope? Do not the jobless see and feel enough of unemployment without having the real or fancied fact that exactly so many others are in the same boat with them and their own prospects, therefore, made dimmer?"

From a brief case he handed me a paper. "Doesn't that impress you as a helpful bit of employment publicity, encouraging both to the worker and to the employer?"

I glanced at the paper. It contained a 200-word paragraph to the effect that employment within a certain district served by his bureau was rapidly mounting to peak proportions; that the prospects for stable employment for months ahead were better than they had been for two years.

"And yet it didn't turn out to be," he continued, "for the reason that wider publicity and greater emphasis were accorded it than anyone could foresee. What happened? Within a week after the item was released the district had more workers than it could absorb. Good mechanics from other states rushed there and in some instances got the jobs that otherwise would probably have gone to local mechanics. In some cases, too, they doubtless quit jobs, leaving their families behind them. Another unfortunate phase was that many men of the type that could not possibly be employed spent time and considerable railroad fare to no purpose. I mention the incident simply to emphasize the harmful effect of giving too wide circulation and too large headlines to an employment item, even though it be of an optimistic tinge. Print, unadorned, sometimes magnifies the simplest truth."

A Labor Barometer

"But don't," he continued—"don't draw the conclusion that because I oppose printed and oral broadcasting of unemployment statistics I would detract from the value of these statistics where social relief is necessary. In cases of long-continued depression in a community they might well be invaluable. To my mind, unemployment statistics are as harmful to the employer and the man he would like to employ as is a blindly optimistic attitude that tends to embitter the social outlook of both."

And when all's said, why bask in shadows? Is not this the thing we really want to know; not so much about unemployment but more about the very real, determinable, inspiriting thing that makes unemployment loom, fade or disappear—the trend of employment? If we know the direction industry is moving in we have the world's best earnest on what is ahead in buying power. For industry seldom employs workers unless and until it is ready to produce goods. In every language business speaks, employment spells production, and production the capacity of producers to buy.

Where to scent the trend? If the proper study of mankind be man the proper place to study a subject is where the subject roosts. In the sphere of the printed word, what more reliable long-swing barometer of unemployment exists than the help-wanted advertisements of our foremost newspapers? With an uncanny fidelity, their bulk or paucity forecasts production's flow and ebb.

A mass of charts and statistics clutter my desk. They show, month on month, for many years, the total linage and number of help-wanted advertisements carried by certain outstanding newspapers in nine of our largest industrial centers. If your memory is rusty as to the general state of business in any one year or quarter thereof, you have but to consult them to get an unbiased, comprehensive answer. There you vision, year on year, the blast of optimism that greets each new year—spring's mawlike demand for men in the building trades; the lull of summer, when few of us are concerned with jobs for other people, to say nothing of our own; the return of interest in things futuristic that shows itself after Labor Day, and, finally, November's and December's coldness to the building industry and affection for inventories and for paring down overhead until after the holidays. And then January once again, in every city, each year, recording a greater demand than the previous year's December.

Statistics Without Guesswork

Help-wanted ads reflect the need for labor in general and in specific industries. By their absence or insistent presence they forecast the trend in production and eventually in buying power. But they indicate that demand for labor weeks, sometimes months, after the demand first arises; for when a plant has been dormant and is about to man its idle machines its first and logical move is to recall, by post, gate sign or word of mouth, its furloughed employes. It inserts its help-wanted ads if and when its labor requirements continue unfilled.

In the judgment of an employment veteran of many years' service, business has no more valuable indicator of the employment trend than reliable statistics, properly appraised and promptly released for public use.

"But they should be weighed against other factors before we can be sure which way the pendulum is swinging," says Mr. Charles J. Boyd, general superintendent of the Chicago Free Employment Offices. "For instance, a most authoritative source we in Illinois have through our Department of Labor is the pay-roll figures of nearly 1500 establishments employing, according to the latest information compiled by our Bureau of Labor Statistics, 374,115 men and women. You can see there the character of industries and mercantile firms that furnish the figures."

Manufacturers of metal and machinery, wood products, chemicals and oils, textiles and foodstuffs, as well as public utilities and merchandising houses, builders and contractors, are among the contributors that appear upon the list he handed me. More than seventy subclassifications of industry and commerce appear on it.

"Statistics such as these are not guesswork," Mr. Boyd continued. "None more trustworthy can be found, for they come direct from the employers themselves. Certainly, if they do not know the employment trend in their own plants no one does. Each month they furnish the number of employes on their pay rolls. By comparing these figures with those of previous months and years a pretty good idea is gained of how the particular industry stands, and to a large extent how promising is its immediate future. These comparisons also enable one to strike a balance, to understand which increases and decreases in employment are directly attributable to seasonal fluctuations such as are found in building and construction, textiles, the canning and packing industries, and which are due to unusual and unexpected causes. Their value and reliability are enhanced by the fact that they show the employment trend at its source, sometimes before, sometimes after the newspapers have carried ads for the industry or employment offices have sent workers to it. But at the source, nevertheless.

"It is not safe, sometimes, to make the most obviously logical deductions, even from accurate statistics, no matter what their source. For instance, a report for one month may show a falling off of employes for one industry. If you have an abiding faith in figures you'll naturally conclude the employment trend in that field is downward and the business outlook poor, when, as a matter of fact, the decreased pay-roll force may be entirely due to difficulty in securing the necessary labor because of a shortage of competent help or possibly because of a temporary dispute over wages or working conditions. The volume of orders to be manufactured may never have been higher in the industry's history, yet the bare figures would belie that condition. Or, from another angle, our job-printing classification might show a marked increase in the working force for a certain month, due solely to an emergency such as getting out election ballots or mail-order catalogues or telephone directories, none of which would give the true picture of the prevailing trend in the local printing industry.

"The ratio of applicants to jobs available at a public employment office is also a substantial barometer. It is not bullet-proof, of course. For example, it is axiomatic among employment men that during hard times workers stick to their jobs, while the jobless, with more or less regularity, apply for work.

"But what happens when jobs become numerous? The jobless continue to apply, or obtain work, but many of those who have had jobs quit them in order to get better ones. They quit the potboilers for better-paying opportunities. In other words, the number of people applying for work at our office or at any given point does not necessarily prove that the employment situation is poor. An increasing number of applicants for work may, in a period of great surplus of jobs, be proof positive that a condition of general unemployment has ceased to exist.

"Cold figures and percentages must be mixed with a dose of experience before we are safe in proclaiming or forecasting a trend. Employment work holds a paradox at every turn. But these two factors—employers' pay-roll data and the ratio of applicants to jobs available—are to my mind the best guides for finding the trend of employment; provided, always, they are compiled by people who have been jostled about by the perplexities and paradoxes of modern business.

"The value to the public," he concluded, "of such statistical data and interpretations is in direct ratio to the timeliness with which they are released for public review."

Clearing Houses for Workers

Which, in the light of our present-day limitless leave to print at public expense, may goad even the most erudite to cackle: "Ain't it the truth?"

Employment data such as Illinois sponsors, New York, Massachusetts, California, Pennsylvania and many other commonwealths in similar measure collect and distribute to their citizens. Our Federal Reserve Banks, too, in periodic bulletins and through the press contribute statistical data of similar tinge, and on a scale still larger, the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington.

But let's move to a stage larger than any of our commonwealths and learn if others are doing what we avowedly have not done—reduced to a science the art of learning where, on a given date, we stand employmentwise. Perhaps we're too prone to think that because we haven't evolved the problem's answer no one can.

From Halifax to Vancouver sixty-four public employment offices stud the Dominion of Canada. In the year ending with March last, 556,754 men and women entered these labor marts in search of work of myriad hues—in shop, office, mine and homes, on farms, railroads and highways. About 418,306 found work there awaiting them—four out of every five. For the purpose of coördinating the efforts of the various local offices and to effect the transfer of any kind of labor from districts where a labor surplus exists to where a dearth prevails, eight clearing houses have been established; while in the western reaches, where workers are in seasonal demand, temporary offices are each year established. More than 200,000—nearly one-half of the total number who were placed in employment—obtained positions outside of the centers in which the offices making the placements are located. Such mobility of labor is possible because of railroad-fare concessions granted by certain of the Dominion's railways. A newspaper advertising manager, were he selling such a service, could with sincerity say that it affords splendid coverage. It does—and yet:

"We are often asked how many persons are unemployed in Canada. Our reply is that no machinery exists to provide us with such information."

Canada's Employment Service

Such is the verdict of a gentleman who, above all others, is qualified to render one, fair and unappealable—Mr. R. A. Rigg, director of the Employment Service of Canada, at Ottawa.

"Under existing circumstances no estimate can be formed that will be accepted as conclusively accurate. The inevitable tendency will be to allege that the number estimated is either absurdly high or low, according to the measure in which the interests of critics may be affected.

"I know of only two methods by which this question can be correctly answered: Either by a system of unemployment insurance covering all industries or by a compulsory registration of the unemployed under provisions as rigid as vital-statistics registration. I am not indorsing either plan but simply suggesting that either would furnish the exact data concerning the state of unemployment.

"In the absence of either system," he continued, "our policy is to collect all the data we can regarding both unemployment and employment from every authoritative channel. We have three principal sources:

"More than 6000 employers, representative of all industries with the exception of agriculture, fishing and domestic service, who file monthly returns showing the number of persons in their employ; more than 1600 local branches of trade-unions, out of a total number of 2600 in Canada, which report monthly their membership totals and the number of these members out of employment; and thirdly, the records of the Employment Service of Canada, giving the number of applications for employment, vacancies listed and placements made.

"Not all of them combined indicate the total number of persons who may be employed or unemployed. A study of them reveals the fact that they do furnish useful barometric readings, indicating trends in employment and unemployment. Such study further shows that these data are mutually confirmatory as trend indicators. Although the variations may differ in some degree, an examination of the records covering the past few years shows that when the index figure of employment returns rises, the index figure of unemployment returns from trade-unions lowers, and the percentage of vacancies for each 100 applicants registered in the offices of the Employment Service of Canada increases, and vice versa. These statistics are all of a national character and are representative of all parts of Canada. Quite obviously, their significance is conditioned by such factors

as natural increase in population, immigration and emigration."

Such, then, are the generally accepted and most trustworthy fields we have from which to garner figures that will aid us in learning where we are and whither we are tending.

But since statistics are made by men and therefore can rate no higher than the intelligence of those who compile them, are not men themselves the safer and more alert guides for us to follow? Men such as collectors of department store and industrial insurance debits, driver salesmen on milk and bread routes who day by day circulate through the home sectors of a community; officials of industrial-loan companies who, by the number, type and tales of those they deal with, learn the drift in industrial pay rolls; charity and welfare officials, public and private, who, like them, feel the fluctuating pressures that grim necessity generates?

And Army and Navy recruiting men who know how easy it is to persuade potential industrial labor to sign up for a year or more when jobs are scarce, and how hard when they're numerous? Their statistics I've found a good barometer, provided one first takes the trouble to talk with those who compile them. A marked decrease in enlistments, for instance, in a given recruiting area may denote better times ahead for the area's industry, or merely the inconsequential fact that the area's quota of recruits has been filled.

Secretaries of trade associations—metal, building, textiles, electrical, woodworking, slate—too, are inexhaustible mines to the prospector for employment trends. More each year employment is becoming germane to their jobs and to the jobs of secretaries of councils, lodges and fraternal organizations.

But surpassing all these as harbingers of the work trend stand those who, in factories, mines and stores, our railroads and public utilities, employ the worker and record his release. Employment managers, directors of personnel, labor scouts—call them what you will.

Long before a labor trend toddles they know its ilk and in which direction it's about to go. Years of job brokering have yet to show me statistics on employment or unemployment pertaining to my own community that did more than confirm a condition that employment men I had talked with knew about long before it was reduced to figures.

The employment undertow that in the late winter of the past year was first-page news to millions was old stuff to thousands of employment men and women from coast to coast weeks before the winter's first snow fell. Why? Because theirs was the job of recording the departures of those whom the undertow caught.

And by the same token today, theirs is the job of recording the slow gradual upward surge in employment that, months from now, statistics may proclaim.

BULLS ON AMERICA

(Continued from Page 25)

money by being bullish on him on the New York Stock Exchange. And we are welcome to all they have in the way of money—as long as money rates keep high; and they will stay up as long as the bull market lasts.

"There have been changes in conditions the full effect of which we cannot yet gauge accurately. Just as the trolley has been superseded by the bus, and no one yet knows exactly what will happen to our passenger-transportation business, so we cannot grasp, for example, what will happen if the mail-order houses drive the small general stores out of business. The chain store has gone into the small towns and villages as well as into the cities—a modern army equipped with the latest weapons, marching against a few pygmies armed with bows and arrows. What will happen? Even now the banks are feeling the difference. The old-time grocer used the local bank. He kept his profits at home. Local money was used for local enterprises. Today the chain stores send their cash receipts to the head office in New York or in Chicago or Boston. Money spent by people in a thousand towns and villages goes to make the large reservoirs of capital still larger, more money to be controlled by the few.

"And other issues are involved. The disappearance of local initiative, of individual enterprise. There must be disadvantages, of course. But in a bull market we don't hear of the disadvantages. There are stories to tell of the travail of the mercantile world these revolutionary days. The consolidation of small stores and the disappearance of the individual owners go hand in hand with more disturbing possibilities. But the public will buy the stocks of the new corporations and we are gravely assured that the economic tendency of the times leaves business men no option but to bow to the inevitable and buy the new stocks."

Following Market Leaders

"In a machine age like ours the tendency naturally is to minimize the importance of the individual human being. This trend is clearly seen in the development of mass production and in the more or less mathematical activities of cold-blooded efficiency experts. And yet, it would seem that what promoters stress, in the taking over of successful individual businesses by corporations, is precisely the success of the individual. In the last analysis, men always have invested in leaders, and the man at the head has always been the best selling point. The experienced speculator, considering probabilities, should bet on the general rather than on the army, on Napoleon and not on the privates. In the bull market of 1928 we have witnessed precisely the reverse. Is the experience of the world for 5000 years of no value? The public is following market leaders and not corporation heads. Wherever I go, I find that every business is being recapitalized. Business men, successful manufacturers, owners of small electric-light companies, tell me that they receive every day from one to five inquiries, asking them to sell out.

"Say that a man thirty or forty years ago started a business with $50,000 and succeeded in building it up so that it returns an annual net profit of, let us say, $400,000. He has accumulated a cash balance of one or two million dollars, which makes him independent of unreasonable lenders. His position is more than comfortable. Everything is working nicely. Well, the promoter gets after him. Usually it is a brokerage house that wants commissions for bringing out stocks. The manufacturer is advised to incorporate. He is getting old; he should rest; he ought to have his business in such shape that his heirs won't have any trouble over inheritance taxes. The trend of the time is toward public ownership through distributed stock, for which there will be a good market. His wealth is mobilized by the deal, made instantly available, and so on."

Easing Out the Old Fellows

"The brokers fix a price based not upon physical condition alone nor entirely on good will. If he is earning $400,000 net, the business is figured to be worth $4,000,000. That will make it a 10 per cent earner. They will offer to sell for him $4,000,000 worth of preferred stock, or any part thereof. He may distribute or keep the cash surplus. He may keep all the common stock. He may retain a 51 per cent interest and keep on working and get a lot of cash besides, or he can take things easy and enjoy life in novel idleness. They don't care as long as they get some stock to sell and commissions to make.

"He succumbs to these arguments. But a half interest in the stock means a half interest in the business on his part. He no longer is the owner; he is the chairman of the board of directors. He no longer acts; he talks.

"I declare, upon my word of honor, that I know an office in Wall Street, conducted by highly intelligent stockbrokers, where there is a man employed whose business it is to persuade old fellows to sell out their businesses. All he does is to call on the owners of successful businesses everywhere. He paints attractive pictures of what said owner may do by retiring or by selling a minority interest in his business. As old age is a necessary condition for this persuader to work on, I have refused to allow him in this office. But I cannot help thinking what absentee management of a successful business will do for that business in a few years. The old owner, who made a success of it by being on the job, has more time to play, less time for business. Where one man is found who finds his recreation in continuing to run the business successfully, there are twenty who prefer to take it easier. There are trips to Europe, and winter months in Florida. That is why we now have lawyer management and banker management and every kind of management except successful-owner management. And it is the stocks of these companies that people are buying today, for which they are swapping bonds. Not one in a thousand speculators stops to inquire about the vital matter of management, about the one thing that made a highly successful business highly successful. 'The eye of the owner fattens the steer!' But a bull market heeds nothing but the tape, and that only when it records advances.

"The futility of warning people is exasperating, but after all, what can the conservatives expect? Take the case of stocks of the chain stores. They have had phenomenal advances. No one thinks of absentee management, but all remember the market history, for example, of the stock of the Nickel Notions Selling Corporation. Nichol, the man who developed the business, presumably knew as much about his own business as any man living. Years before, he had incorporated himself and he owned every share of his company. Well, one of those three-in-one firms of banker-broker-promoters induced him to recapitalize the corporation. They used the old arguments: A method had been discovered, after centuries of diligent effort, whereby an intelligent man could have his cake and eat it too! The way was to allow the brokers to sell 49 per cent of the stock of his incorporated self in the open market, after they had created said market for said stock on the New York Stock Exchange by methods with which they were familiar. The process of making Mr. Nichol much richer not only would not cost Mr. Nichol anything but would move his name up in the roster of millionaires. The question naturally came up of how much Nickel Notions should be capitalized for. Mr. Nichol, who started, developed and owned the business, was of the opinion that $5,000,000 was a liberal price. The three-in-oners nearly died on the spot: That would never do! The public would not buy a cheap thing like that. It couldn't be good if it was small."

Nice for the Promoters

"After much discussion the brokers vehemently opined that $100,000,000 was about right. The eloquence of the dollar eventually silenced the fears of the nickel and the three-in-one firm brought out Nickel Notions at $50,000,000. They were able to sell this stock at fifty dollars a share! To be just, much of the money was used as working capital and to open more stores everywhere. That was recently enough to be remembered. Anyone who bought the original N. N. stock at fifty dollars a share has every reason to swear by the nickel, for that stock, duly transmogrified by successive increases and doublings and stock dividends, is today selling at the equivalent of about $1000 a share!

"With incredible stories of this sort, which are absolutely true, what was easier than for the booster to make his hearer believe the stock he was buying was another Nickel Notion? That is why it was the untried ventures, the new enterprises that did best in the bull market of 1928. Happy is that man who has no past! The same seems to be true of corporations in a bull market. A concern about to enter into a new business has no records to handicap a bull trader in forming an estimate of what that company ought to do in five years—provided it does what Nickel Notions did: From fifty dollars a share to one thousand dollars!

"Another concern was recently brought out. It is too bad you cannot give actual names. It was paid for by an issue of 500,000 shares of first preferred stock. Then there was an issue of 100,000 shares of second preferred stock to pay the promoters. Then they issued 3,000,000 shares of no-par-value common stock, of which the holders of the first preferred got share for share. The promoters received twenty shares of common for each share of second preferred. Then they gave to the first-preferred holders, as a favor, the right to acquire more common stock at the insignificant price of twenty-five dollars a share. To make that privilege worth something to the original owners, the stock will have to sell at better than twenty-five dollars. In other words, the promoters will receive $50,000,000 for something that did not previously exist."

Ignoring the Warnings

"Buying stocks of prosperous concerns may be good business—but only at a certain price. But if you will make sure you know what you are getting for your money, you will be doing what nobody does in a bull market. How long can the public keep it up? Business can keep on being good without booming; but it will take a long and uninterrupted boom to make some stocks worth what they are quoted at today. As long as the promoters can sell any stock that is made active and strong, the public will be offered stocks—good stocks—at inflated prices. I have been told of concerns which were bought at double and treble what the owners thought they were worth. The new owners will live to agree with that estimate. They have had all the warning signals anyone can ask for."

It occurred to me, before leaving Wall Street, that one might get a different perspective of the bull market if one saw it through foreign eyes. I called on an international banker whose name is familiar to investors over the United States, and told him my desire. He was good enough to invite me to luncheon the next day, saying that he would try to bring with him two or three foreign business men.

His smile, as he spoke, made me ask, "I'll be surprised, eh?"

"Don't anticipate. It is one of your incurable bad habits. Just come and trust to luck."

"I don't trust you, so I will surely come," I promised.

He had three other guests with him at the luncheon the next day—all foreigners.

After the coffee, the host asked the Swiss from Geneva: "Won't you tell these

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

The boy who found rainbows in coal-tar

One Easter vacation in 1856, 17-year-old William Henry Perkin, a student-assistant in the Royal College of Chemistry, was toiling in an improvised laboratory under the eaves of his English home.

"Throw the rubbish away!" croaked unimaginative Common Sense, when the boy poured in a red fluid and got a dirty, sticky, dark mass at the bottom of his test tube. "Examine it!" whispered Science. "It may be worth something!"

Science was right. Out of that ugly dark mud came a lovely violet-purple dye. This "Mauve" was the first aniline dye ever made from coal-tar, a by-product of gas-making, till then considered worthless.

He started a scientific revolution

But young Perkin did more than found an industry. His experiments, and the experiments of other men in these early years, showed the way to a new, *creative* chemistry.

Scientists began to put chemical elements together to produce complex chemical substances. Men began to *build* with atoms. The modern chemist has identified more than 90 different kinds of atoms, from which more than 200,000 chemical combinations have been made. Millions are possible.

By building with atoms men learned how to make many synthetic compounds, some of which have proved very valuable to Medical Science. The germs of certain diseases, for example, were not visible under the microscope until it was discovered how to "stain" them with these compounds, and this in turn led to investigations regarding disease which would never have been possible otherwise. Other aniline compounds are used as antiseptics and bactericides—to *destroy* disease germs and render them powerless. Still others form the basis of an ever increasing number of effective chemical medicines for internal use.

A new group of modern medicines

Today hundreds of synthetic, "built-up" medicinal preparations are at the disposal of the physician, to allay pain, prolong life, and restore normal health. Parke-Davis research chemists often spend years in producing a single synthetic medicine. For example, in a recent search for a synthetic drug to accomplish a certain purpose, more than 200 compounds were patiently built up. Each in turn was put to the severest tests. Finally, *one* was obtained that met our exacting requirements.

Such is the spirit of medical investigation. Earnest men and women dedicate their lives to the search for the unknown in Nature. And each worker is actuated by the high purpose of contributing what he can toward the conquest of disease and the relief of human suffering.

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Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

YOU are aware by this time that the purpose of this column is to give you the news of Universal Pictures and other items of the industry both interesting and reliable. This column has continued for six years. We have never missed an issue. Naturally I brag a little about our own productions, but I make it a point never to mention here any picture which I feel is unworthy of your patronage. In other words I want you to depend on this column as a reliable guide to high-class entertainment.

—C. L.

George Sidney in "The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City"

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men" and ***"The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City"*** is a picture of nonsense—just a series of absurd occurrences by some of the cleverest laugh-makers in the industry—such wholesome folks as GEORGE SIDNEY with VERA GORDON, MACK SWAIN, and KATE PRICE. This is a William James Craft production and was ***"shot"*** at Atlantic City with all the stirring background that resort affords.

Pauline Starke in "Man, Woman and Wife"

Suggestions for your entertainment:

"Show Boat," Edna Ferber's great story of Mississippi river floating theatres, with LAURA LA PLANTE, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, OTIS HARLAN, ALMA RUBENS and others. ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** a Victor Hugo drama with hun leads of high grade testimonials behind it, starring MARY PHILBIN and CONRAD VEIDT.

"The Last Warning," an eerie mystery play with ghostly happenings, starring LAURA LA PLANTE with a host of clever people. A Paul Leni production.

Barbara Kent in "Lonesome"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," the greatest and most emotional all-American story ever written, embracing some of the most talented players in the profession.

"Lonesome," one of the sweetest love stories of the year, starring GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT.

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

gentlemen the story you told at my house the other night?"

"Yes, if you wish me to, but I must first explain to them that I came to New York some months ago in the hope of interesting friends here in a project which required about 100,000,000 Swiss francs. It was not in Switzerland, and it is now of no consequence, since the plan has been abandoned. I had heard so much about the rapidity with which American bankers do business with people who have good things to sell, that I expected to return home in a day or two. Fifteen minutes should have been enough at the bank, and after a day or two of sight-seeing I would take the same steamer back. Unfortunately, I did not have the eloquence to convince my friend here, or perhaps America was what you call 'fed up' with foreign investments. At all events I was compelled to postpone my return home because if my friend's firm would not join us I hoped some other bankers might.

"Well, postponing my trip compelled me to use more linen, and I sent mine to the laundry instead of taking it back home, as I would have done if I had left when I expected. I was stopping at a hotel uptown. I sent away my laundry. The next day, what do I get?" He looked at me earnestly. The host smiled horridly.

From the Laundry-Bag Angle

I should have known better, but I said what I thought was expected: "A few shreds and tatters?"

"Oh, no! You tell him."

And he smiled at our host, who said: "As far as I can judge, our friend here sent out nineteen pieces of Swiss linen and got back 1,000,000 Swiss francs. Is that right?"

"It is—ah—conservative," said the unsuccessful Swiss promoter unsmilingly. "You see, it is the way one's mind works that helps or hinders when you come to the signpost. I sent out my wash in a bag which the hotel considerately provided for me, made of tough paper. The wash came back, most beautifully washed and ironed. But after all, even superlative excellence in laundry work does not suggest much to a man from Switzerland, where we are very careful with such things. It was the package that interested me. The shirts were buttoned at the collar, the cuffs were fastened together with some patent links. That was very American. But here is what made me—how do you say?—sit up: Each shirt was wrapped in an individual package made of some fine quality of oil paper, and for stiffening the package so it would not bend and wrinkle, there was a piece of cardboard. Then each shirt was wrapped in a plain container of a good quality of paper. That was like the key to the code, to my Swiss mind, for it offered an explanation of the perplexing problem that gives Europeans headache: How can the Americans be so prosperous when they are so extravagant?

"We are economical because we have to be. We do not waste anything if we can help it. It has become a habit not to throw useful things out of the window. But the American wastes everything—excepting the most important thing of all: Time! He does not waste what alone is priceless. He knows that he can waste material and not suffer, but if he wastes time—oh, la-la! Goods he can always pay for by saving a few more minutes on the next job. That is why the same nation that has developed mass production has no consistent or intelligent conservation policy. But that is not my concern.

"I say I saw the laundry package. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'I behold America, I perceive the obvious waste. What is the lesson? An artificially stimulated consumption of paper. That is undoubtedly good for the paper manufacturers. It means money for everybody concerned in the raw material and in the manufactured product, in the buying and selling of many things. Is that true about other manufacturers and other products?'

"Instead of trying to interest other bankers in my project, I began to study the country from the laundry-bag angle and I found the same thing everywhere—an artificially stimulated consumption of everything. That, of course, could mean only one thing: An artificially stimulated prosperity.

"Now Step Two: What is going to happen to the United States? I do not know. I was not interested in learning what was going to happen to the United States 100 years after my death, for in my grave in Geneva I will bear philosophically America's troubles; but I wished to know what might happen in 1928, because a live Swiss might profit. The more I studied your people and your business the more clearly I perceived a prosperity so stupendous and so general that you yourselves could not appreciate it. So I stayed on and continued to study your people and the index of all business activities—the stock market. And then, because I was more optimistic about America than the most optimistic American, I bought stocks. And I—ah—I am leaving next week with a gratitude for America and Americans that will never die. I have found what has more than reconciled me to the failure of the mission that brought me to this wonderful country. Your public goes to extremes, at times. But that is usual with unusual people."

My host smiled exasperatingly.

"Now," he said, "suppose we listen to our German friend here?"

The second foreigner, I was later told, was a German manufacturer who four years ago borrowed money here for his business in Germany. He visits New York every spring to reassure the New York bankers that everything is well with his enterprises.

"Oh, with me, it was in essence the same thing, only the button was not pushed by a laundry package but by an advertisement in the New York Tribune. It was about objects suitable for gifts at Eastertime, and the price was so small: From $2000 up!

"It was most difficult for me to understand this. The advertisement was in English, but I read it as a German. It could not make me an American to read it, so, as I continued to be German, I compared your country with mine.

"I live in Berlin. It is the biggest city in Germany. If rich people are to be found anywhere in my country, it is there. And yet, it is certain that there are so few people in Berlin who could afford to buy $2000 Easter gifts that it would not occur to anyone to spend two marks in advertising such goods in a newspaper. It would be like throwing the money out of the window. Thinking of this made me remember a remark made many years ago by your Mr. James J. Hill, who, we always thought, was a most picturesque character. It was like a romance to read about him. He said that the trouble with the United States was not the high cost of living but the cost of high living. That phrase made a sensation in Germany. I remember it very well."

A German Makes His Mark

"How is it wisdom for a man who is in business to make money, to do business in a place where no one has enough money to buy $2000 Easter gifts, especially when he can do business in a city across the ocean where there are so many people who can give $2000 presents that a merchant finds it profitable to advertise such wares in a daily newspaper? I asked myself that question.

"Even if the advertisement had been merely a master stroke of bluff on the part of the merchant—which I do not for one moment believe—that does not change the fact that money in this blessed country is so much more abundant than with us that it must be much less securely fastened to the pocket. 'With so much money to spend, there must be much money to win without very hard work,' I told myself.

"The same train of thought that moved our Swiss friend made me study very seriously, first, business; then, the business men, and then the public of the United States. And the more I studied America and the Americans, the more—what did you call it?—bullish I became on this wonderful country and its generous people. If I must be bullish on America, I must be bullish in the one place in America where I can exchange my state of mind for hard cash—that is, the stock market. That is why I went there. My problem was not to determine whether to buy stocks or not, but which stocks to buy. This was in May. I had moments when I was not so sure that I had not misjudged the time, but I was persistent—not brave; persistent. I knew I had not misjudged the wealth of the country or the spirit of the people. From August on, I could sleep every night. Two weeks after the election I knew I had not made a mistake. It was all in my pocket. I was very lucky. Because I have studied you so much I am now more American than ice water at the table. Almost I dislike beer! But I am sailing Saturday."

At the Head of the Table

After the luncheon I asked my host if he knew how much the German was taking back with him. He refused to give me the exact amount, but he said it was three or four times as much as the Swiss, which means that the Americanized German business man had won close to $1,000,000 in this bull market.

The third foreigner, who, by the way, spoke English with a less pronounced accent than the other two, said:

"I also am what you call a crazy bull on the United States. If a man is not blind and there is a cathedral ahead, he is not clever because he sees it. How can I help seeing the gold mountains? Do you know what is the most surprising thing I have found in this country of surprises? That Americans, who surely are not what I would call a reticent people, do not appear to realize the important part that America plays in the business of the world. Of all civilized nations, yours is by far the most important. Europe, having only a past, wears her eyes on the back of her head, and it does not help her much in advancing. Behind Europe the road that goes from Yesterday to Today is a magnificent boulevard. It is lined with palaces—in ruins! Ahead of Europe, nothing—no street, no palaces—the road that goes to Nowhere. But you Americans send ahead of you not skirmishers but a steam roller to make the road to Tomorrow smooth and straight. You are the masters of the present, and the future belongs to you. You are in wealth and resources the first power in the world, and before very long your people will more definitely be first in everything—in the arts and the sciences, as you already are in industry. You are not waiting for preëminence to come to you. You are walking toward it with seven-league boots. Why are the English angry and the Germans sad and the French envious? Because Uncle Sam sits at the head of the world's table at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. In this year some of us from Europe have been capitalizing that knowledge. Wall Street has rewarded us for shedding our prejudices, for seeing straight. Having neither hatred nor envy in our hearts, you cannot scold us if we did not wait to be invited to share your abundance with you. I cannot give you statistics—they do not exist—but I can express to you my conviction that intelligent Europeans are being rewarded with many millions of dollars. You see, it is impossible for a man who is not used to such loosely kept wealth not to pick up gold when one stumbles over bullion bars on the sidewalks.

"I am a crazy bull on America and, most of all, on Americans. I do not say this to flatter you. Indeed, I must scold you. It is your national shame that you have but one Thanksgiving Day a year, when you

(Continued on Page 50)

Constantly Better

YOU ARE INVITED TO inspect the Graham-Paige sixes and eights with new *refinements* and *improvements* which represent our earnest endeavor to make our product constantly better. We believe you will appreciate the beauty, comfort, and substantial value of these motor cars —and the distinguished performance of their time-proved four-speed transmission (*two* high speeds—*standard* gear shift). A car is at your disposal.

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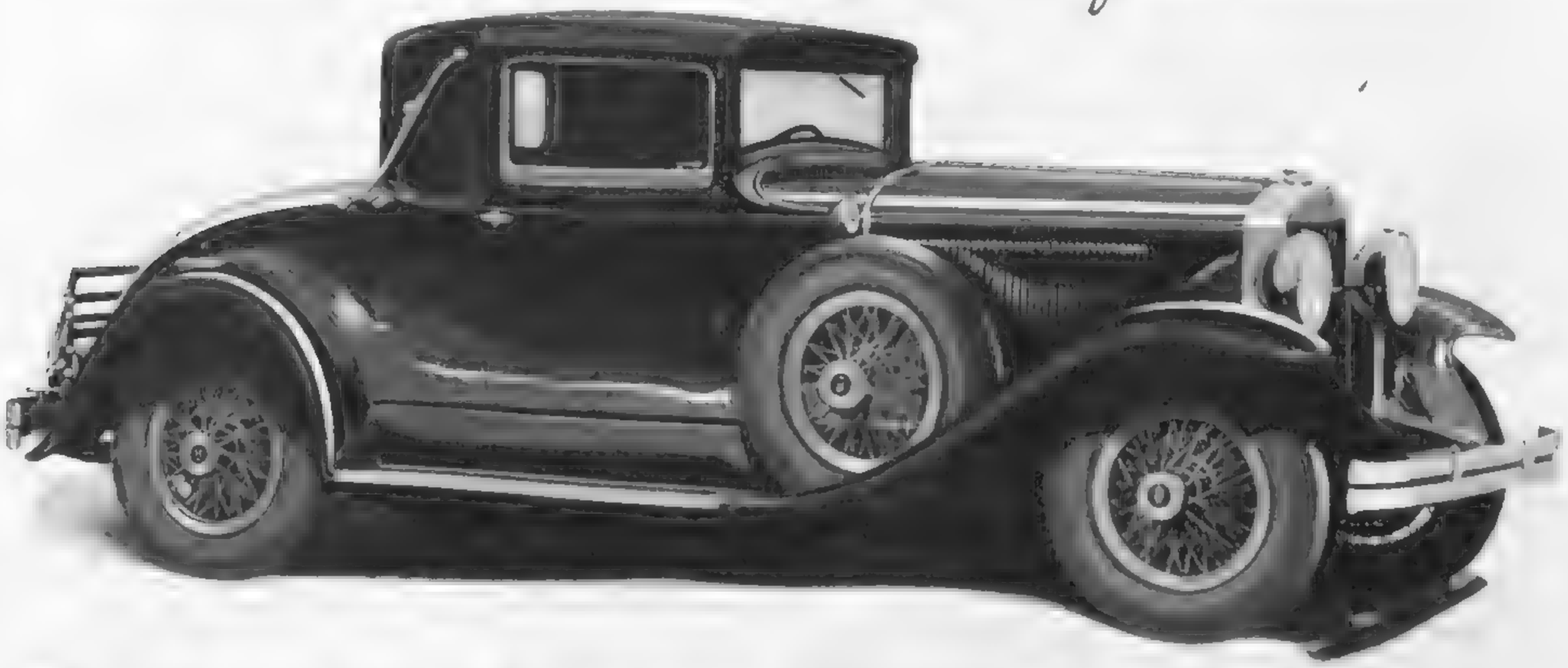
Graham-Paige offers a wide variety of body types, on five chassis—sixes and eights—at prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 827, two-passenger Coupe, $2125 special equipment extra). All prices at factory



GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 48)

should have 365 days to give thanks that you live and work in this country. You should see how other people live and work If I take back with me what in my country is a large fortune, that I picked up with two fingers in your stock market, it is not because I am clever, but because I saw clearly months ago. Americans always underestimate themselves."

"What?" I almost shrieked. "Do you mean to tell me that there lives one European who does not think that the favorite American pastime is to boast about America and the Americans?"

"You do not understand. I admit that you Americans boast; but pshaw! It is the boasting of children! Perhaps you are not old enough, or are too busy to be introspective. You do not know yourselves and so you underestimate."

He looked so challengingly at me that I felt compelled to say:

"Yes, we are a modest people. I am glad that you realize it and that you like us."

"It is much easier to like you than to like certain ways of living, but that is because of my early habits. But you have the only market in the world where anyone from anywhere can come buy and sell stocks in any quantity. You see, after the war we had no money to speculate with, and no market. But when things improved somewhat we found that people in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and other countries who wished to speculate could buy stocks in any quantity, but they could not sell stocks in the same quantity. They had to go where they always could sell as well as buy. The moment your bull market began, our people instantly perceived the possibilities. And then, you know, we believe that anything and everything is possible in this remarkable country. What we would not dream of expecting from a factory or a railroad or a mine in my country can happen here without provoking the mildest remark. New York was the place where one could both buy and sell stocks. You can always sell until everybody wants to sell at the same time. That is the last chapter. If it is not polite to be the first to go, it is not wise to be the last to leave. I sail tomorrow, but I am coming back after—well, when Americans once more underestimate themselves in the stock market. Strong as you are, you cannot run uphill all the time."

I have written down, as accurately as my trained memory could record it, the talk of these three foreigners. There was much in what they said to make any American think about an artificially stimulated prosperity and its effect on people. They had taken their profits.

Stock-market winnings means money that clamors to be spent. The merest pressure squeezes it out of the pocket. Such money is instantly translatable into dreams come true, transmutable into gratified desire. Money earned in the sweat of the brow is adhesive. The memory of the toil it took to make it locks it, and the lock turns only when the key is a good reason.

Earned money is heavier than lead. Stock-market winnings are hydrogen-filled. "Easy money" means only one thing when it means money that has come easy: It means money that goes even more easily than it came.

It is that form of easy money that makes the Fifth Avenues of the world and stocks the fashionable shops and empties them; money easily won and easily spent, money in rapid circulation, an artificial superprosperity; everybody busy and prosperous, a golden smile on every face—the bull-market look.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr Lefèvre

Picture yourself in BLUE

YOUNG men today instinctively picture themselves in blue—when they aim to look their best. And the rich blue of Middishade is the shade which has made that ever-favored color the young man's style.

Among the many Middishade Blue models—plain blue, stripe, unfinished and basket-weave—there's infinite variety materialized by the magic of Middishade's distinguished designer. A study of blue will inevitably lead to the best "buy" in blue—that particular model of Middishade most becoming to your build, your type and your age. Mail the coupon—and know the model in which you will look best.

WHAT IS MY MODEL?
Free Diagnosis Coupon

Designing Studios, The Middishade Co., Inc., "Sergical Specialists—Operating on Blue Suits Only," Philadelphia, Pa.
Without obligation, please have your famous designer send me a sketch of the Middishade Blue Suit a man of my age and build should wear. Also send me a Blue Ensemble Chart.

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MIDDISHADE
The specialized blue suit

The Poets' Corner

Art and Life

THERE is so much to catch
As the days go by:
The line of some queer old thatch
Against wintry sky,

The huge red sun of November
Threatening snow,
Dark woods that seem to remember
Ages ago;

Gold kingcups crowning the ditches,
Windows agleam,
Old willows standing like witches
Haunting a stream;

Far mountains lit with a glow
That is tremulous
With something we only know
Is never for us;

All shapes of rocks and of trees
That a rune has enchanted,
All sounds that sigh upon seas
Or lands that are haunted;

So much there is to catch,
And the years so short,
That there is scarce time to snatch
Pen, palette, or aught,

And to seize some shape that we see,
That others may keep
Its moment of mystery,
Then go to our sleep.

—*Lord Dunsany.*

Roosevelt Men

THERE is a bond between us
Whenever, wherever we meet,
Whether on plain or mountain,
Whether in hall or street;
One in our love for a leader
Whose name is a shout and a thrill,
Are we who followed the Colonel
And follow the Colonel still.

Through fogs of doubt and disaster
His bugle sang to our youth;
His valor lifted the banner
Of justice, honor and truth;
Lads of the field and the forest,
Men of the mart and the mill,
We rallied to follow the Colonel,
We follow the Colonel still.

Jubilant, fearless and eager,
We rode on his left and his right;
Glad with the joy that he gave us,
We laughed in the heart of the fight;
Sure of the cause and the triumph,
Comrades in good and in ill,
Gayly we followed the Colonel
Who follow the Colonel still.

Those were the days of glory,
The splendid and spacious days;
Here was the land of our dreaming,
Noble beyond all praise;
Here were our sinew and vigor,
Here were our courage and skill,
For her we followed the Colonel;
For her we follow him still.

Open and clear is the highroad
That once was tangled and blind;
Few are we of the vanguard,
The legions thunder behind;
And over the rim of the prairie
And over the crest of the hill
New millions shall follow the Colonel
With us who follow him still.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

DR. GASTON LYON—one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other medical works.

"Yeast regulates the intestine,"

says DR. GASTON LYON, *of Paris*

"IN FRANCE, yeast is in current use. It is especially used in disorders of the skin, but should not be limited to skin diseases. It reduces intestinal fermentation, and regulates the functioning of the intestine. Its mode of action should be taken advantage of all the more, since yeast can be taken without inconvenience."

DR. GASTON LYON, author and prominent physician of Paris; authority on maladies of the digestive tract, verifies the experience of millions of Americans—that eating yeast relieves constipation and its attendant ills.

In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast modifies the intestinal action while not being destroyed itself." He further points to the value of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

In a recent survey covering the entire United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these living yeast plants pass through your intestine daily, they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

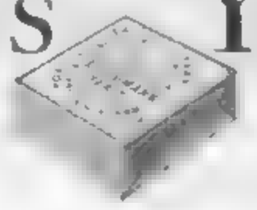
Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool dry place. Start today!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-82, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack the weakest spot. Colds, sore throat, headache, bad breath, bad skin—90% of your ailments—start here, doctors now agree. And here, too, is where yeast works. For bubbling good health, keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



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RUGS

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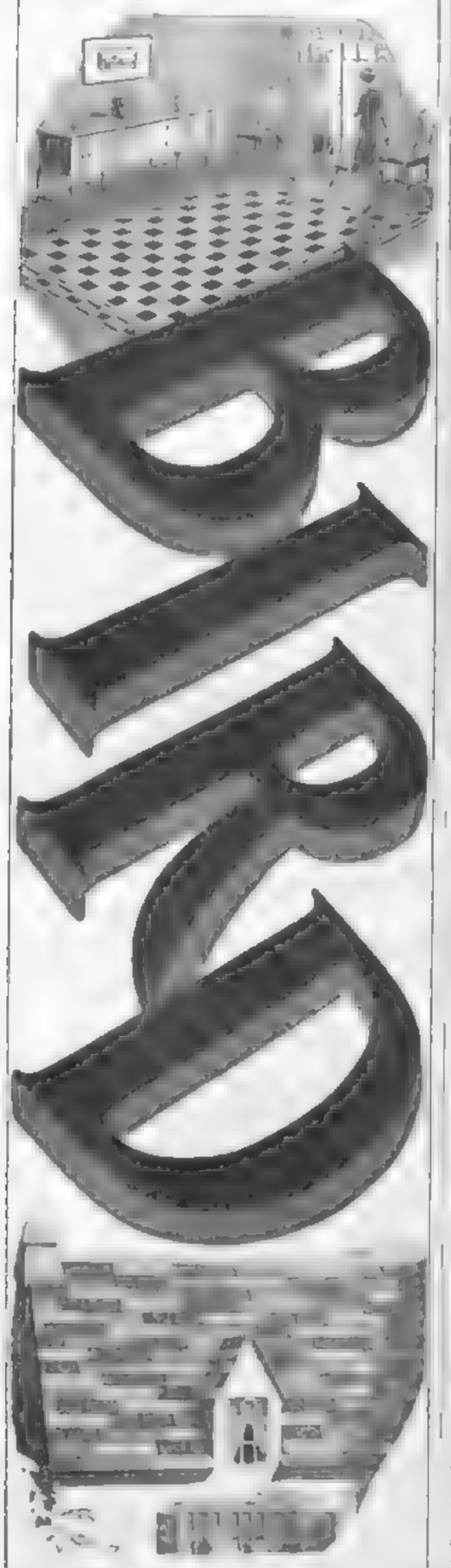

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Robert L. Dickey

I WAS born in Michigan—town of Marshall, Calhoun County. The date of my birth gives me some distinction, as I arrived in this vale of tears with the Civil War. The compensation for admitting that many years lies in the glorious fact that I am the proud possessor of five grandchildren—all of which has nothing whatever to do with dogs, you'll say.

Why do I draw dogs? The answer is easy—the line of least resistance. I just couldn't help myself, and after I had drawn a few, I wouldn't resist, if I could. I didn't begin on dogs; in fact, it was some years after my first successful venture into the field of art [?] that I took to dogs. I say "successful" advisedly, because that venture brought me fame, which, if largely local, was real, and money—two dollars—which was more real. I had decided early in life that I wanted to do animals, and was encouraged to enter that field by winning a first prize for drawing at our county fair—a pencil portrait of the old trotting champion, Goldsmith's Maid, had a blue ribbon tied on it. That drawing attracted the eye of a sheep breeder—one Charlie Southwell—and he inveigled me into trying my hand at portraying his prize possession—a nice curly-horned Spanish Merino ram. Charlie was sure the ram was of championship caliber and wanted his portrait—it adorns the farm stationery. This sheep was a champion all right, and before the portrait was finished both Charlie and I had acquired a considerable respect for his left lead to the body and right counter to the chin. We both survived the encounter, and the two dollars Charlie parted with for the picture convinced local critics that I had an unusual flair for ram portraiture. To prove all this I had the expert opinion of good old Charlie himself. He said to my father: "Dickey, that boy o' yourn never missed a curl in the horn or a fold in the neck of that ram. Yes, sir! That picture is wuth two dollars of any man's money." Nor has that anything to do with dogs. I merely mentioned this to get a point of departure and establish the fact that my first venture into the glorious field of art was a commercial success. I am obliged to confess, however, there was a long, lean period between that sheep's portrait and the next drawing that got me a thing.

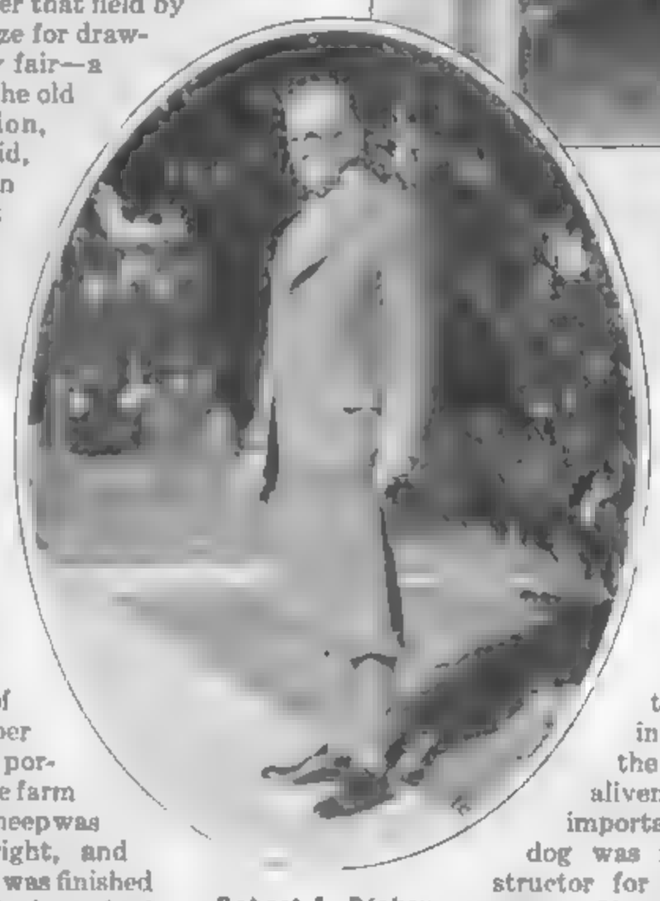
I shall spare the reader the harrowing details of the ups and downs I experienced in doing portraits of race horses for captious owners who saw in their steeds a symmetry so perfect they couldn't have reproduced it themselves had they the draftsmanship of Holbein. Nor will I emphasize here the chagrin I felt at having an otherwise successful effort rejected because I had failed to observe that the subject had the neck of a peacock or a tail that "flowed like a fountain."

I have to acknowledge, however, that all this was good and taught me to observe and memorize the little details of anatomy that have so helped me in getting action into dog pictures. I did horses both in portrait and caricature for many years and to that long drill in drawing I owe much. But my biggest debt is to a dog. He taught me all the vital things—the things that I have tried hard to get into my drawings—the expression and aliveness that are so important. This beloved dog was my pal and instructor for six short happy years. He was a little white bull terrier named Chimmie Fadden, and he had everything. His one brindle eye and his two brindle ears could, to me and my family, express all the human emotions; admiration, adoration, adulation were all expressed in the big brown eyes, half hidden beneath the narrow lids of his breed. He could cock one brow in incredulity, and with eye, ear and tail express the utmost contempt.

When he sat far down on the middle of his back, head drooped and eyes rolled up, he was the last word in dejection, and when he stood before you, ears and tail erect, and cocked his head from side to side he was inquiry and pleading combined.

I can never pay the debt I owe to him, and he lives again in every drawing I make of Beans, Buddie, Angus or Bucky Kelly. All these are re-creations in action and expression and other doggy characteristics of that lovable, irrepressible, but impeccable gentleman, Chimmie Fadden, who romped through six short, joyous years with my family.

William Slavens McNutt



Robert L. Dickey

William Slavens McNutt

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT weighed seventeen pounds when he was born in Urbana, Illinois, in 1885. He went well from that weight, having at various times achieved a top poundage of two hundred and fifty-eight. He frequently diets himself down to under a hundred and ninety, and thereafter balloons rapidly back to Japanese-wrestler proportions. This makes fun for the tailors and puzzles his friends. Meeting him after a lapse of time, they never know whether it's McNutt on a fast or just another fat man.

His father was a Presbyterian minister, which explains much. He had a hate on public schools and educated his son at home. More explanation. When young McNutt was thirteen his father went to work incog in an Indiana factory, to find out what people did between Monday morning and Saturday night. He expected to continue this investigation for only the matter of a few weeks, and so, just for a lark, took his son with him.

The lark lasted four years. Just prior to his fourteenth birthday young McNutt went to work as a finishing boy in a lamp-chimney factory in Alexandria, Indiana. His ex-preacher father was picking them up and laying them down in a tin-plate mill.

Four queer years of working and bumming all over the country. Factories, farms, box cars, flop houses, Salvation Army wood yards, jungle camps, backdoors, railroad bulls, park benches, and so on. Intermittent study with his father meanwhile.

At the end of that time McNutt, Senior, went on Chautauqua, and McNutt, Junior, went to a private preparatory school in Hartford, Connecticut. Not so hot. He stuck the year out and then began entering colleges.

Again not so hot. He entered several in the space of a few months and then went back to work as a carpenter near Boston. The following fall he drifted into the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston. He had seen something of Lyceum and Chautauqua and thought he might grow up to be a reader with a quartet or a Swiss bell-ringer or something.

There was a dramatic course at Emerson. Plays and everything. McNutt fell for that hard. Move over, Mansfield! Here comes a real actor!

Two years at Emerson. Three years acting. Road shows, vaudeville sketches, stock. Terrible!

At liberty, by request, in the West, he went up to Northern British Columbia and Alaska. Back to hard work. Lumberjack, rough carpenter, longshoreman, mucker, timber toter, and so on.

Wrote a short story. Sold it to McClure's. Back to New York. Wrote for a

(Continued on Page 166)

What The Morning Demands From Your Child

The kind of breakfast your child eats has a very definite effect on his success in the schoolroom and at play.

Carl Hood is an example of the sturdy type of youngster who benefits from the right kind of breakfast. His mother is "an ardent advocate of hot Quaker Oats with milk."

INSUFFICIENT breakfast! The wrong kind of breakfast! These things have their immediate effect on a child's progress. They not only affect physical health but mental growth. That is why school authorities denounce "the breakfast crime"; why they urge mothers to serve a steaming hot oatmeal breakfast to growing children!

You can understand why Quaker Oats is so universally recommended as the choice cereal for children when you study these facts. It is 16% protein, the element which builds sturdy young muscles, which keeps replacing waste tissue, which acts as a "factor of safety" against disease.

Oatmeal—the perfect cereal

Oatmeal is the classic example of a perfectly-balanced whole grain cereal. It loses *none* of its original food value during milling. Quaker Oats is not only highly nutritious but it has a flavor and a creamy richness that appeal to children and grown-ups alike.

Then, it is so abundant in energy-value. Its hearty substance offers rich carbohydrates, which make plump, well-rounded cheeks. The minerals and roughage your child needs are here in good proportion—and so is Vitamin B, to stimulate appetite and promote growth.

New ways to serve Quaker Oats

Children enjoy a steaming dish of Quaker Oats as much as grown-ups do. Mothers find that raisins, dates, raw or cooked prunes or figs—added to the morning oatmeal—give the dish a magic appeal. Now that Quick Quaker is available, this hot breakfast is the quickest in the world.

Ernest Marcouiller, Jr., with his model plane and silver cup he won as junior miniature aircraft champion. Ernest finds a hot oats breakfast the right start for a young inventor's day.

Four Morning Hours

Hold 70% of the Day's School Work!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout America show that the morning school hours require double the energy and concentration of the afternoon hours.

You can help your child meet this situation successfully if you will start his day with food that "stands by" him through the important morning hours.

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—Quaker Oats as you have always known it and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The Abbey Artlarm *a mahogany-finished* ALARM CLOCK, $3.50 *Other models in smaller and larger sizes with square and Gothic dials at same price.*

Decorative, dependable alarm clocks— New Haven "Artlarms"

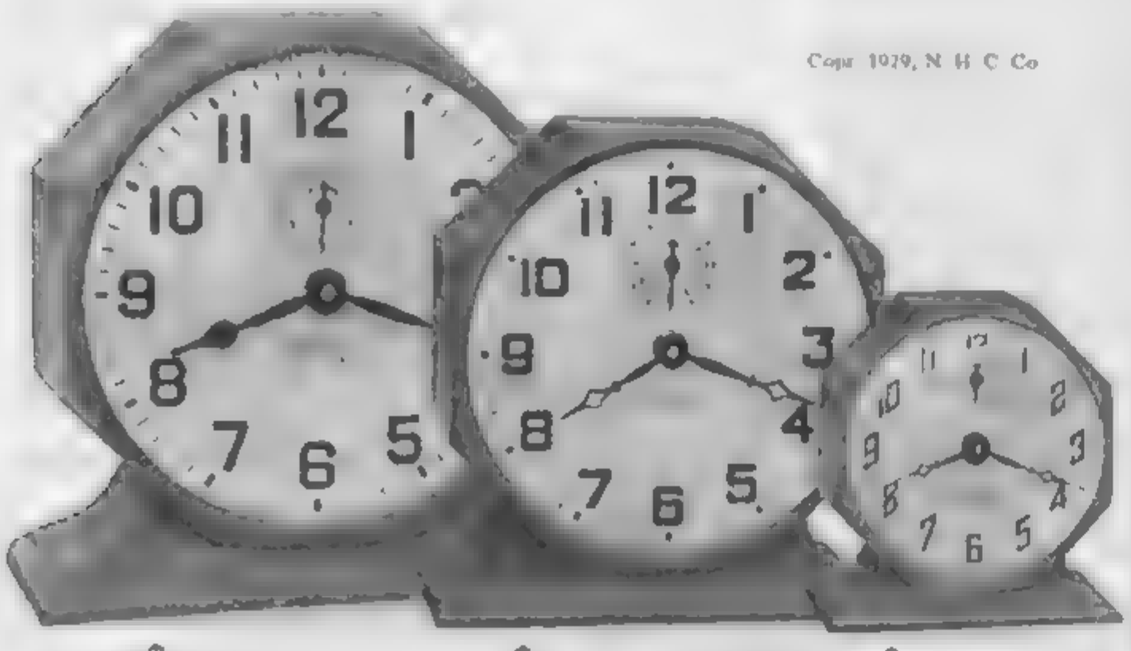
Modern man lives by alarm clocks. But no longer need they be the homely, ungraceful things of yesteryear. For New Haven has given beauty, color and smartness to the old-fashioned alarm clocks—made of them attractive "Artlarms"—at even lower prices!

Artlarms are made in a variety of styles and sizes with many exclusive features. Illustrated above is the Abbey. Its graceful Gothic case, mahogany-finished, is worthy in every way of your finest furniture. It has a silver dial, genuine Krack-proof Krystal and a bell that is no less effective for being unseen. Picture it on writing desk or dressing table!

The three Artlarms shown below have octagonal metal cases finished with lustrous, lasting Duco. They come in colors to match the scheme of your bathroom, bedroom, kitchen or breakfast nook. And they, too, are fitted with Krack-proof Krystals, rust-proof back bells and unusually reliable 40-hour movements. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven, Connecticut
Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

Copr. 1929, N H C Co



$3.00 Tat-too *Artlarm, 4¼" dial. In green Duco only.*

$2.50 Tick-Tock *Artlarm, 3¼" dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.*

$3.00 Tat-too Junior *Artlarm, 3¼" dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.*

GOLD IN GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 33

all, and a peculiar warty growth all over their heads. There was something else very strange about them, and for a while I hesitated to ask, because I thought they must be sick, but finally I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Why on earth," I demanded, "are some of them swimming almost upside down?"

"They have to," he smiled. "Lion heads are so short and round that some of them lose their balance."

Some of the lion heads were fringetail lion heads, and there were a number of Oranda—Japanese offspring of the fringetail crossed with the lion head—much like fringetails, with a flowing tail fin, a very high back fin, and the strange growth on the head that characterizes all lion heads. When lion heads first came into this country, Mr. Johnson told me, people paid many times their weight in gold for them.

The Chinese have produced other even more grotesque forms, which I have occasionally since seen at exhibitions but which this dealer did not handle—the tumbler goldfish, for instance, whose curved spine made it turn somersaults in the water; and the egg fish, which has neither back nor anal fin. There are probably other and stranger varieties in China and Japan which have never left those countries.

A New Product for the Farm

Along with all these variations in form ran variations in color, colors more exquisite and gleaming than I'd seen anywhere, unless it was on a lory's wing or a wild duck's breast. The young scaled fish were the dull olive green of their remote ancestors—some of them to stay that color all their lives. That was new to me, too; I had never even realized goldfish were not always "gold." But those that were anywhere from three to twelve months old, and were destined to change, were already taking on the new tint. The adult scaled goldfish were metallic, pearl, yellow, orange, brown and "Moor," as the black are called. The so-called scaleless, which have scales so transparent you can scarcely see them at all, were even more varied, ranging from deep blood red to delicate lavenders and Maxfield Parrish blues, and the very young—under a few weeks—white. Calicoes, which Mr. Johnson told me were very popular, were red, yellow, brown, gray, blue or lavender, blotched and spotted, often with red and black spots on the fins.

At last I thought I'd seen everything.

"Oh, but you haven't seen my tropicals yet," he said.

"Your what?" I asked.

"Why, goldfish aren't the only kind of fish that are kept as pets in aquariums," he explained. "There are tiny varieties of carp and perch and killifish that are easily kept and very lovely. In general, we call them tropicals because they come from warm countries. Their Latin names have been shortened for common use. Some of them, like the guppy and moonfish and platy and sword-tail, are viviparous, or 'live-bearers,' as we say in the trade—they don't lay eggs but produce living young as a cat does kittens. The water has to be warmer for tropicals, though, depending on what they're used to. Some of 'em come from waters in the torrid zone and some come from rivers cold with mountain snow water, and some from lagoons that are thick with weeds. If you ever do go on and raise goldfish, you'll probably raise tropicals too."

After I got home again I thought the matter over carefully, and, two nights later, broached to the assembled family the subject of my life career. Indirectly, at first.

"Father," I said, "can I have what cement you have left over from making the new chicken-house floor?"

"Why, what do you want with it?" he demanded, surprised.

"Want to build a couple of—of ponds."

"Ponds? What for?"

I raised my head defiantly.

"I'm going to raise a million goldfish," I announced, just as if I were sure of it.

Well, excluding guffaws of mirth and derision from my brother and two sisters, there was really only one comment from the family on the subject of my life work. It came from mother.

"Now don't scold him, John," she said hastily to father. "You know the boys always get over these ideas better if you just leave them alone."

More than a year elapsed, however, before I was actually able to start on my venture. In the first place, since I was supposed to be their bookish son, both father and mother had set their hearts on my going to college, and I hated to disappoint them entirely. So we compromised on my going for a winter to the state college of agriculture, where I was able in large measure to earn my own way. After that things were easier, and when I pointed out that I could have my goldfish nursery on just a few acres, without interfering appreciably with the running of the farm or the income from it, we finally came to an agreement. I was to have as much of the low land as I needed for ponds, or later for greenhouses, and a small house that we called the tenant house to live in; for this, together with my board, I would pay thirty dollars a month. The income from the rest of the farm I would have nothing to do with. The income from my goldfish—if any—would of course be my own.

By this time I knew quite a good deal about goldfish. I believe there is no country, except perhaps Japan, breeding goldfish in greater number, variety or beauty than the United States. Not more than half a century ago directly imported goldfish were first brought from Japan to the United States, and it was about four decades ago, I believe, that goldfish farming was begun in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Today the twenty or more really big farms in this country produce from 500,000 to 5,000,000 goldfish a year apiece, distributing them all over the United States, in England, Europe and Canada. Air transportation has made possible the safe delivery of fish over long distances quickly, as well as facilitated the exhibition of our fish in foreign countries.

Apartments With Running Water

The start of my own enterprise was humble enough. With great care I built three little cement-floored ponds, each about five feet wide and ten long, and about four feet deep, in a row on a gentle downslope, piping water from the stream that cut across our farm. Since I put in my own labor, they cost me altogether only about sixty-five dollars. The cement flooring was necessary because the soil was sandy enough to let water seep through.

There was a drop of about five inches between ponds, so that the water ran through all three in sequence from a single line of pipes. I planned to have a spawning pond, a nursery and an ordinary culture or rearing pond. We had a well-watered hundred-acre place in one of the lower Middle Atlantic states, and the weather, always mild, was especially warm that fall. When the ponds were ready, I supplied them with plants that I knew would give the water plenty of oxygen, provide hiding place for the fish and attract tasty insects—anacharis, a rapidly growing plant; ludwigia, vallisneria, myriophyllum and water-hyacinth. I had learned that when plant life and animal life are balanced and make their proper exchange of gases, there is no need to change the water in pond or tank, but only to siphon out sediment and add a little more water, the same temperature, for what evaporates; unless, of course, some such accident occurs as a dead fish floating on the water and spoiling it. I tested my ponds

(Continued on Page 56)

Here by your bedside, warm and glowing, is the Sun itself

Ask your physician

SNAP the switch and you have wrought a miracle. Out of winter's darkness springs summer sunshine, glowing with all the warmth and vitality of June.

Only a lamp you may say, but a lamp that is one of the triumphs of modern science, because it is in reality a miniature sun duplicating the essential rays which have made sunlight the source of life and energy for all mankind.

Turn on this light and expose your body to it. What is the result? First of all it will develop a healthy summer tan. But the real benefits are far deeper. The tide of health rises with the sun in summer, and the light of this Eveready Sunshine Lamp exercises a similar vitalizing influence that brings renewed strength and builds up resistance against illness. It is soothing to the nerves. It induces sound and restful sleep. It does for you what clear summer sunshine will do because it is exactly the same in all essentials. Reporting on tests of carbon arc light such as this, the U. S. Bureau of Standards said: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested, it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

Not only does this light have all the vital rays of the sun (ultra-violet, infra-red and visible light rays), but it has them in the same proportion as natural sunlight, which scientists agree is a most important requirement.

Because it is simply sunlight, the Eveready Sunshine Lamp burning Eveready Sunshine Carbons may be used with beneficial results by anyone who is not actually ill. It is particularly valuable to growing children and to adults who wish to avoid physical depression. In case of illness your physician should be consulted before using any light treatment.

A very interesting booklet, "Making the Summer Sun Stand Still," will be mailed free to anyone who is interested.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., Cleveland, Ohio
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The new Eveready Sunshine Lamp plugs into any convenience outlet, and comes complete with two pairs of special goggles and ten Eveready Sunshine Carbons, ready to operate. Price, $137.50. Sold by electric light companies, electrical merchandise shops, department stores, and physicians' supply houses.

EVEREADY
Sunshine Carbons

Eveready Sunshine Lamp

EVEREADY
Sunshine Lamp

YOUR car looks worn and battle scarred. Months of fighting wind and rain and dust and sleet have dulled its original lustre and faded its bright finish to a lifeless, drab hue. You are ashamed of it—you hate to drive it any longer—yet you cannot afford a new one. Then, one day you see these three magic words:

"MOTORISTS WISE-SIMONIZ."

You have seen them many times before, but this time you take their advice. YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR.

The Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes, restoring the lustre, and then the Simoniz is applied.

. . . and behold, you have a bright, shining car, brilliant in its beauty. And, you thank heaven for Simoniz.

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. It gives lasting protection in all weather, makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Easily applied with a cloth.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

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with minnows to see whether any poisons from the cement had got into the water, but the minnows continued healthy and active, and I concluded everything was all right.

I decided I would start with twenty pairs of Japanese fantails, in a good, deep red gold. These I got from Mr. Johnson, paying him $10.50 for that many, old and large enough to breed the next spring. I spent another fifteen dollars on more water plants, snails, and some of the fish foods he prepared himself. It seemed to me safer to get the hang of raising common goldfish first, before starting in on any of the odd varieties or the tropicals.

I took the goldfish home and put them in my ponds. It was early in September, and they were all right for about two months more. Meanwhile I got a job at the village lumberyard at fifteen dollars a week, saving every penny that was not needed for board or rent or my small overhead. In December I fitted up four tanks of ten-gallon capacity each—about a gallon of water to an inch of goldfish, not including the tail—in the loft of one of the old barns, and set them where they'd get direct sunlight an hour or so a day. The cost ran to about forty-five dollars. It was easy to pipe running water up there, because it was already in the floor below, but of course the cold, fresh water never went right into the tanks—I always left it in the sun a day or so to "mature" before I put it in the tanks, and later even found it well to strain a little pond water through cheesecloth into tanks of young fish. That trick of allowing ground water to "ripen" a day or more before using it for goldfish is, of course, known to experienced breeders. I imagine, though, that thousands of goldfish die each year in private aquariums because amateur goldfish owners do not know of it.

In my own case, as a matter of fact, I gave the fish too much sun, and the water promptly turned green with algæ, which was not dangerous but extremely annoying, because I couldn't see the fish. I managed to scrape off some of it, and ditch fleas—daphniæ—ate the rest, but after that I saw to it that my fish got a little less sun.

Food for Fish

When any considerable number of fish showed symptoms of illness, drooping listlessly on the floor of the tank, with bloodshot fins and drooping dorsals, and refusing their food or gulping air at the surface—as they'll nearly always do on cloudy days—in sunny weather, I knew there was something wrong with the environment—water temperature, supply of oxygen or food—and experimented with improvements. But if only one fish was ill I took him out and treated him in the sick bay.

Although nowadays I make and sell my own fish foods, in those days I tried out various things, as every breeder had to do, no matter how many rules he read; making mixtures of flour, fish roe and meat, insects and their larvæ, ditch fleas, lean, finely scraped meat, chopped earthworms, fresh or dried liver, dried shrimp and ground oatmeal. I gave one meal a day in summer and a meal every other day in winter; it was plenty for them, and didn't get left in the water to sully it.

I kept the fish cool enough so that they showed no signs of breeding until early the next May. Then I set about selecting the males I wanted to use—particularly active and healthy fish, not too big, and well shaded. They were two years old then—the first year to breed goldfish, which produce the greatest number of eggs in their third or fourth year and may go on breeding until they are six or seven.

When I had made my selection of males and females, I got the spawning tanks ready. I saw that the center of each was clear, the ends thick with myriophyllum and other plants, and the snails, which eat goldfish eggs, removed. After I got the fish in I fed them well for a day or two, and then the spawning took place. The tiny, pale amber-colored eggs, scarcely a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, fell on the leaves and roots of the plants in the tanks, to be fertilized by the males. When slips of the plants were covered with eggs, I took them out and kept them in strong light in a shallow pan—young fry are too delicate to stand the water pressure there'd be at any depth. The third day I could see the two dark spots that were the eyes of the young fish. When the threadlike fry hatched out two days later they lived on their own yolk sacs for three days, clinging to whatever support they found near, for they were unable to swim. But after the fourth day they were ready to challenge a Channel swimmer, and they began to get their five or six meals a day of such food as finely ground dried shrimp, and especially infusoria—the nearly invisible organisms you find in any exposed body of water.

Starting in Social-Service Work

The little fish grew rapidly. As soon as the temperature of the weather permitted I put them in the outside ponds that I had originally intended for nursery pools. The casualties were large, as I was not yet an experienced breeder and life was always easily snuffed out of the youngsters. I had trouble with overfeeding, too rapid changes of temperature of the water, and so on. By the end of the summer, when the youngsters were large enough to sell, I found that out of the thousands I started with, I had succeeded in keeping alive in the neighborhood of 1200.

Meanwhile I had put advertisements in a couple of the city papers, modestly stating that I had a few hundred goldfish for sale, and was awaiting results. I saw pretty visions of my fish stocking the lovely sequestered pools on some fine estate. The first order that came in was, therefore, a great surprise. It was from the state commissioner of parks, requesting 500 of my young fish; they were destined to help clear the town parks, next spring, of mosquitoes! I wasn't quite sure whether to look on it as a menial and degrading life for them, or social-service work, but I chose the latter, and was glad to get a check for twenty-five dollars at the rate of five dollars a hundred. That turned out to be an annual and increasingly large order. My goldfish devoured the wriggler stage of mosquitoes like Salvation Army workers scrubbing out sin.

Shortly after that an order came in from a drug store in a small near-by city for another 500—they were making a feature of goldfish that week. I delivered them myself, and they were very pleased with them. That made twenty-five dollars more.

A month or so later a department store bought my remaining 200 fish, and their check for ten dollars brought the summer's income up to sixty dollars. Including my initial expenditure, I had spent in all, without counting a minute of my own time, nearly $200. Still, I felt that I had made a satisfactory beginning. With my first goldfish income, since I was keeping my fifteen dollar-a-week job, I put in another outdoor pool, increased my indoor tanks and bought a few more fish, including this time a few pairs each of blue veiltails, Moor telescopes and calico telescopes, that glinted in the water like the kaleidoscope I used to squint into, fascinated, when I was a youngster. Beauty is disclosed in unexpected places sometimes, and these lovely little fish wore the many-colored bright jewels that a king's favorite might pin on her bosom or slip on her finger.

In Place of a Bulldog

Things went on in that same small way for four more years, my goldfish income mounting, very gradually, to nearly $1000 spread through the fifth year. By that time it was not only possible but, on account of the increased work, necessary for me to give up my lumberyard job. The third year I had been so fortunate as to get two steady customers who became the backbone of my trade in medium-sized commons. These were two managers, one of a chain of small five-ten-and-twenty-five-cent stores and the other of a chain of drug stores. The former featured, three times a year, at Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day, a special sale of goldfish. That meant a standing order for me for 1000 goldfish, medium-sized commons, three times a year. They brought three dollars a hundred, or ninety dollars a year. The other firm gave me a still larger order, and the number of stores and size of sales of both these early customers has since more than doubled, adding additional sales occasionally. Besides retail sales and irregular wholesale pet-shop and florist sales, I had ten churches in the state that bought and gave away to the children goldfish in small bowls on Children's Day, instead of the usual pink geraniums, and used a few hundred fish. I had four carnival men, like the men I'd watched the first year I went into business, on my list. Five big Eastern department stores and a few private owners of big estates took such of the more expensive varieties as I raised—mostly telescopes, which are, I have found, the most popular fancy goldfish in America, and the only solid black but most of my trade remained in the commoner varieties.

I believe the increased number of people who live in small city apartments have raised the annual goldfish sales considerably. A motor stopped in front of my place the other day and a man came in to choose, he said, a "few fish for my wife."

"We've taken a two-room apartment in the city," he went on. "Big as a hatbox. We don't want to keep a pet in such close quarters. She suggested goldfish. I don't think much of them myself."

He followed me somewhat listlessly along the rows of tanks in the greenhouse, listening to my descriptions of the fish. Before the Moor telescopes, however, he came suddenly to a halt.

"Say," he exclaimed, "those fish look like my French bulldog! Had to give her up to people that live out in the country. Gee, she was one fine dog! Moor telescopes, you say? Go on; they're bulldogs! I'll take three pairs of them, and all the fittings."

During my sixth year, in 1913, I joined an aquarium society. There were about five fish fanciers' clubs, all told, in the United States at that time, in Milwaukee, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn. I attended a goldfish show in New York

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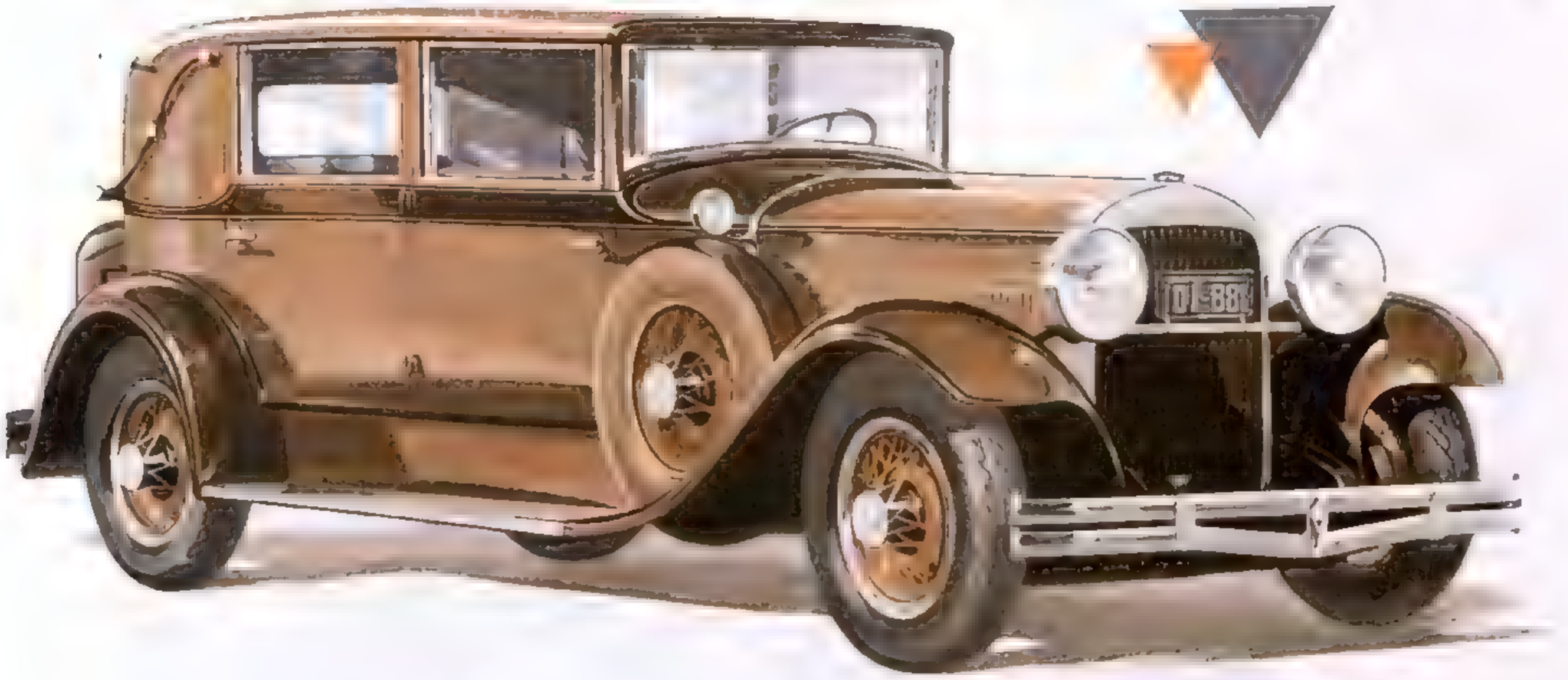
THE GREATER HUDSON



14 distinguished New Body Types

Acclaimed the most *Beautiful* of HUDSONS

As co-authors of the Greater Hudson, 1,000,000 Super-Six owners, who helped shape its development, lead all motordom in enthusiastic acceptance and applause.

For it expresses their love of beauty, their ideals of comfort and performance, and their well understood expectancy and appreciation of value.

To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance are now added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

Among 64 advanced features are: Large, fine, roomy, luxurious bodies—92 Developed Horsepower; above 80 miles an hour—Greater economy and reliability.

$1095 *and up at factory*

Standard Wheelbase—2-Door Sedan, $1095; Standard Sedan, $1175; Coupe, $1195; Roadster, $1250, 5-Pass. Phaeton, $1350; Town Sedan, $1375; Convertible Coupe, $1450; Landau Sedan, $1500; Victoria, $1500. *Long Wheelbase*—5-Pass. Club Sedan, $1850; 7-Pass. Sedan, $2000; 7-Pass. Limousine, $2100.

Standard equipment includes: 4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—New design double-action 4-wheel brakes . . . Non-shattering windshield—Electric gauge for oil and gas on dash.

(Continued from Page 56)

City, and not long after, another exhibition, of the American Federation of Goldfish Fanciers, held in Brooklyn, in autumn, when the colors of the fish were most pronounced. I saw awards of silver cups, gold medals and ribbons, distributed among $10,000 worth of goldfish of more than fifty shades. Fish valued up to thousands of dollars were being bred in Philadelphia, for Philadelphia was, and is, a leader in producing fancy breeds of goldfish, while the New York and Chicago societies incline more toward wild fish and tropical varieties.

At the New York show, it seemed to me that interest in breeding new colors and shapes of goldfish right here in America was increasing. There were many more home-bred entries and novelties from American streams.

By this time I had built a small but well-equipped greenhouse, measuring eighteen by forty-two feet, and transferred all my winter tanks to it from the loft of the old barn. I also had, in all, fourteen outdoor pools, and felt I was equipped to handle a few really fancy varieties of fish myself.

I went back to Mr. Johnson, the breeder from whom I had originally bought my stock. His business had been increasing almost as fast as mine; by this time he had twenty men working for him, ponds all over the state, and a fleet of six trucks. Millions of fish left his hatcheries every year; he exhibited successfully in England, Canada and America, and had a case full of medals and ribbons and silver cups to prove it.

"This time," I told him, "I'm after tropicals."

Unique Fish

Well, I'd thought my calicoes had all the gleaming colors on them that the Lord had left over from making rubies and diamonds and sapphires and emeralds and opals, but in a bathing-beauty contest, his tropicals could pretty nearly make my calicoes hide behind a water-hyacinth and reach for a paint box.

Besides that, their habits and characteristics were more interesting. The kind that sold best of all, Mr. Johnson said—and I later found that it was the same in my business—was a tiny Venezuelan or West Indian species of killifish, the guppy, or rainbow fish, as it's sometimes called.

"No two of 'em alike," said Mr. Johnson. "I told that to a customer once, and he wouldn't believe me. Swore he'd find two exactly identical. He watched that tank more than an hour, but when he called me to point out the two he'd found, I discovered they were both the same fish."

I always felt sorry for the female guppies, forced to wear dull olive green all their lives, while their husbands, smaller than themselves, and lighter—guppies are about a third the size of a fairly good-sized goldfish flash around the tank sporting crimson and lavender and blue on their pearly white bodies. Others of the killifish were the black platy, gray in front flushed with red and yellow, and rich black toward the rear; golden platy with green-blue eyes; moonfish, red, blue, yellow, with crescent-shaped marks near the tail; Mexican swordtails, olive and blue, with horizontal crimson stripes on the sides and the lowest ray of the tail fin prolonged into a sword as long as their bodies—about three inches. Of the carp family there were the large-scaled barbs from India, the Danio—the pearl Danio from Lower Burma, beautiful and active fish with greenish blue on the sides and a pink line down the middle; and Danio Rerio, or zebra fish, from Ceylon—the tropical goldfish—olive-green back, blue sides, lengthwise golden stripes and emerald eyes. Of the perches, the paradise fish had plenty of color too. Paradise fish, I believe, were the first tropicals fanciers bred and studied; twenty-two out of a hundred lived to reach Paris from Ningpo, China, in 1869, and two years later seventeen of the twenty-two had descendants numbering more than 600 pairs. In 1876 they were first put in a show by a German aquarium society, and their price gradually dropped from the twelve dollars or more a pair it had been at first. Paradise fish are larger than guppies, with turquoise blue and brilliant red on the sides, olive black on the back, and scarlet and blue-tipped fins.

Mr. Johnson had one pair of the strange little climbing perch—labyrinthine fish with storing space for air above their gills. Natives of countries of drought, they are able to live out of water for hours and make their way to new sources of water, drawing themselves along by using the spikes on their gill covers as hooks, and walking fairly steadily on their whitish stomachs, instead of simply flopping hysterically about, as most fish do when out of water. Some people even say the little three or four inch fellows can climb trees. Snakeheads, a perch from China and India, have adapted themselves to drought another way—by burying themselves in mud until the first rain, when they reappear so promptly that natives believe they "came down with the rain." Another perch that Mr. Johnson had—the fighting fish of Siam—would knock its head against the side of the tank with a vicious left uppercut, flushing a deep red meanwhile, if you merely touched your finger to the glass, and then scurry to the other end of the tank to get out of the way of his wife, who pursued him relentlessly.

I was particularly struck with fish he called "angel fish"—pterophyllum scalare—from the Amazon, very deep in body and very thin, so that they were merely bright slivers of pearly silver, still and pendent in the water, with broad, dark, vertical bands that disappear if the fish is alarmed. I have seen them at exhibitions, when a group of people approach talking loudly or when someone taps on the glass, turn suddenly toward the alarm, and the whole shoal become as invisible as if they were magic skins.

They're so thin you can't see them. Only one man in America, I believe, has solved the problem of raising these scalare successfully, and that only recently.

Although nowadays the wholesale prices of these tropicals are not alarming, running, for fifty pairs, $10 for guppies, $45 for blue platies, $60 for golden platies, $36 for Danios and paradise fish, $50 for swordtails and moonfish, $112 for fighting fish, and $8 for a single pair of "angel fish"—prices were much higher when the various species were rarer in this country. An expenditure of about $150 gave me a no more than modest stock of all but the "angel fish" and the fighting fish, and I was very glad to get instructions at the same time.

I was beginning to gather courage to send my best specimens around to shows, and won one or two small prizes for entire display or particular fish. My very first show, I remember, went badly wrong because attendants put the lights in a bad position, so that instead of showing the lovely colors of my calicoes, it revealed their anatomy as perfectly as an X ray. It was not a particularly lovely sight. Subsequent shows, however, brought in good orders from the general public and dealers who were present.

Transportation any distance, of course, was and is a problem, though air transportation has helped a lot. The railway companies have assisted fanciers by issuing instructions to employes about removing the dead, no feeding, icing cans if desired, keeping cans out of the sun, away from hot pipes, and out of sealed cars, and so on. Getting sensitive, delicate, easily terrified young goldfish that will die under any sudden change of temperature, one or two or three thousand miles is no easy matter. They must be supplied on the way with air enough, and water enough—cool, clean and about sixty degrees—and room enough. Dealers often object to the use of many small cans rather than one large one, because the expressage, which they have to pay, is larger, but the fleet of small cans is better for the fish. Everybody thinks of a goldfish as a very small object—two or three inches—and so most of them are, but adults up to twelve inches long are shipped regularly, and one of the most famous goldfish in the world—the Liberty Bond fish, red, white and blue—that was shown at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exhibition, is fifteen inches long, and valued at $10,000.

I used to have a number of transportation casualties. Some people still say that half to two-thirds of all the goldfish raised die a few weeks or months after they leave their home ponds for foreign shores or tanks. Sometimes the fault lies right at the nursery, through crowded packing or overfeeding before the journey. Sometimes accidents happen en route, through such things as waste matter settling at the bottom of the can, or lack of air. Sometimes receivers aren't ready at the other end with good-sized sterilized tanks filled with matured water of the right temperature, and a scant and careful meal. Sometimes, on arrival, the fish are crowded into little round globes of glass, which refract and reflect light in a way that annoys the occupants, and forces the unfortunate fish, whom Nature intended to swim in a straight line, into a perpetual merry-go-round in which they almost make both ends meet.

Raising Goldfish in Los Angeles

A Good Corner

I sent one shipment that contained about a hundred pairs of goldfish to the Middle West. Every fish was dead when they arrived, and there was no way of fixing the blame. I had a new and inexperienced helper, who might easily have made some mistake; or it might have happened on the way, or at the destination. At any rate, I wished to keep the customer and I made good the entire loss. That was the biggest loss, in proportion, I ever had in shipping fish; usually in a single shipment some dozens, perhaps, are lost on the way.

Nowadays I net my goldfish, keep them in tanks without food a couple of days before they are to be shipped, and give them a short mild salt bath just before they start. They travel about a thousand or less to a fifteen-gallon can, the number depending on the temperature—fewer in summer, more in winter and on the type of fish—the fancy ones need more room than the straight-tails.

Today, though my establishment is not in the same class with Mr. Johnson's big farm, I have a business that gives me a comfortable income. There are now three greenhouses instead of one, connected with a central heating plant, each with its small winter ponds, shelves for five and ten gallon glass tanks, and many plants. My outdoor ponds have expanded until they cover nearly four acres—still all fed from the one small brook, and the last pond devoted to raising daphniæ. My overhead, including the wages of my three assistants, has risen to more than $7000 a year. But since the 500,000 fish that I manage to raise each season—often more—bring in double that amount, I feel I can't complain.

And on the farm, which is still paying my brother only the bare living that it formerly paid my parents, the opinions of my crazy notions about goldfish have long since been entirely revised. My little corner of the farm is the most profitable spot on it. Surely in its own country a profit is not always without honor!

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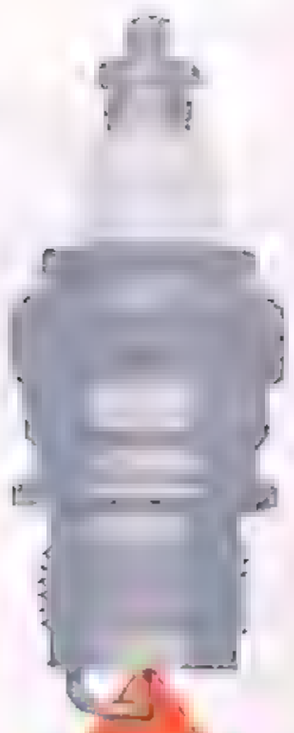

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SOME OTHER BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 9)

like her own tears. She heard the murmur of soft laces, the stiff rustle of her mother's silk. A hand rested on her shoulder, briefly, compassionately.

"Perhaps when you are grown up, little Claire ——"

They were all out in the hall saying good-by. She couldn't go. She couldn't bear it. She bent her burning head against the cool glass. A carriage rolled up to the door and carried away Aunt Bertha and the green ring forever. It grew dark again and the warmth and light faded out of the little house.

Claire heard her mother moving about the room behind her. She was pulling the chairs straight, lifting the unburned coals from the fire. She was angry because Claire had asked for the green ring. She would never let her have it. But the people in the procession understood. They knew all about the green ring. They had green rings themselves. They wore them like talismans. And Claire must have one, too, they reassured her as they marched by through the dark rain, with their banners and their music. "When you are grown up, little Claire," they said. And she stopped crying. She nodded back to them bravely. And the nod was a promise—a promise made to them, and to someone deep inside herself—a sacred oath.

III

IN HER unreal life Claire wrote the lives of people she had never met. She wrote of places she had never seen. She kept those stories hidden, for they were just fancies. People like Claire couldn't afford fancies. In her real life she was a pupil teacher. That meant that she taught the little girls in her old school and studied with the big girls, so that one day she should become a real teacher and earn her own living. It was the best she could do, everyone said. For she had grown up quiet and plain, and it was unlikely that anything wonderful would happen to her. She would stay at home and help her father and mother, who were growing old.

So she walked backward and forward between the school and the little house, just as she had always done. She didn't look at the picture shop any more. But sometimes she stopped at the jeweler's at the corner of the High Street. In the daytime it was just a common little shop. But in the evening, under the electric light, the cheap rings and bracelets sparkled with a meretricious glory. And once her heart almost stood still, as though suddenly she had come face to face with a friend from a far country. But at once she saw that it was a mistake, a chance resemblance; and she and her heart resumed their quiet, patient way.

People used to notice Claire's hands. They weren't beautiful at all. They were thin and starved-looking, like the claws of a bird. But she cared tenderly for them. No one knew why she kept them so soft and spotless, and it made her mother angry to see how, every evening after the dish-washing, she would rub them with cream and coax back the cuticle of the ribbed and brittle nails. No one knew that Claire's hand was like a bride, waiting and dreaming.

When she was twenty they made her assistant teacher and gave her a small salary. The salary helped her mother with the housekeeping. Bob was doing well now. But a young man needed all his money for himself. All the same, Claire managed to save a little. She went without her lunch as often as she could, and in two years she had saved five pounds. It was about that time that Will Challoner asked her to marry him. Will served as an assistant in his father's draper's shop. Claire's mother was very fond of him. He was a likely young man, sober and honest, and he loved Claire dearly. He came to meet her in the evenings and walked home with her. He said very little. But it touched Claire deeply that he should walk all that way for her sake. She knew that she was plain and quiet, not like other girls, who would have been proud to have him. It was good of him to want her so earnestly. But somehow she couldn't listen when he talked to her. His voice was like all the other sounds in her life—low and timid and a little colorless. But just beyond his voice were other voices. They were indistinct, like those of people speaking urgently yet softly to her through a half-open door. If she could be quiet for a little she would hear what they were saying to her. If she said yes to Will she knew that they would close the door and go away on tiptoe, as from someone who had died.

One night Will didn't come for her as usual, and she walked home alone. It was near Christmastime and the shops were showing their prettiest things. A new shop had opened. It was a jeweler's, but somehow quite different from its older rival at the corner. It didn't show the usual trays of cheap, plainly priced jewelry. It displayed big stones set apart and blazing in a double barrage of hidden lights. For such a neighborhood it was a wonderful sight, and there was quite a crowd outside, gazing at so much wealth and color.

Then Claire saw it. It rested on its white satin bed, alone in splendor. It was Aunt Bertha's ring. It was the same shape and size. It was like the sea king's daughter waiting for Claire to take her home. It was like a sudden call to arms.

She hardly knew who opened the shop door, who spoke with her small voice. The shopman smiled at her as the other shopman had smiled—with a veiled mockery, as though he knew that she was too poor to possess all that loveliness.

"It's marked six pounds, miss. We might reduce it a little for cash."

The color rose darkly in her thin cheeks. She couldn't believe. She spoke wonderingly, like a little girl:

"Why, I've got five pounds ——"

"Well"—he whispered to another older man—"as we're new and wanting to start business, we'd take five. It's a real Dalaso emerald. It's a great bargain."

"I'll come for it tomorrow," Claire whispered.

Now it was hers. The night before, she had been hardly able to sleep. And when she had slept she had wakened violently, bewildered by a sense of catastrophe, of having done something awful and irrevocable. Everything in the little dull red house reproached her. "What are you doing, bringing this foolish thing into our lives? We need new carpets. The springs in the sofa are broken. The leak in the roof can't be patched forever." Her father and mother reproached her. "We can't afford useless fancies. We need real things." At first her heart went sick with remorse. But in the end a something resolute and passionate in her would not let her listen to the little house or to her people's thoughts.

Now the salesman was packing the green fire into its satin case.

"It's a real bargain, miss."

"I know," she said.

She hurried down the whole length of the street before she dared to realize what she had done. Then, under a lamp she unpacked the cardboard box. She snapped open the velvet-and-satin case. She slipped the ring onto her finger. Now was the moment of justification. Something significant was to happen from which all her life was to stream out. With this magic in her hand life was to begin—the great adventure. She would never be afraid again.

But nothing happened. The green eye looked up at her strangely, ironically. It was as though, now that she had sacrificed everything for it, it had withdrawn itself. Its depths were hidden, its fires damped to a dull glow. Thick, opaque, it stared back at her. She felt her heart sinking. But she dared not let it sink. All that money gone. Two years of work. She had to be brave. She would not even put on her glove. And under every lamp she held out her hand to the light, hoping that now the splendor had come back.

The house knew what she had done. It betrayed her. Claire's father and mother looked at her as she sat down to table. She could feel Bob's eyes searching her with their habitual mockery, to which was added something suspicious, angry, as though she had dared to make a stand against him. He challenged her—the passionate living thing within her. And she laid her hand quietly, openly on the table.

"Good Lord, what's the girl got now?"

"A ring!"

"An emerald ring!"

She felt the blood rising. Now the magic must stand by her, blaze up in all its vindicating courageous glory. Why did it look so strange, so dead? Why did she feel this sick sense of failure?

"An emerald? If it were an emerald I'd think the worst, old girl. Five hundred pounds at least." It was Bob—Bob, with his brutal hands, tearing her bravery to shreds. He burst out laughing. "It's synthetic—a bit of colored glass!"

She met his eyes. She hated his eyes. China blue, cold, dead certain. She read her fate in them. It never occurred to her to doubt. It was the conviction in herself that gave her over to him. Of course, a bit of colored glass. The salesman hadn't even pretended. Everyone knew. A great square emerald with all the wonder of the seas in its depths for five pounds! How he would have laughed if he had known of that fantastic illusion. Like someone dying of a shameful wound, she summoned a last courage.

"Of course. It's just a joke. I got it out of a cracker."

And she began to laugh and talk gayly, feeling Bob's cruel eyes on her. The school had given a party. There had been crackers with jewelry and paper caps. She described how funny the head mistress had looked in her paper cap.

Her father and mother sat and listened in silence, unsmiling. Somehow they knew how foolish and wicked she had been. She couldn't escape the grin in Bob's eyes.

Afterward she went up to her room. She went up the mean narrow stairs humming a little song. But when she closed the door she began to sob. She didn't turn on the light. She hid from herself. She opened the window and took the glass ring from her finger and threw it far out into the bleak darkness. She took the stories of strange places and unknown people and tore them into little pieces. She knelt down and cried and cried her heart out.

Next evening Will Challoner met her at the school gates. It was raining. He held her umbrella over her and made her take his arm. He was tall and round-shouldered, and the hair grew in a funny, untidy way at the nape of his neck. But now she did not think of these things. She felt the warm, honest homespun under her hand. He was so real, so good.

He said, crossing the muddy road, "I wish that I could carry you, Claire," and her heart grew hot with a humble gratitude. It was as though a dying fire brightened in her; as though in his voice she had caught the echo of a lost music.

"Do you love me so much, Will?"

"So much, dear."

"Why do you?"

"I don't know. You're everything I want."

She felt the tears rise in her tired eyes. He couldn't say what it was he really wanted. No one could. She had wanted the emerald ring, as he wanted her, for some unknown loveliness.

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

"Perhaps I'm not what you think. You'll find out I'm not real"

"You're real to me."

"I'll try to make you happy, Will."

She felt how he trembled. But she couldn't hear what he said. She was listening to retreating footsteps. Below the horizon a light faded.

IV

THEY lived in a neat, spacious house with a garden, in a prosperous suburb. Will loved his garden. Saturday afternoons he spent puttering round its tidy borders. And on Sunday morning after church he would take Claire by the arm and walk her round and point out the little plants just showing their heads above the ground. He told her their names and fixed labels to them so that there should be no mistake. They never grew very tall, and there was something weakly and faded about them, like undernourished children. But Claire said how wonderful the garden was.

The three children trotted behind them—little red-headed Joyce and the two nice boys, Peter and Ernest. And in the evening, under the lamplight, they would go over the catalogues together, choosing the bulbs for next spring.

On Sunday, Claire's mother and father came over for dinner. There was always a fine roast of beef and apple tart with cream, and afterward Will dozed off and the children went to Sunday school, and everything was hushed and peaceful until teatime. After tea the children brought in their games.

Claire's mother liked Will's home. She liked the solid Victorian furniture which he had inherited with the business from his father. No loud colors, none of this modern strangeness. She liked the quiet good taste of the prints on the pale walls.

But she and Claire's father came less and less often, for they were growing old.

So sometimes Claire and Will and the three children would go over to Claire's old home and spend the day. It was rather a strain on them all, for it was a long journey and the little house had grown smaller with the years. The children did not know what to do with themselves. When the time came to go back they trailed behind Will and Claire on the way to the station, and were fretful and overtired with the long restraint. Mother was quiet too. She was always quiet, for that matter, but after a day in the little house there was something sorrowful about her quietness. Will didn't know what it was. "Our mummy tired?" he would say, pressing her arm gently. And she would smile and admit that she was, just a little.

Once she made him go to the station by a different route—the way she had used to go to school—and stopped in front of a small, untidy shop with frames and pictures in the window. The pictures were dusty and faded, and Will yawned and said they must hurry or they'd miss the train. Mummy was a funny little person. He teased her about her funniness; especially one day when she went to town to buy Joyce a new coat, and when she came back it seemed that she had forgotten the coat altogether. They had been looking into shop windows, she said. She had tired herself out, so that suddenly, bewilderingly she had begun to cry.

But it was then Will got his great idea. He took the children into secret conclave. "It's mummy's birthday," he explained. "It's got to be a very special birthday. We must find out what mummy really wants." Will was doing well in business, so they weren't to put a rein on their imagination. "If mummy wants the moon she's got to have it," he said, laughing

So they all thought very hard. But it was Will himself who solved the problem. When he told the children they could hardly contain themselves. They were always dropping hints afterward, and Will would put his finger to his lips and scowl, and they would go into fits of laughter.

"Oh, mummy, if you only knew ——"

"Mummy, it's something you want more than anything in the world."

The color flooded into her pale, small face. And for a moment Will saw her as she must have been when she was a little girl and as she would be when she was an old, old woman. And all the fun was spoiled for him. He was overcome by a queer choking grief—for her and for himself—for everyone.

"P'raps mummy wants a real gold crown like the queen wears," Joyce piped up. "Do you, mummy?"

And mummy said she wanted Joyce and Peter and Ernest. She tried to tease Will by pretending she didn't want him at all. But the children said she couldn't have them if she wouldn't have daddy too. And they all laughed and Will forgot that he had been unhappy.

Then came the great day. Mummy was kept in the back room like a prisoner while daddy and the two boys went out on a mysterious errand.

Joyce stayed with mummy, and they stood together looking out at the garden. They were very quiet.

And at last Joyce said: "Is it a gold crown you want, mummy?"

"Perhaps it is, Joyce darling."

"They'll be so awfully disappointed."

"We mustn't disappoint them, must we?"

Then there was a loud shouting and the honking of a motor horn, and there in the little driveway were daddy and the boys in a shining new roadster. And daddy got out and touched his cap like a real chauffeur.

"The car's waiting for you, ma'am."

And they put mummy in the front seat and drove her round the square. Daddy showed her how well he had learned to drive, reversing and turning and dodging imaginary policemen. He pointed out all the tricky new gadgets on the dashboard—the little lamp and the cigarette lighter—and mummy said it was all wonderful. They would go for such lovely week-end drives. And now it would be as easy as anything to run over and see the grandparents. No one had ever had such a birthday present.

"Mummy, sure it's what you really wanted?"

"What I really, really wanted, daddy."

▼

"A LETTER for you, Mums."

"With a foreign stamp."

"Who writes to Mums from South Africa? I want to know."

"Hush. Dark secret. Mustn't pry into Mums' past."

They shook their heads solemnly at her. But in a minute the letter was forgotten. Even Claire put it on one side. There were other things to think of first—getting the boys off. They were in the business now, making dad and all the other old fossils wake up, they said. Joyce worked in the city, and she was in love. She said nothing. But there was a gentle remoteness in her eyes. One day she would tell Claire, and Claire would pretend to be very surprised. She knew she would love anyone Joyce loved.

Sometimes she wanted to tell Joyce about herself—about the strange, absurd things. But then a kind of listlessness came over her. It didn't seem to matter so much any more. There was so much to do—the boys' breakfasts, their clothes, their friends, their parties, Will's medicine—Will wasn't so strong as he had been. She was like the letter—she must wait.

Now they were all gone. Quiet descended on the house. She felt like a particle of dust dropped by a whirlwind—a dear whirlwind. But when it dropped her she felt almost frightened. The quiet frightened her. She sat idle by the window, looking out into Will's garden, filling the emptiness in herself with odd, broken memories. She thought of her father and mother, who, now that they were dead, were scarcely more shadowy; of the mean, gabled house and the picture shop and the smiling, oily salesman with the glass ring in his hand. How funny it had all been. A real emerald and the shabby little school-teacher! Bob had known. Sometimes, even now, when he came home, stout and prosperous, she thought she saw the old malice in his eyes. He had guessed. And it amused him to death to think how she had fooled herself.

She blushed faintly. She could still blush. She could still feel the shame, the sense of something precious in herself stripped naked. She took the letter in her hand just to escape.

South Africa, legal terms, Aunt Bertha—Aunt Bertha dead; a light gone out. Claire hadn't known till now how that light had burned in her; just that one memory of a shining, living presence in the colorless front room, and of the dark glowing stone, with its uncharted depths, its green shadows. Dead. "Five hundred pounds to my niece Claire to buy herself something that she wants." She felt a hand rest on her shoulder; a light ghostly pressure.

"One day, perhaps, when you are grown up, little Claire."

The sudden tears came into her eyes—middle-aged, faded eyes crying the tears of a little girl.

They were all excited about Aunt Bertha. They'd never heard of her. Why hadn't Mums told them? Five hundred pounds—wasn't that splendid? What was Mums going to do with it? Something that Mums wanted. What in the world did Mums want? Their bright young eyes rested eagerly on her face. Their wonderful Mums—always wanting things for them. But now it must be something for her own self.

She sat by the fire, listening to them. Her small thin hands were folded on each other. In the firelight her gold wedding ring shone staidly beside the half circle of sapphires and diamonds that Will had given her on their engagement. A cheap little ring—pale sapphires and little chips of diamonds—but it had been more than he could afford.

She knew that even now he looked upon it with awe as something splendid and outrageous—the great romantic gesture of his life. If she told him —— But then, she never could. She imagined the emerald shining on her hand. Will's ring couldn't live beside it. Its shallow colors would be burned dry. And he would be so hurt. He wouldn't understand. None of them would. They wouldn't say anything, but in secret they would be amused, puzzled, a little distressed to think that their wise old Mums could want anything so foolish—an emerald ring. A plain middle-aged woman with lined, unlovely hands and a real emerald. She saw the kindly mockery in their eyes, and Will's hurt. She looked across at him—tired and old, too; deep lines of worry. It had been hard going in these latter years, what with the children's education and that queer pain in his side. Now he wanted to rest.

"I've been thinking I'd like a holiday somewhere abroad—all of us together."

"Oh, Mums!"

"How glorious!"

"Davos. Christmas—winter sports ——" It was Joyce speaking very quietly.

"Mums can't bear the cold."

Claire met these wise young eyes almost with defiance.

"It will be warm in the hotel. I shall love watching you. Dad and I can go for walks. Dad loves the snow. Dad used to be a great skater, weren't you, dear?"

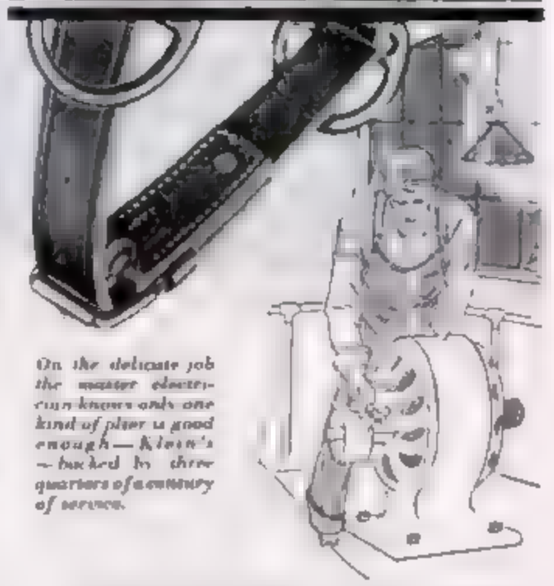
Will nodded. There was a spot of feverish color in his cheeks.

"When I was a kid I won a race. I might try. I'd be a bit rusty, of course, but it comes back."

Plans, dates, time-tables, hotels. She let their voices fade into a dim background. Her eyes closed wearily. Through their thin lids she saw a lovely lady seated where Will sat. The furs dropped from the regal shoulders. The brave beauty of her face was turned to Claire. She saw its kindness, its pity, its reproach—foolish little girl, foolish middle-aged woman.

"Something that she wants ——".

Only KLEINS For The *Old Timer*



On the delicate job the master electrician knows only one kind of plier is good enough—Klein's—backed by three-quarters of a century of service.

WINTER storms—lines down—poles and wires ice covered — service interrupted — call the Old Timer!

"Pulling up", "dead ending", "tying in"—the world's worst job under these conditions made easier—safer because the Old Timer knows he can put his faith on his safety strap and belt, on his climbers and tools—they all carry the Klein trade mark.

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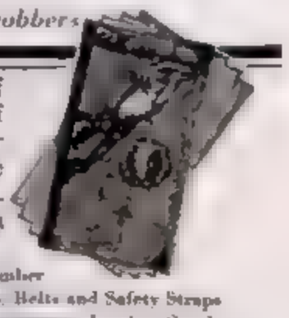

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

- Safety for the Pole Climber
- Specifications on Liners, Belts and Safety Straps
- The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias KLEIN & Sons

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AMERICAN
KITCHEN KOOK
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AMERICAN
Appliances
Complete Gas Lighting
Cooking, Heating Service
for Homes without City Gas

THE NEW Kitchen has arrived. Gay and colorful furnishings are taking the place of the old and somber. Ugly old stoves are going into the discard. Women the country over are discovering that the kitchen, where they spend so many hours, can be the brightest and most cheerful spot in the house. Kitchens are being transformed in millions of homes.

And in these transformations, women everywhere are turning to the American Kitchenkook. The beauty and neatness of Kitchenkook catch their eye at once. And it does its work so speedily and so thoroughly that cooking becomes a new delight. Just touch a match, and the new American Instant Lighter does the rest. No other generating. Kitchenkook makes its own gas from gasoline and produces a clean, odorless blue flame that cooks faster even than city gas. Women everywhere, in city or country, now may have the conveniences of gas cooking. The range illustrated in gray and white porcelain enamel and complete even to a heat indicator on the big, roomy oven, is just one of the many beautiful models designed to fit into the modern Kitchen. There are many others. Write for interesting booklet "Gas Service for Every Home" and see how Kitchenkook can transform your kitchen.

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Send me your book "Gas Service for Every Home" and name of nearest dealer

Name

Address

"Perhaps, one day when you are grown up ——"

"You promised."

VI

JOYCE was to be married. She was so happy. She was the only place of peace in the tumultuous household. It was as though her love had kindled in everyone a raging fire of unrest, of youth and hunger. But she herself burned steadily, peacefully.

Will and Claire wanted to buy her something special that would show her how they loved her. It worried Will a good deal. He worried over everything. He was ill. The holiday hadn't done him any good. He had tired himself out trying to forget how tired he was. Claire's love wrapped him round like a warm, soft cloak. She knew that she had never loved him as she did now that he was old and dying and afraid. How hard he had worked to make a home for her—a future for them all. And she always she had held back something; always her inner ear had been listening for those footsteps, for that distant music that he had never heard.

Or had he heard it? Was there some unsatisfied want, some hunger in those frightened eyes that so often sought her own with that queer look of bewildered pleading? What child's wish lurked in that heart that had seemed so open to her? She would never know. But sometimes she longed to ask him, "What was it, Will? Was it a real gold crown?"

"We must give her something that she needs," he said. He fussed with catalogues. They went on long, weary tours through the big shops.

"They need a dining-room suit," he declared at last.

Then suddenly, almost unwittingly. Claire said: "I want us to give her pearls, Will."

He stared at her: "Pearls?"

"Just a little simple string."

"But of what use —— Why, that would be absurd. They'll be poor. They need real help."

"I know. That's why. She and I used to look in the shops together. She has always loved lovely things."

His eyes were almost hostile.

"Well, then, we could give her beads. They make imitations like the real thing"

"Oh, no; no, Will." She heard with shame the passionate anger in her voice. She tried to speak very quietly. "They're not the same, Will. They can never be the same. They don't come from the depths of the sea."

"I think it's a wild idea—almost wrong. But at any rate, we must ask her."

They asked her that night. Joyce stood by the window and looked out into the autumn garden. The paths were red with the leaves that had fallen after Will's hard work sweeping them clear. Joyce, with fancy in her eyes. Her mother sat in the shadow. She waited, her hands folded upon each other.

"It's your mother's idea. It seems foolish to me. A dining-room suit now—an antique design. We saw one at Maples'."

Joyce turned, the young face a little set, a little desperate.

"Of course, dad. . Mother, what should I want with pearls?"

They looked at each other through the twilight. And suddenly Joyce came and took her mother in her arms and held her close—closer than she had ever done. And they cried together, but quietly, so that Will should not know that they were crying.

VII

"SEA KING'S daughter from over the sea." Odd tags of memory; pictures out of an old scrapbook, grown faded, merging into one another—a little girl standing in the rain, dreaming of life, brave Huguenot gentlemen going out to die for their faith, dear lovers saying farewell, the Scots Greys with waving swords and gallant horses, invisible processions marching to distant music, an old woman seated by the fire, dozing.

Will dead—dead long since. The grandchildren grown up. Joyce matronly and grave and happy—surely, surely happy. Little seventeen-year-old Janette—a serious young Janette, with her severe dress and her solemn eyes. Going to do something real in the world—make people different, make people better. When grandmother died there would be all that money—she would do such good with it.

The old heart stirred faintly. It was like an exhausted bird beating its wings against the cage. No, Janette never spoke of money, never asked. Just waited sweetly, rightly for God's good time.

Will's money. Aunt Bertha's money. Something that she had wanted. They had both meant to give it her—even Will, who hadn't known, hadn't understood. There had been so many other things to do. But there was nothing now. No one to think of. She was free. The little hungry girl should have her heart's desire, should plunge her hands into those glowing, burning colors.

She leaned forward. She rang the bell they placed so carefully within reach.

"I want the car, please. I want to go out now."

The shopman was very courteous. He had seen the smart car outside. Otherwise he might have had his doubts about this queer old woman. It was a funny sight to see her slip the emerald on her twisted, rheumatic finger. Somehow it annoyed him. There was something wrong about it. It made the flawless stone absurd—almost horrible.

He tried to show it her on his own sleek young hand. But she took it from him roughly, almost angrily.

"A thousand pounds. It's more expensive than it used to be."

"I dare say, madam. Everything is more expensive. A splendid investment. You couldn't duplicate it at that price. Whoever you intend it for, madam ——"

He stopped. The sunken eyes looked at him so strangely.

"I want to take it with me. Here is my check. You can ring up the bank."

She was trembling. She wouldn't let the ring go. She was a little mad, no doubt. But the bank said it was all right.

Alone now; seated before her fire again. It was difficult to believe that she was this old, old woman. Surely she was a young girl standing under the lamplight with her treasure in her trembling hand. Nothing had changed—only that the treasure was real now, and that sad, strange things had happened to her hand.

She bent forward. She held the emerald to the firelight. Yes, it was Aunt Bertha's ring. Aunt Bertha, who had understood, had given it her at last. There were the same green depths, fathoms and fathoms of dreams and colors and great adventures. Once she could have flung herself in, sinking to the very bottom where were the mermaids and the moonlight fish and the strange tall flowers swaying with the green tide. But not now—not now. Suddenly she knew, and her heart leaped for the last time with the wild agony of youth—she had waited too long. She no longer desired the emerald ring. She desired now only to sleep.

She must, in fact, have dozed a little. She grew so easily tired. She did not hear the opening of the door. She felt a hand drawing her back from a long distance—Janette's firm, gentle hand.

"Grandma, you've been out. You should have told us you were going. You shouldn't have gone alone."

It was difficult to remember where she had been, what she had done. She came back by a strange road of memories. She knew that she was ashamed again. She was hiding something from wise, accusing eyes. She felt the old flush creep into her cheeks. She could feel it like the glow of a last fire. She covered the emerald with her shaking hand. For one bewildered moment

(Continued on Page 88)

why the Electric Ear insures Realism in Radio

LONG AGO our engineers recognized that the chief purpose of radio is to reproduce programs—as they go on the air at the broadcasting station—with nothing altered or lost. And while others were considering less important refinements these minds were centered on the ultimate—REALISM in radio.

How these men perfected the Electric Ear, the machine that compares tone values and detects tone inaccuracies too slight for human ears to sense—how they applied this test to every Stewart-Warner set and produced the radio of REALISM with its True Tone by Test—fills one of the most brilliant pages in radio history.

When others noted the true significance of Stewart-Warner's development and saw that without REALISM there isn't a great deal of sense to radio, they must have liked the idea, because so many of them straightway adopted it. But it is one thing to claim REALISM and another to be able to prove it, as is done with the Electric Ear—an exclusive Stewart-Warner creation.

When you buy your radio you will want REALISM, or your satisfaction will not be complete, and when you buy a Stewart-Warner radio you get a quality product of the most advanced design, plus REALISM—Stewart-Warner's contribution to radio.

STEWART-WARNER

The Voice of Authority in Radio

Over 22 million Stewart-Warner products are in active use today

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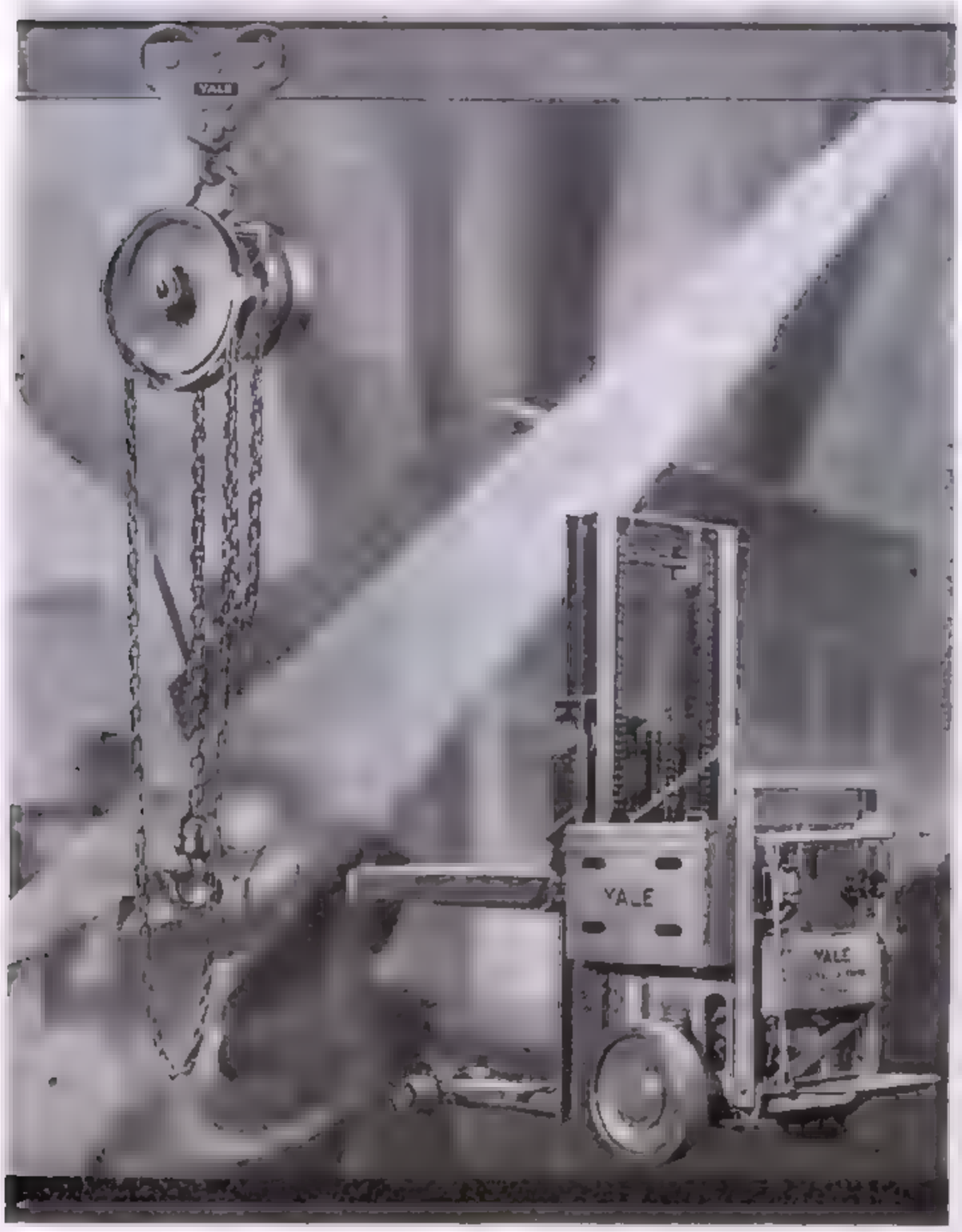

BEHIND every important industry lies the great fundamental need for rapid and efficient short haul transportation of materials. The never ending battle for greater production and lower overhead requires the use of unfailing, tried-and-true material handling equipment. ¶ That is why Yale is one of the largest manufacturers of material handling equipment in the world. Yale Chain Blocks, Overhead Trolleys, Electric Hoists and Electric Industrial Trucks are all made by Yale to Yale's exclusive precision specifications. The *maximum maintained efficiency* must be achieved! ¶ The same unfailing devotion to superior quality and advanced design which has made Yale Locks and Hardware internationally famous has resulted in the supremacy of Yale Material Handling Equipment.

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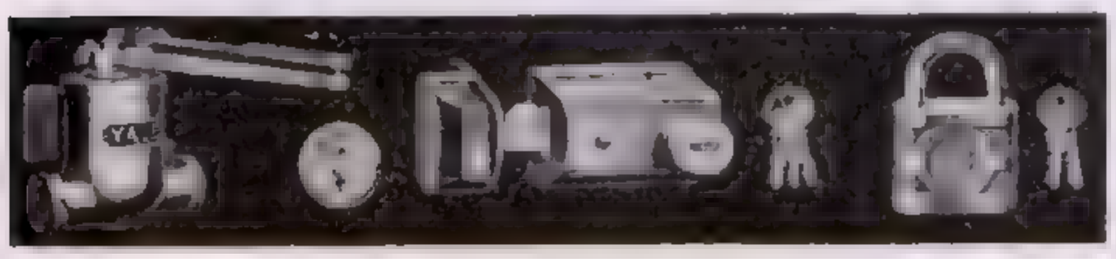


(Continued from Page 66)

she thought that she must throw it far, far out into the darkness.

"My dear, I was shopping. It was a secret."

"But, granny, it's your birthday. *We* ought to have the secrets."

"I know. I gave myself a birthday present."

She uncovered the emerald ring. She had slipped it cunningly from her finger and it lay there in the wrinkled palm of her hand. It blazed up at her. Then it was gone—gone finally. She looked into the fire.

"Granny, for yourself? How strange."

Some other beauty, perhaps, somewhere beyond the shadow into which she was slowly sinking. If so, she would hold fast this time. She would not wait too long.

She said gently, composedly: "Oh, no, my dear, not for an old woman. For a young girl, like you ——"

Grandmother didn't come down to dinner any more. Janette showed the ring to them all. It came at last to Joyce, who did not pass it on. She held it in her hand. It was as though she dreamed over it.

Janette's voice, young and cool: "What shall I do with the thing? I don't like rings. I expect it's jolly expensive. It doesn't seem right, somehow, with all the poor people in the world. Couldn't I ask her to let me take it back?"

Joyce shook her head. She looked at none of them.

"No, it might hurt her. You don't understand. Wait—wait just a little. She is so very, very old."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

It seems to me that a writer who mixes things up is nothing short of a *mauvais sujet* and that his reading public should demand *amende honorable* before consenting to peruse him again. And if a writer thinks that in mixed languages *sic itur ad astra*, then he is dead wrong. I can prove it. I just have! —*Holbert Seigle.*

Among the Musicians

IT IS rumored in musical circles that Signor Pimento Parcheesi, whose symphonic tone poem, Chanson d'un Chien Chaud, has received popular recognition, will shortly come to the States in connection with a series of concerts featuring fifteenth century Esthonian chamber music, and that he will also conduct his own quintet in ursa major, scored for highboy, Paracelsus, two buffoons and tenor infundibulum. Historic instruments from his private collection will figure in the interpretation of this unique composition.

Sir Oliver Optic Chiasma, the eminent British surgeon, has just published a volume of memoirs containing many reminiscences of his own and his father's friends who were distinguished in art, literature and music. It is known that Kingsley was among those deeply impressed by his brilliant achievements in connection with the anatomy of the brain, but Sir Oliver reveals for the first time the fact that Rolando, Sylvius and Median were the three fissures for which the famous song was named

Unda Strange Weatherlore, the young composer of Prognathous Preludes, the ballet music for the Giant Squid, and the haunting love song Alopecia, lived as a child on the Isle of Kokokolai, in the South Seas, where she learned to sing the songs of the Haibrowne tribe, accompanying herself on the wurrawurra, the native variant of the three-toned linoleum. Miss Weatherlore will tour the colleges this winter, supplementing her recitals of Kokokolai folk songs with the languorous hey-foot dances of the Haibrownes.

Professor John Pilkington Inch, of the Musical Faculty of Matteawan University, has just completed a treatise on the interrelation of theme and tonal setting, in which he insists that a composition should embody complete harmony of subject and instrumentation in order to carry conviction. His version of the Wanderer's Song for the oboe is most impressive, and he contemplates the arrangement of one of the great legends of love and betrayal, either Tristan und Isolde or Frankie and Johnnie, for the triangle and trap.

Moe Morgenheimer, who has been in Paris collecting spicy bits for a forthcoming revue, announces that he has secured the charming Mlle. Chérie Maraschina as his leading contortionist. The petite ballerina will bring to New York her matchless collection of first editions of the Tibetan classics, for she says nothing must interfere with the hobby which constitutes her chief interest during her hours of recreation.

Herr Franz Spielwerk, of the Wienerschnitzel Conservatory, has been invited by the women's clubs of Paradox, New Jersey, to give a course of lectures on the Progressive Agglutinism of Modern Music, to stimulate the appreciation of the operatic master works. The first four will cover the following subjects: Doris Badenuff (Realistic Post-Metabolism of Nikomerousky); Eddieplus Lux (Neo-Microcephalism of Strabismusky); Pelican et Mellocandy (Pseudo-Classic Lyricism of Doobusy); General Survey (Neolithic Trend of Minor Modern Composers).

Geoffrey Knoodle De Forest, the new Swiss bass barytone, will make his debut this winter in the oratorio Saul of Metatarsus. His voice is said to be full of resilience and nuances, and to be furnished with a wonderful combination range which makes for convenience and economy.

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

He Hadn't Anything Against Him

SHE: I think he's so attractive!

HE: Yeah, most people do.

SHE: Well, I don't wonder, because I think he's simply fascinating! Don't you adore him?

HE: Oh, I like him all right.

SHE: You don't sound very enthusiastic.

HE: Don't I? Well, I haven't got anything against him.

SHE: I'm terribly glad you haven't, because I think he's divine!

HE: Most girls do, I guess.

SHE: I don't wonder.

HE: He certainly gets away with girls all right. He's just the type.

SHE: What do you mean "just the type"?

HE: Well, he knows the kind of line to hand 'em.

SHE: He's never handed me any line.

HE: That's just it. It never sounds like a line from that type.

SHE: Well, then I think he's awfully clever!

HE: He is, all right. He gets away with murder.

SHE: He's never tried to get away with anything with me.

HE: Well, I guess you're the first girl he hasn't tried to get away with anything with, then.

SHE: Don't be ridic, my dear! I'll bet there are plenty of girls who'd tell him where to get off if he tried to pull anything!

HE: That bird's a slick article when it comes to girls.

SHE: Well, he'll never put anything over on me.

HE: Well, you're on to that type, but lots of girls fall for a bozo like him.

SHE: Well, I don't wonder, because I think he's a perfect lamb, only I think it's awfully strange you don't like him.

HE: Aw, hell, I like him all right.

SHE: Do you honestly?

HE: Sure I do! I haven't got anything against him! —*Lloyd Mayer.*

The New NASH "400"

is the only car with *all* these outstanding features

as regular equipment at no extra cost . . .

Silk to the top in service weight! Yet Iron Clads 907X cost only $1.50 a pair—in black, atmosphere, skin, grain, pearl blush, pastel parchment, evenglow, light gun metal, mirage, Reveree, Cuban sand, mauve taupe, Manon and beach tan. Sizes—8 to 10½.

Lustre

Lustre—subtle, eye-compelling charm of beautiful stockings . . . snugly clinging . . . gently emphasizing lovely natural lines . . . engendering pride of appearance in the heart of every wearer.

Lustre in stockings . . . sheer silken strands . . . spiderly woven . . . exquisite craftsmanship . . . add perfect color . . . a perfect description of Iron Clad hosiery. Lustrous when new . . . lustrous after weeks and weeks of faithful service.

Iron Clad hose are attractive . . . have amazing *wearability* and *washability* . . . are *reasonably priced*. The Iron Clad guarantee of "satisfactory service or a new pair of hose" goes with every pair. Ask your dealer for Iron Clads. If he can't supply you—send his name with your order, stating size and color desired.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

Continued from Page 21

It was my intention to stop at Bermuda, where the former fishing craft and the subchasers might be refueled. However, from data on the subchasers supplied by the designers, it appeared that with tanks full of gasoline they would just be able to reach the Azores. The best data available indicated that the ex-fishermen had a similar cruising radius. By both of these calculations I was sadly deceived. Before arriving at the Azores, the Wakiva and the supply ship, Bath, had to tow first one boat, then another, and all the subchasers were towed the last 500 miles. At one time the Wakiva and the Bath were towing an ex-fisherman and three subchasers each.

Fighting the Submarine

After the Azores had been reached, necessary repairs were made to several of the prospective mine sweepers, and tactical drill and target practice, prohibited by lack of fuel while at sea, were ordered. In four days the squadron put to sea again, proceeding toward Brest in response to orders received by radio from Admiral Sims. Gales and fog delayed its progress, but finally the harbor was sighted and, at its entrance, a small French torpedo boat, flying the signal "Follow me." Within a few hours the squadron was safely at anchor and I enjoyed my first sound sleep in many nights. A few days later the squadron was disbanded, its vessels assigned to patrol or mine-sweeping duties, according to their separate capabilities, and I, to my great disappointment, was ordered ashore again to serve as chief of staff to Rear Admiral Fletcher, in command at the base.

At that period, Queenstown, with its destroyers, and Brest, with seventeen converted yachts and nine mine sweepers, were the principal American naval bases in the war zone. As American activities expanded destroyers augmented the Brest forces, and submarine-fighting bases were established elsewhere along the French coast as well as at Plymouth, Gibraltar and Corfu. In addition to these, the American Navy established port offices at Liverpool, Southampton, Le Havre, Genoa, Marseilles and Bizerta; a mine force, under Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss; an Army coal transport system with headquarters at Cardiff under Rear Admiral Philip Andrews; naval-aviation bases in England, France and Italy; and assigned three dreadnaughts and a flotilla of submarines to Berehaven, Ireland, under Rear Admiral Thomas S. Rodgers; and the U. S. S. Olympia Dewey's flagship at Manila—under Capt. Newton A. McCully, to Murmansk, Northern Russia. All these detachments operated under the command of Admiral Sims in cooperation with the Allied naval forces.

During the first few weeks of American participation the war against the submarine was waged chiefly by patrols of destroyers and other craft from Queenstown and the coast of France. Soon, however, it became apparent that the supply of antisubmarine ships was too small to make this method effective, and the convoy system was more widely instituted. This proved so successful that by the end of July, 1917, more than 10,000 ships had reached their ports safely and the losses among vessels thus guarded amounted to only one-half of 1 per cent. Patrol, of course, continued, but the main reliance for safe conduct of men and supplies thereafter centered on the convoy.

Invention, ingenuity and new conceptions in ship design aided the submarine fighters in their campaign. Apart from their regular armament, all were equipped with devices especially developed to reveal and destroy submarines and the mines they had planted. Undoubtedly the most effective of these developments was the depth charge, a metal cylinder containing about 300 pounds of TNT, and fitted with a fuse that could be set to explode at any predetermined depth. Several such cylinders were arranged at the stern of each destroyer or submarine chaser and fitted with a mechanism operated from the bridge which permitted them to be dropped at intervals. When the presence of a submarine was suspected, a patrol boat steamed around the spot and laid a barrage of depth charges, with the object of either sinking or so damaging the submarine that it would be forced to come to the surface to be sunk by gunfire or captured.

Another effective device was the Y gun, a form of large howitzer with two firing arms arranged in the shape of the letter Y. These guns, mounted aft on the antisubmarine vessel, could throw a bomb loaded with a high explosive—usually TNT—several hundred yards. The bombs had fuses which could be set to explode as desired.

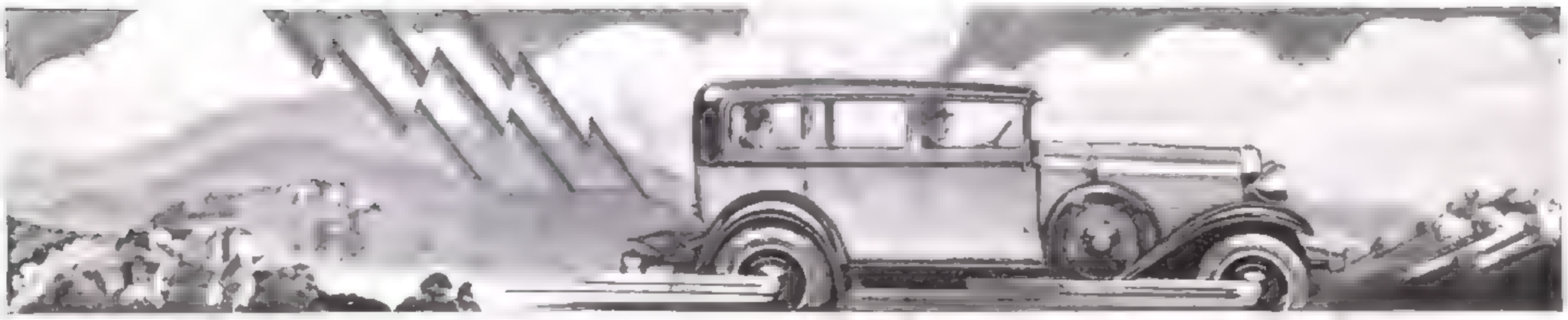
Ears Below the Surface

C-tubes were the listening devices that revealed the presence of submarines. When lowered into the water they recorded for the ears of the listeners not only the sound of a submarine's propellers but the direction whence it came. These hydrophones were fairly accurate within a range of 5000 yards. When two or more antisubmarine craft in different locations reported such sounds, the submarine's approximate position could be fixed by a method of triangulation, and an immediate attack launched

The paravane was the invention of a young British naval officer and was designed to protect moving ships from anchored mines. It consisted of two steel

Continued on Page 74

A Meeting of Naval Officials Directly After the War. Seated at the Left are: Admiral H. T. Mayo, Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet; Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, Commander of American Battleships in the Grand Fleet; and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels



THE THIRD GREAT

Automobile Development

1929 will witness the full realization of this development, with Marmon as one of its established leaders

All automobile engineering might well be divided into three phases. Three distinct problems have been met and solutions found.

The first was to make the automobile dependable. This was done with the four-cylinder motor.

The second was to make it more powerful and easier to drive. This was done with the six.

The third phase has been to make the automobile smoother—to make it effortless—and the driving of it an unnoticed task. This has been done with the straight-eight—the third and greatest of all automobile developments. This fact is now fully recognized by engineering authority.

G. M. Williams, President, Marmon Motor Car Company, who predicts that the straight-eight will soon make its appearance in all important price fields. Under Mr. Williams' direction, Marmon for more than two years has concentrated its entire production on the straight-eight, feeling that this type of motor was finding a constantly increasing popularity with the public.

Just as the six gradually succeeded the four—so also is the straight-eight now coming with giant strides into the light of a great new popularity among all classes of buyers.

The straight-eight is not new in the higher-priced cars—they have to be eights in order to sell. It was not until recently, however, that the straight-eight found its way into the medium or six-cylinder price fields.

Putting the straight-eight in the medium price range is one of Marmon's greatest achievements.

For more than two years now Marmon has produced only straight-eights. By concentration on this type costs have been lowered. As a result, Marmon has a straight-eight at the price of a six.

Furthermore Marmon has simplified design and made the straight-eight a practical, economical and long-lived car for all to own.

This engineering and manufacturing achievement has been fully realized in the new Marmon 68, a truly fine car at extremely moderate cost.

New Series 68, $1465. New Series 78, $1965. Prices at factory. De luxe equipment extra.

MARMON

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

G. M. WILLIAMS

What is Real Progress?

A statement of General Motors' policy by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. President

THE public is visiting the various automobile shows to see new models.

Suppose you could drop a curtain over the 1929 automobile shows and raise it immediately upon the shows of ten years ago. How vividly the changes would then appear!

Go back five years, or even three, and the contrasts are amazing. So fast have the improvements followed one another that every year has offered you *more* for your automobile dollar—in performance, in comfort, in safety, in beauty and in style. Never was that fact quite so impressive as in the cars now on display.

This is real progress, and inevitably General Motors has been a leader in it. You cannot have hundreds of engineers, in one organization, thinking and working day and night, without knowing more about making automobiles than was known the year before. You cannot have great Research

GENERAL

Laboratories, the Proving Ground and the unmatched resources and skill of Fisher Body without developing constantly better processes and new ideas. The patronage of the public makes possible all this machinery of betterment; so the public is entitled to each improvement as promptly as it has been proved.

In this way came the self-starter, the closed body, durable Duco finish, four-wheel brakes. By the same process one of the remarkable feats in industrial history has just been effected: Chevrolet has been transformed into a six-cylinder car within the price range of the four—almost overnight. Similarly, the new brakes and transmissions of Cadillac and LaSalle are fundamental improvements; while the new models of Buick, Oldsmobile, Oakland and Pontiac all represent values that could not have been offered before.

Such progress, born of the inherent ambition of an organization of active minds to do better and to give more, is of benefit to all. It offers you more for your money with each succeeding year. It gives you more value for your present car when you trade it in. This is real progress.

This is our policy.

Alfred P. Sloan Jr.

ALFRED P. SLOAN, Jr., *President*

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND • BUICK • LaSALLE • CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher • GENERAL MOTORS
TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

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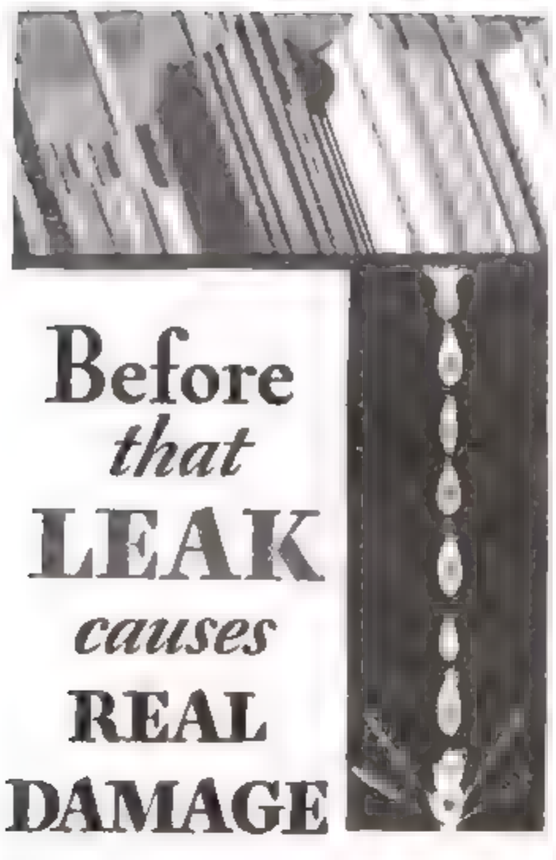

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(Continued from Page 70

cables about 150 feet in length leading from the stem of the ship to a submerged torpedo-shaped steel vessel. Permanent rudders kept the submerged trailer at a pre-determined distance from the mine-sweeping ship and at the necessary depth. The mooring of any mine encountered by the vessel would slide along the paravane cable until it was engaged by a fixed steel cutter in the head of the paravane. After its mooring line had been cut, the mine would come to the surface, where it could be destroyed.

The English Mystery, or Q boats, represented another ingenious method of warring on the submarine. These were vessels camouflaged to resemble helpless merchantmen, but actually manned by naval crews and armed with naval guns. After many unhappy experiences with the masqueraders, U-boat crews became wary of all unaccompanied merchant vessels in the war zone and as a result suffered in both morale and effectiveness.

Pleased With the Danger

The most important of new ship types evolved to fight the submarine were the subchasers. These were small wooden vessels, 110 feet long, driven by three gasoline motors and designed for the specific purpose of hunting U-boats. Standardized wherever possible, they could be built quickly, and between 1917 and the end of the war no less than 441 were completed in American shipyards. The six which accompanied Squadron Four to France were the first to cross. Subsequently, about 100 of these ships were used by the French and the remainder by the American forces. Though small, they were excellent sea boats, as they demonstrated by crossing the Atlantic. Armed with three-inch guns and depth charges, and fitted with listening devices, they represented a serious menace to the marauding submarine. Groups of these vessels were based at Queenstown, Plymouth and Corfu. It was, of course, necessary to man the subchasers with inexperienced crews. Only one officer in a hundred assigned to them was a regular, and less than one man in twenty could boast prewar experience at sea. Despite lack of previous training, the personnel of the subchasers exhibited a quality of intelligence and courage probably unsurpassed by any group in the war. Young Americans from schools, farms, shops and offices, they adapted themselves quickly to conditions aboard their small ships. The enthusiasm, patriotism and resiliency of youth more than compensated for lack of naval training. Truly, they were "pleased with the danger when the waves went high."

Usually hunting in units of three, the chasers accounted for a number of submarines. To the units from Plymouth is credited, among other accomplishments, the disabling of the U-53, Capt. Hans Rose's notorious cruising submarine, which visited Newport, Rhode Island, on October 7, 1916, sank a number of British merchantmen off our own coast, and which torpedoed the American destroyer Jacob Jones, off Brest, in December of 1917. To the group based at Corfu, however, came probably the most interesting experiences. In the narrow Strait of Otranto, too deep for the effective use of mines, the Allies had established a barrage of surface vessels, including the American subchasers, equipped with listening devices.

These forced enemy submarines based on the Adriatic Sea to submerge during the passage of the strait. When the presence of an enemy raider was detected by means of hydrophones, the immediate vicinity was promptly attacked with depth charges. As a result, the passage finally became so hazardous that Austrian submarine crews refused to attempt it, and even German crews had to be coerced by their officers into making the run. Every submarine that passed under those waters after establishment of the blockade was bombed before it reached open sea.

The Corfu detachment of American subchasers had the good fortune to participate in the largest naval battle fought after our entrance into the war. This occurred off the Albanian port of Durazzo, which was used as a base from which supplies were furnished to Bulgaria. In an effort to end this practice, the Allies in the Adriatic determined to bombard the port, and assembled at Brindisi a naval force consisting of three Italian battle cruisers, three British light cruisers, Italian and British destroyers, four French submarines and eleven subchasers under the command of Capt. Charles P. Nelson, U. S. N. The attack was carried through strictly in accordance with plans. Italian cruisers bombarded the port at 12,000 meters and the British light cruisers followed at 10,000 meters. Throughout the action these ships were screened from submarine attacks by destroyers and subchasers. One submarine succeeded in torpedoing the British cruiser, Weymouth, but the warship kept afloat and returned to its base under the protection of the light forces.

The engagement was eminently successful from the point of view of the Allies. Docks and boom defenses were destroyed. The ammunition dump was blown up and enemy ships in the harbor were either sunk or seriously damaged by torpedoes discharged from British destroyers and Italian craft. During the bombardment the light forces were attacked by three submarines. Three of the subchasers, in command of Lieut. Com. Paul H. Bastedo, U. S. N., engaged the U-boats, destroying one, and possibly two, with depth charges. Throughout the action the American subchasers acted as a part of the British Adriatic force, commanded by Commodore W. A. H. Kelly. In tribute to their service this officer later sent Capt. C. P. Nelson, senior officer at Corfu, a warm letter of thanks concluding with the following interesting comment on the American personnel: "Their conduct throughout was beyond praise. They all returned safely without casualties. *They thoroughly enjoyed themselves.*" The italics, of course, are my own.

Targets for the Enemy

Similarly exciting experiences befell the destroyer squadrons in the Atlantic war zone almost from the beginning of their service. Typical of their work, with its complexities, hardships, dangers and achievements, is an account of one day with a convoy as related to me by Captain—then Commander—A. W. Johnson, U. S. N., after the following adventure of a squadron under his command.

Early on the morning of October 19, 1917, the squadron, consisting of eight destroyers from Queenstown, met a home-bound convoy of slow freighters from Dakar, Africa, at a rendezvous 300 miles off the French coast, to escort it through the danger zone. In company with the twenty ships of the convoy was the ocean escort, H.M.S. Orama, a big auxiliary cruiser, formerly of the Royal Mail, but then flying the white ensign and carrying a battery of six-inch guns, with Commander Moorsome, R. N., commanding. These large convoys were tempting and vulnerable targets for German submarines. So many had been sunk in preceding months that they were commonly referred to as "suicide clubs" by their own officers and crews.

On falling in with the convoy the destroyers immediately took station, as usual, ahead and on the flanks of the freighters, which were steaming in six parallel columns about 1500 yards apart. Route instructions and latest information from the Admiralty were passed down the line to each ship by the destroyers. With course and speed signals set, the convoy proceeded into the war zone.

Several reports of submarines sighted in the area had been received by radio during the night and opportunity for action against the raiders was anticipated. This opportunity came early. At nine o'clock in the morning an S O S was intercepted from the American steamer J. L. Luckenbach, then being shelled by a submarine about eighty miles northeast of the convoy. The destroyer Nicholson, Lieut. Com. Frank D. Berrien commanding, was ordered to proceed immediately to the merchantman's assistance. She started off at full speed. As the Nicholson approached at a speed of thirty knots, the story of the unequal battle continued to flash in over the radio. Thus ran the messages after the destroyer had told of its race to the rescue:

LUCKENBACH: How far are you away? Code books thrown overboard. How soon will you arrive?

NICHOLSON: In two hours.

LUCKENBACH: Look for boats. They are shelling us.

NICHOLSON: Do not surrender!

LUCKENBACH: Never!

The submarine had been shelling the Luckenbach for three hours with guns that outranged the freighter's, when the Nicholson hove in sight and opened fire. Immediately the German submerged and escaped. A boarding party was sent from the destroyer to aid the wounded and to determine the merchantman's condition. Its members found ten holes in the vessel, the cotton cargo forward and quarters aft in flames, the engine-room piping ruptured. Temporary repairs were made at once and both ships got under way, falling in with the Dakar convoy late in the afternoon.

One Less U-Boat

Meanwhile the convoy had experienced the usual difficulties which attended the movements of such groups of slow cargo vessels. Its speed was limited to eight knots, and zigzagging was therefore impossible. One ship, with twenty fever cases aboard, was short-handed and reported inability to keep up. Another had engine trouble and dropped far astern, but reported that she could complete repairs in two hours and would then make nine knots. A third ship could make only four knots. One of the destroyers was detailed to look after these stragglers.

Then at 5:50 P.M. the Orama, while leading one of the columns, was torpedoed. The projectile, from an unseen submarine, struck abreast No. 3 hold on the port side, passing just ahead of the ship leading the next column to the left. At the instant of the explosion, the destroyer Conyngham was about fifty yards off the Orama's starboard beam, replying to an inquiry concerning the secret recognition signals for the night, and could not have been seen by the U-boat. She went ahead full speed with left rudder, rounding the bow of the Orama. As the destroyer turned, her crew sighted the sub's periscope, but it submerged quickly as the McDougal, another destroyer, raced down between the columns. The Conyngham circled again, sighting the submarine about 300 yards away, heading for another ship, as if to attack. Straight for the periscope the destroyer steered, but it was now so close that the gun's crew forward could not depress the gun enough to fire. Again the raider submerged, just as the destroyer passed over it. Immediately a depth charge was dropped and the destroyer circled to observe results. Bits of wreckage appeared where the U-boat had submerged—two broken pieces of slate-colored spar about six feet long and six inches thick, a few slate-colored boards about two feet long, and some smaller bits of wood. This was inconclusive evidence, but encouraging. The submarine was not seen again.

During this engagement the convoy passed on ahead in some disorder. Two destroyers remained with the Orama while the others continued with the merchant ships, endeavoring to reassemble them. The Orama began slowly to settle, until it was necessary to lower boats and pull away. There was no confusion, although night was falling, the wind had freshened and the sea was making up. The destroyers steamed about from boat to boat, taking

(Continued on Page 76)

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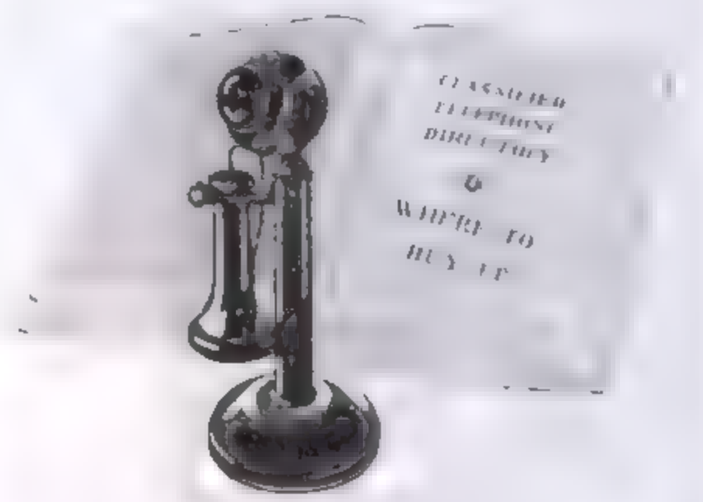
With no wasted effort you can find, for instance, the store which sells your favorite line of shoes



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This new convenience will save you miles of steps. Make a list of the things you want—and the stores that sell them—before every shopping trip. Or when you move into a new neighborhood, look in your classified directory for the stores that sell the articles you need and have always used.

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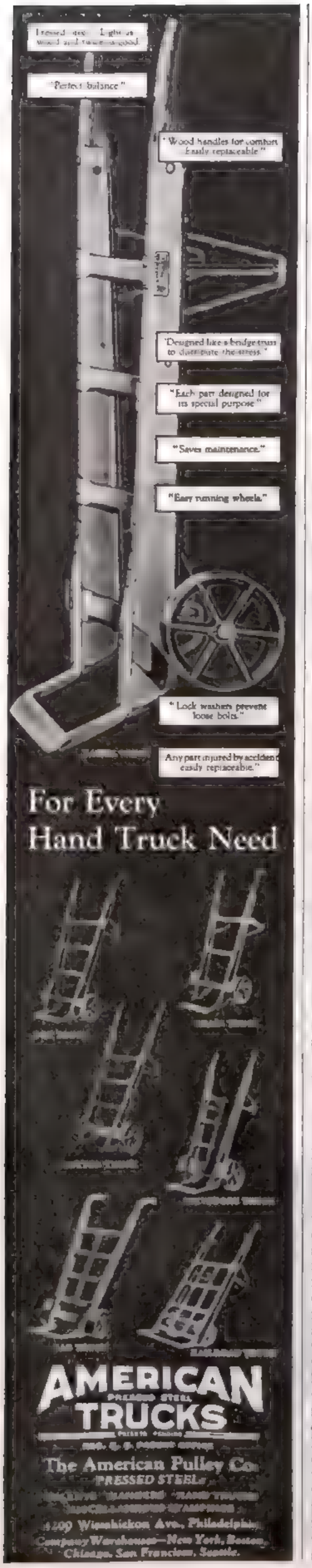
The "Where to Buy It" feature is new and, therefore, incomplete. But it is growing rapidly. Many articles are already listed, and others are being added as new editions of the telephone books are issued. Manufacturers and business men are welcoming this new trade-mark listing feature as an effective way to let you know exactly what stores and dealers in your community carry their advertised products.

Your classified telephone directory "tells who sells" the things you want. Use it freely.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY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(Continued from Page 74

the survivors aboard while boat coxswains flashed lights to guide rescuers. In the midst of this important work an S O S was intercepted from another merchantman, reporting that she had been torpedoed. Fortunately, this proved a false alarm. The detonation of a depth charge which the McDougal had dropped on a suspicious-looking streak in the water near the vessel had startled her crew. In the excitement, however, six panic-stricken East Indiamen lowered a lifeboat, which was recovered with difficulty by the McDougal. As it was being returned alongside the cargo ship, the boat was crushed between the bigger vessels and two of its terrorized occupants perished.

As the last of her boats were being picked up, a light flashed from the now darkened and sinking Orama. It was a signal requesting a destroyer to be sent alongside. Obviously, then, there were still men aboard the ship, although all lifeboats had left her. The Conyngham went alongside her port side, bow to stern, and saw the captain and a number of the crew waiting to lower themselves to the destroyer's deck. All were taken safely on board the Conyngham. In my opinion this was a consummate bit of seamanship on the part of Commander Johnson. On the crowded decks of the destroyers it was difficult to get an accurate count of the number saved, but finally the check-up agreed with the records brought aboard by the Orama's paymaster. Four hundred and seventy-three officers and men were thus rescued. At ten o'clock P.M. the Orama sank in a darkened sea and the reassembled convoy proceeded on its course, reaching port without further incident.

A Nice Bit of Ship Surgery

Constantly, in the performance of their duties, the destroyers faced danger from collision at night or in thick weather, or from the powerful depth charges carried astern. Seventeen men were killed by one such accident when the Manley and a British destroyer collided. On another occasion a torpedo, fired at the destroyer Cassin by a submarine, broached and ran on the surface. Exploding near the stern of the ship, it set off the depth charges, causing great damage. Both these vessels proceeded safely to port, however, where they were repaired. What can be accomplished in response to the demands of war is illustrated by the story of two British destroyers, the Zulu and the Nubian. One lost its bow, the other its stern, in explosions. The two wrecks were put in dock, joined together and built into a highly serviceable destroyer christened the Zulian.

Two divisions of American submarines aided surface and aircraft in the warfare against the German U-boat. Division 4, consisting of the submarines K-1, K-2, K-5, K-6 and E-1, was based on the Azores. Division 5, consisting of L-1, L-2, L-3, L-4, L-9, L-10 and L-11, arrived at Queenstown in January, 1918, and based at Berehaven, in Bantry Bay. After a short training period it was detailed to patrol the southwest coast of Ireland and the southern entrance to the Irish Sea. On patrol, the submarines ran slowly at a depth of sixty feet, stopping every few minutes to listen for the sound of enemy propellers. This duty was both hazardous and nerve-racking. On one occasion the L-4 was almost lost when the man on watch failed to read the gauge properly while the vessel was taking in water ballast. Suddenly the boat descended rapidly, stopping only when, at 280 feet, it brought up in soft mud, far below its safety point. By drastic efforts it was saved by those on board after leaks had sprung in the shaft tubes and death seemed almost certain. While returning to port for repairs, the L-4 encountered an enemy submarine and attempted to ram. The effort failed and the German responded by firing a torpedo. To escape, the already damaged American resorted to a crash dive. It is a difficult and dangerous maneuver, but the L-4 completed it in time to escape the torpedo by a few feet.

Allied submarines operating in the war zone faced the frequent danger of attack from friendly destroyers and patrol vessels which mistook them for the enemy. On one occasion the L-10 sighted two American destroyers and assumed that it had not been seen. Then it submerged to sixty feet and changed course. Suddenly there was a series of explosions from depth charges. The concussion put out lights and opened the motor switches, forcing the submarine to come up and show recognition signals before the patrol boats could open fire. The captain of the destroyer then discovered that he had been attacking a submarine commanded by his former roommate at Annapolis.

Invariably, when a periscope was sighted, destroyers and patrol vessels opened fire before signals could be made. At times, after making a signal that attracted the attention of patrol vessels, the answer would be the splash of a shell near the boat. One young submarine commander attempted to carry out the order that upon sighting a friendly vessel he should not submerge until recognition signals were exchanged. He persisted in the effort until the destroyer had fired no less than twenty rounds at his boat. "To hell with this!" he finally ejaculated. "Crash dive." Submarines forced to remain on the surface at night to recharge their batteries were often in danger of being rammed by ships which failed to see them. One narrowly escaped destruction under the keel of the Leviathan. It dived barely in time to hear the darkened transport pass overhead with just a few feet to spare.

Both the submarine and the submarine fighter operated along our North Atlantic Coast before the conclusion of the war. The United States saw the first German submersible in 1916 when the Deutschland made what were announced as two commercial visits here. After our entry into the war, submarines of this type returned as raiders. Actually they had a dual purpose: First, to destroy shipping, and second, to keep our own antisubmarine craft at home for defensive reasons, thus withholding them from the active war zone. The raids, however, did not prevent the Navy from sending small craft abroad, nor did they deter the sending of convoys. Their only effects were the destruction of shipping and the laying of mine fields. Before the war had ended, seventy-nine ships were attacked and sunk by German submarines operating on the surface near our Atlantic Coast.

Only Sixty Miles From Cape May

Of these, sixty-two were small fishing vessels, schooners, tugs and barges, and seventeen were steamers. Fourteen steamships were torpedoed in the same area by submerged raiders. Seven steamers, two of them large warships, were sunk or damaged by mines laid by the submarines along our Atlantic Coast. Apparently, the submarines feared the armed guard of the larger vessels and avoided the danger of a gunfire battle.

The first loss of life caused by submarine attacks along the American coast resulted from the capture and sinking of the passenger steamer Carolina. This vessel was attacked by gunfire at about six P.M. on June 2, 1918, by the submarine U-151, sixty miles east of Cape May. After passengers and crew had abandoned the ship and embarked in boats, at the commander's orders the Carolina was destroyed. One small boat later capsized in the heavy seas, causing the death of thirteen persons, of whom two were women. Occupants of the other boats were rescued.

The cruise of the ex-Deutschland, rechristened the U-155, was highly spectacular and exciting. This submarine left Kiel in August of 1918, fitted for war duty. On the twenty-seventh of that month it attacked an American convoy composed of the cargo carriers Montoso, Ticonderoga and Rondo, about sixty miles northwest of the island of Corvo, in the Azores. The Montoso and Ticonderoga were armed and returned the fire, forcing the German to submerge. Five days later it attacked the U. S. S. Frank H. Buck, 450 miles northwest of Corvo. Again it was beaten off, under circumstances which convinced the captain of the cargo carrier that it had been destroyed. Despite his assurance, the U-155 torpedoed a Norwegian steamer the next day and attacked a British merchantman a week later.

The accuracy of the British Intelligence Service is clearly shown by a message received in Washington on September ninth which ran as follows:

> S. S. Monmouth reports that on September seventh she was chased about latitude 43° N., longitude 45° 40′ W. Should this report prove reliable, submarine would be one of the two convertible types which were expected to sail from Germany about the middle of August, and she would reach the American coast about September fifteenth. It is known that the other had not left Kiel on September second.

As later evidence proved, the U-155 was just south of Sable Island on September fifteenth. The other submarine mentioned in the dispatch was the U-139, which left Kiel in mid-September to operate off the Azores.

According to Schedule

Other instances of the Allies' intimate knowledge of German submarine plans were plentiful. On June 29, 1918, Admiral Sims reported:

> Second cruiser submarine at sea, at present off west coast of Ireland, her field of operation not yet known; cannot reach longitude of Nantucket Light Ship before July fifteenth.

The U-156, sister ship of the Deutschland, proceeded to this coast and reached Sandy Hook on July fourteenth.

On July twenty-fourth, another message from Admiral Sims reported:

> Admiralty has received reliable information indicating that U-156 is intended to operate in Gulf of Maine, but if foggy there, to shift operations off Delaware.

The U-156 sank many vessels off the coast of Nova Scotia on August third, fourth and fifth.

On August 1, 1918, it was reported that a new mine-laying submarine was off the American coast and probably would reach Nantucket Light Ship August second. This was the U-117, which passed Nantucket Light Ship on August eleventh.

On August 9, 1918, the British Admiralty gave the information that two submarines of the Deutschland type would leave Germany about the middle of August for America. It was estimated that these submarines would reach American waters about the second week of September. The U-155 was 200 miles from Halifax on September fifteenth.

On August 10, 1918, and September 2, 1918, Admiral Sims reported the return route of the submarines that were laying mines off the American coast. The tracks of these submarines plotted after the war from German records proved the accuracy of this information.

Such knowledge of German plans undoubtedly contributed to losses in submarines suffered by the enemy during the war. As a result of all the methods employed against them, 178 of the undersea raiders were sunk, 7 were interned, after being stranded or damaged in engagements, and 14 were blown up when their Flanders bases were abandoned. Of the 178 lost, 18 were destroyed by ramming, 7 by Q boats, 17 by Allied submarines, 59 by gunfire and depth charges from destroyers and other patrol vessels, 43 by mines and 6 by bombs from aircraft. The fate of the 28 others is still unknown. What caused their destruction must remain among the mysteries of the sea.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Admiral Magruder. The next will appear in the issue of March second.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Whose mouth wouldn't water?

Pineapple like this in every can we pack

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DOLE

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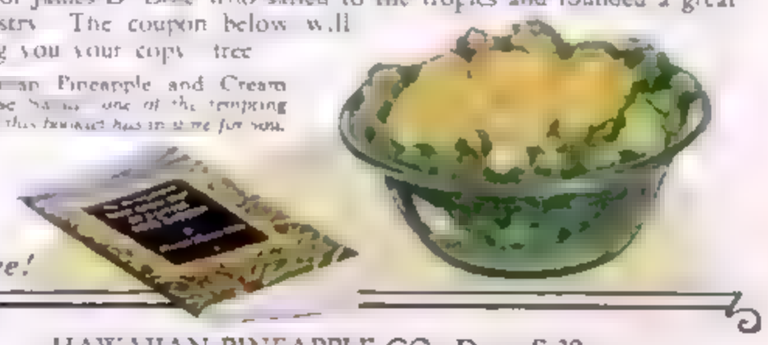
Here's a perfect treasure in planning *different* meals. "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" brings you 30 clever and exclusive recipes—salads, entrees and desserts. Tells, too, the romantic tale of James D. Dole who sailed to the tropics and founded a great industry. The coupon below will bring you your copy free.

Hawaiian Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad—one of the tempting dishes this booklet has in store for you.



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HE'LL COME HOME

(Continued from Page 23)

"I am a slow worker. I dare say it would take me three or four days to complete the work." My father's face must have assumed an expression of displeasure, for the artist hastily added: "I assure you I should put you to no inconvenience, except for borrowing a little water from time to time. I should bring my own refreshments, and as I am blessed with a good circulation, I do not anticipate any ill effects from sitting hour after hour in the cold."

"Look you here," said the old man indignantly, "if I grant you permission to paint my house it does not include the right to insult my hospitality. No man eats his own victuals inside the walls of my garden or strews the place with sandwich wrappers either. If my table ain't good enough for a stranger to put his legs under, he isn't going off with a portrait of my house under his arm."

"But please believe me," the artist replied, "I had no wish to offend. Indeed, your hospitality overwhelms me, and if I may, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"The sooner the better," said my father, "and as I hear the teacups chattering, you can make a start at once." Without waiting for acceptance or refusal, he possessed himself of the artist's painting gear and satchel, cast it upon a hall chair and ushered him into the parlor. "An unexpected guest, Bob," said he. "'Fraid I mistook him for one of those Paul Prys into that Hacket affair. My name is John Shaftoe, and this is my son Robert."

"And mine," said our visitor, "is Warrinder—James Warrinder."

I will not attempt to conceal the fact that Mr. Warrinder did not prepossess me. He was a slender man, tall, but stooping, with a head that stuck away from his body as though anxious to escape from it altogether. His face was lean and of an unhealthy pallor that belied the boast he had made of a vigorous arterial system. It was in no sense the face of a man accustomed to wintry exposure. His skin might well have been bleached by midnight oil. I noticed that the lobes of his ears were attached to the hinges of his jaw and that when he spoke the ears were constantly twitching. His eyes were almost permanently veiled under lowered lids, fringed with the palest of lashes. It was as though for very modesty or timidity he did not trust himself to meet another man's gaze. At the first glimpse I detected that the irises were of a pinkish hazel hue. This I attributed to the light of the falling sun, and it was not until he took off his tweed hat and revealed a head covered with fine-as-floss-silk snow-white hair that I suspected him of albinism.

The hand he gave me was smooth as a woman's, with long and tenuous fingers, but, unlike a woman's, was lacking in firmness and lay in mine lifelessly, like a sprig of dead vegetation. His movements were very soft and silent. Indeed, he walked as he talked—with an unmanly sleekness. My father's hospitality was a byword throughout the countryside, but at such a time, when all my thoughts were bent on the problem I had set myself to solve, I was surprised and annoyed that he should have introduced this creature into our family circle.

Intercepting a great wink from the old man, who was standing behind our visitor, I judged that he had a reason that was not yet apparent to me. Just then Anne came into the room to announce that tea was ready

"Tell the girl to lay another place, my dear, and show Mr. Warrinder where he can get a wash. This is my daughter Anne," he added.

I could see by Anne's back as she conducted our visitor from the room that she liked him no better than I did. Waiting until they were out of earshot, I made so bold as to criticize the impulse that led to the invitation.

"Have you ever heard of an artist who was an albino?" he replied.

"No, by George!" said I. "They have no color sense."

"Well, then," said my father, "what's wrong with offering the poor fellow bed as well as board? In a business of this kind, Bob, everything depends on getting off the mark as and when opportunity arises."

Anne reappeared. "That's a nasty piece of work," she said. "What's the idea, dad?"

"Bob'll explain."

"The idea," said I, with a sudden inspiration, "is that you should play chatterbox, Anne, and prattle all kinds of indiscreet nonsense about the Farthing Hacket affair. You might go so far as to say I spent the whole of an afternoon poring over the dead man's note case behind a locked door."

"Do you think I'm a complete fool?" said she, and colored angrily.

My father's rough hand slid round her waist. "We don't, but it might be as well to give our visitor that idea."

"Why?"

"Tell you later," I whispered, for I heard softly approaching footsteps, "but don't forget to mention that quite recently I lost my job."

Anne sighed. "I suppose," she said, "there's a reason for all this, but I don't fancy the job one bit."

XI

DESPITE her natural reluctance, Anne sustained the character of a little farm gossip to perfection. She simply could not check the tide of her chatter.

"We never see anyone here, Mr. Warrinder," she explained, giggling apologetically, "'cept dull friends of father's. Talking to anyone intelligent is such a change. Bob finding that skeleton in the wood has given one such heaps to say."

Warrinder's pinkish eyes wandered over her for a second. "Why, naturally," said he, "and I count myself fortunate to hear the story through such agreeable channels."

"Wasn't it awful?" she pursued. "Bob says it was just a bag of bones—an empty husk, he called it—with that note case stuffed to overflowing inside."

"Remarkable—a remarkable experience. And did you see the note case, Miss Shaftoe?" Warrinder spoke over the rim of a lifted teacup.

"Oh, yes, but not till Bob had spent hours in his room alone with it."

Here I intervened: "Anne darling, this can be of no interest to our guest. It's all in the papers if he wants to know about it."

Warrinder gave a nervous gesture. "As I told your father, I do not read the newspapers, and were I to do so, their accounts would lack the interest of hearing the story at first hand."

"Don't bother to be polite in this house," my father boomed. "Like other girls, Anne's got too much to say."

"Ah, pardon me," said Warrinder gallantly, "but that is a matter of opinion, Mr. Shaftoe."

Anne, who was pouting at the reproof, broke into a smile at the implied compliment.

"They always shut me up, Mr. Warrinder, and when I'm shut, they shut up themselves, so nothing ever gets said. But wasn't it extraordinary Bob finding all that money the very day after he got axed out of the navy? If it had been me, I'm certain I would never have said a word about it—would you?"

My father mumbled something about her being a fair specimen of female honesty.

"But even masculine honesty is sometimes elastic in such a case," said Warrinder, raising a pale eyebrow and looking at me, then away again. "I regret to hear you have sustained reverses, Mr. Robert."

"And I regret," I replied, scowling at Anne, "that my misfortunes should be inflicted upon anyone else."

"Oh, please! There is no occasion to regret that. I am sure you have my sincerest sympathy."

"Thanks," said I.

"In what particular manner ——" he began, but my father interrupted.

"If you've finished your tea, Anne, sit down at the piano and give Mr. Warrinder a tune. As an artist, he'll enjoy that."

And while Anne played, with a singularly mechanical touch, affected to suit the character, my father and I elaborately steered the conversation as far as possible from the subject upon which we suspected our guest was seeking enlightenment.

"Where are you putting up, Mr. Warrinder?" father demanded.

Warrinder raised his shoulders. "It is a matter in which I would be glad of your advice," said he. "At present I am a wanderer on the face of the globe—a vagrant of no fixed abode. Where I pitch my easel, I pitch my tent, so to speak."

"Oh, are you camping out? What a joke!" said Anne.

"I am not quite so hardy as that, Miss Shaftoe. I seek my lodging here, there, anywhere. I travel with my luggage on my back."

My father rubbed his nose. "If a hard bed in an attic is any good to you, you're welcome to it," said he.

Mr. Warrinder deprecated the suggestion with both hands. "I wouldn't think of putting you to so much trouble."

"No trouble to air a pair o' sheets," my father replied.

And in this manner Mr. James Warrinder became a guest at Xavier Farm.

XII

ALTHOUGH the most generous of men, there were certain economies which my father invariably practiced. One of these related to the wasting of light. Accustomed to be out and about at the chirp of the first sparrow, he looked to it that his family were packed off to bed with unchristian earliness. Nine-thirty of a winter's evening heard the shooting of the front-door bolts and saw the sitting-room lamps extinguished. During the evening, after a short stroll round the farm buildings, our guest had huddled, shivering, before the great open fireplace.

"A touch of malaria," he complained. "I'll be perfectly all right after a night between the blankets." He repeated the statement three or four times before Anne suggested lighting a fire in his room. "Not on any account," he protested. "I have been more than enough trouble already." But there was that in the tone of his voice which indicated that a fire would be welcome.

"Of course you must have one," said Anne. "I wouldn't sleep if I thought you were shivering in that damp attic." With a smile over her shoulder, she ran from the room.

Shortly afterward we all retired, my father and I accompanying Warrinder aloft to be sure he had everything he needed.

"Bob," said my father, when we had wished our guest good night and descended to the landing below—"Bob, come along to my room for a minute. Yours being just underneath where that beggar is sleeping, it is not a healthy place to talk in." Lighting another candle, he sat down on the bed and kicked off his boots. "If I were you, Bob," he said, "I'd be careful where I kept that paper so long as this beggar is about the place. In my opinion it won't be long before he has a try to get hold of it."

I nodded. "I had thought of that already, father. The formula isn't in the house. I made a copy which I hid in the roof of the old tithe barn."

"And the original?" he asked.

"Safely hidden," I replied.

"Then we can sleep with easy minds. . . . Good night, Bob."

I had risen at four o'clock the preceding morning to find good hiding places for the formula and the copy I had made. The original, stuffed into a cigarette tin, I had buried under a millstone which formed the plinth of a sundial. It was rather a famous millstone, being reputed to have ground the flour used in the making of Queen Victoria's wedding cake.

As I took off my clothes preparatory to getting to bed, I heard Warrinder moving about on the floor above and the metallic rattle of coals being put on the fire. It was evident that he did not mean to let himself get chilly, and I wondered whether he had maneuvered getting a fire so that he could stay up all night without discomfort.

So long as he wore his boots every sound he made was as distinct as though he shared my room. This was explained by the fact that there was no plaster ceiling to separate us, but merely heavy floor boards pegged down on crossbeams of old oak. Here and there a board had shrunk as much as half an inch from its fellow. Looking up, I could see the flickering light of his fire dancing through the parted seams. Assuming that our visitor had more than an ordinary reason to interest himself in my movements, he could not have asked for better opportunities to study them than the attic afforded. Being a stranger to the house, he was unacquainted with my proximity, and a malicious humor decided me to enlighten him without delay. As I had kicked off my shoes in the passage, it was unlikely he had heard me come into my room, and until my preparations were complete, I determined to be noiseless as possible. Tiptoeing to the corner in which my writing table stood, I took a sheet of paper, scribbled a few words upon it and tucked it in an envelope upon which I printed the word "Formula." This I put in a cash box.

While so doing I heard the scrape of a chair above and the complaint of wickerwork as he lowered his body into it.

Moving to the door, I opened it silently, shouted a lusty "Good night, father," and closed it with a bang.

Once more I heard the wicker chair complain as his body rose out of it. Going to the bedside table, I lit an extra two candles and flashed a glance at the seams in the floor boards just in time to see and faintly to hear the blowing out of his own lights. Once again, but more faintly, I heard the scroop of the chair, after which the flickering from the firelight also disappeared. Evidently my friend, realizing that I was just below him, separated only by a floor which had much the character of a colander, had determined to use the chair as a fire screen.

Sitting down on the end of my bed where I was pretty sure I was in view, I whistled thoughtfully and rapped my teeth after the fashion of a man who is debating a problem. Then I said "Yes" aloud, crossed to my writing table and returned with the cash box, which I laid upon my knee and stared at. Assuming that he was watching me, what followed must have bored him excessively. I stared at the cash box for ages, as though unable to decide what to do with it. At long last I took a bunch of keys from my pocket, unlocked the box, rummaged among the papers and bank notes it contained, and finally drew forth the envelope which I had put there ten minutes before. As the envelope appeared, I distinctly heard a sharp intake of breath. Tossing the cash box on the bed, I went down on my knees and with a penknife opened a seam in the mattress and tucked the envelope inside. My next job was to search among my kit for an old housewife I had had when on active service. With needle and thread, I cobbled up the seam and made all shipshape.

"Now," said I to myself, "if that letter vanishes in the immediate future, we shall have a pretty good idea who's got it."

(Continued on Page 82)

LEE

of Conshohocken

The New SUPER DE LUXE

This new tire from the factory of master craftsmen is created for the up-to-date motorist who wants safety and years of service without tire renewals.

For as many miles as you usually drive any car, a set of these tires will carry you the whole distance, leaving plenty to spare.

So perfectly is this tire designed; so flawless are the materials, so painstakingly is it made; so skillfully is its deep non-skid all-season tread fashioned that it richly deserves the title, "The Perfectly Balanced Tire".

From the bead, through its side wall, to its massive wear-resisting tread, this SUPER DE LUXE possesses original features not found, we believe, in any other tire.

Its price is obviously high, higher perhaps than any other tire made, yet only a decade ago you paid considerably more* for tires which surprised you if they lasted five thousand miles.

The LEE SUPER DE LUXE is recommended for your new car, and it is as economical for Fords and Chevrolets as for the larger and most costly cars.

Go to any LEE dealer. Order a full set with the LEE DE LUXE Special Tube and forget tire troubles.

In May, 1919, our price to dealers on a 37 x 5 fabric tire was $58.10. Retail price obviously higher. The cost of a LEE SUPER DE LUXE of equivalent size is considerably less.

GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U. S. A.
FACTORIES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. *and* YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Now more than ever-

IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF PUBLIC FAVOR

With New Lower Prices

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

$875

F. O. B. LANSING

Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

Oldsmobile now offers new engineering advances that increase performance and dependability —new touches of smartness—new evidences of luxury—new provisions for comfort and convenience . . . and all at even lower prices!

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Thousands have visited the great national automobile shows. Thousands have seen the 1929 Oldsmobile and compared it with other cars. And again the spotlight of public favor has singled out Oldsmobile—

—not because of any radical changes in the 1929 Oldsmobile, but for a more vital and fundamental reason—

—because critical comparison with other cars in its field unmistakably reveals an overwhelming margin of value in favor of Oldsmobile.

Desirable improvements have been added to the fine car that won enthusiastic praise from thousands of owners whom it has served so dependably. And at the same time *its price has been substantially reduced!*

Already representative of the most progressive engineering, Oldsmobile's big high-compression engine now develops 62 horsepower. Piston-pins are now pressure-lubricated through rifle-drilled connecting rods—an engineering feature heretofore characteristic of high-priced cars.

Already distinctive in appearance, the smartness of Oldsmobile's Fisher bodies has been enhanced by new headlamps on chromium-plated mountings—by a new cadet-type visor—and by a wide choice of new, sparkling color combinations.

And even greater luxury is revealed inside the car—by deeper, softer seat-cushions—by new, more costly upholsteries—and by the wonderful new adjustable front seat, developed by Fisher within the past few months, which may be moved instantly forward or backward, simply by turning the seat-regulator. And four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers are included as standard equipment.

Come and see this finer Oldsmobile—drive it yourself—and you will immediately recognize why it is now, more than ever, in the spotlight of public favor.

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Having baited the trap, I undressed and went to sleep.

XIII

I WAS roused by a stentorian roar from my father: "Bob! Hullo there!"

My impression as I sat bolt upright in bed was that it was day. The window frame behind the cretonne curtain was silhouetted against a glowing amber light. Jumping up and dragging the curtains aside, I realized the cause—one of the big hayricks fifty yards away was blazing furiously.

Hauling on a pair of bags and grabbing my old shooting coat, I hared for the staircase and clattered down to the hall. My sister and the female servants were already there with a muster of buckets. The hall door was wide open, and above the roar of the fire I heard my father hallooing for the cowman, the carter and the hands who lodged in cottages near by. As I went out he came running toward me.

"No use trying to get it out," he said. "We must save the other ricks, though, or the buildings'll catch."

As soon as the men joined us we made a bucket chain from the duck pond and got to work. It was pretty warm work, too, and but for a friendly breeze which fanned the flames away from the neighboring ricks, the whole lot, and probably the farm itself, would have gone up in smoke. Anne got on the telephone to the local fire brigade and, contrary to usual experience, they showed up with a pump within half an hour of the call.

By the time that burning rick was reduced to a sodden mass of smoking black trash there wasn't enough water left in the pond to put out a candle.

We had been too busy to give any thought as to the cause of the fire, and it was not until the fire-brigade men, the hands and the rest of us were gathered together before a barrel of beer in the kitchen that the question arose.

"Ricks don't catch themselves in a frost," said my father. "Someone ——"

He stopped, brought his fist down with a crash on the table and started from the room.

I followed, for the same idea must have come into our heads at the same time. We went up to the top floor three steps at a time and threw open the attic door.

The embers of the fire still glimmered in the grate, shedding a faint glow upon the unslept-in bed and empty chair. Of our visitor there was no sign, even the satchel which had contained his modest equipment was gone. My father stared at me and nodded.

"Fired the rick and got away in the fuss," he said. "But dang it, boy, why?"

We found the answer in my bedroom, neatly expressed by a slit in the mattress and some tufts of horsehair scattered on the floor.

"But, Bob, you were never fool enough to hide the formula in that place?" he demanded.

"Not the formula," I replied, "but a letter I prepared before I went to bed, which contained the simple phrase, 'I rather doubt if you are up to the job.'"

My father gave a grim smile and said, "That joke has cost me as clean a rick of hay as any in Sussex." He became suddenly serious, and added: "But it proves you're up against a tough racket. From now onward, my boy, I'd get into the habit of walking in the middle of the road and keeping your eyes open. Unless I'm mistaken, there'll be some lively happenings in the near future."

I may be wrong, but I had a positive impression that there was a gleam of satisfaction in the old man's eyes as he faced round and marched from the room.

XIV

BY THE first post next morning I received two letters. One was a communication from the World-United Oil Company to say that Mr. Oscar Kahnet had been reconsidering the visit I had paid him on the ninth instant and had a proposition to make which he would outline if I called in person at the earliest date convenient to myself. It was not until I had read the second letter that I attached any particular significance to it.

The second letter was written on foreign note paper, with unmistakably foreign ink. It bore a Newhaven postmark, which suggested that it had been brought over on the night packet from France and posted on this side. The handwriting was sensitive but deliberate—rather an unusual writing. The single sheet of paper the envelope contained bore no address. It was headed Farthing Hacket. Below were written the words:

Will you see me? Boat leaves Newhaven for Dieppe 10 P.M. Be smoking a cigarette and drop it in the water accidentally as you come down the gangway. Please burn this

There was no signature, but I was utterly sure that the letter was from Noelle. I had handed over the photographs of the two girls to the police, and so I had no means of comparing the written characters of her name with those on the sheet before me. Had I done so, since she had been a child at the time, there is little likelihood there would have been much resemblance between the two. The conviction, however, was solid in my mind from my first glance. That same feel of confidence mounted my finger tips as when first I had touched the envelope containing the formula.

Only my father was in the room and I handed him the letter to read.

"The girl?" he said.

"That's what I think," I nodded.

"You'll go?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment, biting the mouthpiece of his pipe ruminatively. At last he said: "I think you're right. Of course it might be a trap, but"—he picked up the letter and scanned it again—"there's something honest in the writing." He held the letter over the fire. "Have you done with it?"

"I suppose so."

I rather disliked the letter's being burned and I watched it blaze up, curl and char disconsolately. Once more I picked up the communication from the World-United and instantly wondered how they knew where to find me. When I had called at the offices I had neither left nor been asked to leave an address. The explanation was, of course, simple enough: They had seen my address in the papers in the report of the coroner's proceedings. Oscar Kahnet had sent me away with a very positive indication that my services were not wanted. Why then had he changed his opinion? Nothing I had said in court was calculated to convince him that I would be a valuable servant to an oil company. As my thoughts reached that point, I spoke the words "oil company" half aloud.

"What's that?" my father demanded, and with a cock of the eyebrow that seemed to say "May I?" crossed to my side and read the letter.

"Oscar Kahnet," he repeated. Then, looking at me—"What were the initials in that scrawl the aviator wrote just before he died?"

A pringle of excitement stirred under my hair. "You're right," I said. "O. K."

The old man filled a pipe thoughtfully. "This goes deep, Bob," he said. "We may, of course, be letting our imaginations run wild, but the inference isn't altogether fantastic."

"But look here, guv'nor," said I, "Kahnet is one of the biggest men in the City of London. There's a capital of millions at the back of the World-United."

"Just so," he nodded, "and on that account, if on no other, it would scarcely be to their advantage to see the motor-spirit market flooded with a cheap substitute. I wonder if our friend of last night was an ambassador of the firm."

I shook my head. "Scarcely. This letter must have been mailed before 5.30 to reach us by the first post. That rick burner didn't show up until after six."

He nodded. "Which seems to point to there being more than one lot of scalawags in the business."

I looked at my watch. "The sooner we know it, the better," I said. "I'll take the car up to town straightway." As an afterthought, I added: "Look here, guv'nor, I may get Dominic Vane to bring it back and put in a few days with you at the farm."

My father scowled. "I'm not so old as that," he grumbled.

"As a pal of mine, you won't refuse him a bed," I replied, "and he'll make a bit of company for Anne."

It was not our custom to make farewells, and it rather astonished me when the old man slipped an arm round my shoulders and gave me a hearty squeeze.

"God take care of you," he said.

I put a few things in a bag and took an old tweed ulster from a peg in the hall.

"Where are you going?" Anne demanded.

"If I don't answer that, then neither soft words nor torture will persuade you to reveal the secret," I answered; and giving her a kiss, went off in the direction of the garage.

The snap of frost had stiffened up the bearings and I had to swing on the handle like a navvy before I could get a shot out of the engine. Pausing for breath, I chanced to look up in the direction of the downs. From a gorse patch, the best part of a mile away, two bright spots of light twinkled at me, brilliantly reflecting the early morning sun. A pair of field glasses, I thought, belonging to one of the rubbernecks drawn by morbid interest to the spot. I turned once more to the car and this time got her firing.

At the end of the avenue the road takes a sharp left-hand turn and follows the line of the downs across a terrain of plowed fields. It is a narrow track, without hedges and barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass. I had covered half of it when I saw before me a harrow lying deserted in the roadway. Nobody appeared to be in charge of the thing, nor was there a horse in the shafts. It seemed to have been dragged off the plow and left marooned in the road. There was nothing very surprising in that, for the yokels in that part of the country are simple folk with a great lack of imagination. Assuming the draft horse had gone lame, the average plowman would think no harm to leave the harrow where it was and lead the horse back to the farm.

Running up to within a few yards, I jumped out of the car and picking up the shafts began to manhandle it off the road. I had scarcely lifted the shafts when something whined past my ear, and chipping a flint in the field beyond, sailed on, moaning shrilly. From the downs came a faint but clear crack.

Dropping the shafts, I looked up to the sky line, and as I did so, with a whir as of bees, a dozen bullets pecked at the ground to right and left of where I stood. I give you my word I didn't stay long after that. There was not a vestige of cover, and it was only by luck the machine gun failed to get me with the first spray. I ducked my head and ran, leaped aboard the car, and letting the engine reverse in low gear, looped over the plowed field and regained the road on the far side of the deserted harrow. But for the frost I would have been hogged to the axles, but the ground was just crisp enough to bear for the few instants it took to cross it. Until I was back on the road on the other side, I was too excited to pay heed to the attentions of the machine gun half a mile away in the gorse patch. It may have been that the man in charge was not a real professor at his job, but the way the earth was chopped up all over the place proved that he was, at least, doing his best. Until I had covered the last yard of that stretch of open road he was dispatching nickel valentines after me with unsparing liberality.

When you haven't been shot over for a matter of ten years, the experience, though stimulating, is apt to make you resentful. If the subtle attentions had been bestowed upon me with the idea of discouraging any further attempt to concern myself with the affairs of the dead man of Farthing Hacket, I can confidently say that the effect produced was the reverse. I swore by the steering wheel under my hand that, come what might, I would go through with the business to either a honeyed or a bitter end.

XV

ON MY journey to town I met with no other adventure, if one excepts running into a police trap on the outskirts of a village and coming to a satisfactory arrangement with the officer in command to discharge the fine then and there rather than await the decision of the courts. I drove to Dominic's office in Old Broad Street and had the good fortune to find him in.

Dominic was wearing a suit of rough tweeds and a pair of brown brogue shoes—painfully in evidence by reason of the fact that he had parked them on his office table. A huge brier pipe hung from the corner of his mouth. His general appearance was dejected and sorrowful.

When first we met he was disguised as the captain of a tramp steamer—supposedly neutral—and was justly elated at having drawn the monthly prize for soaking submarines against a field of competitors as long as your leg. The change in him was pathetic.

His greeting, "Isn't life awful?" typified his condition of mind.

"Awful, perhaps—precarious, certainly," I replied, and told him of the little send-off I had had earlier in the morning.

He took his pipe from his mouth, lowered his feet to the floor, stared at me incredulously and said, "You ask me to believe they popped at you with a machine gun?" I nodded. "What did you do about it?"

"What does one generally do when sprayed by that kind of gat?"

"One bunks."

"Just so," said I.

Life seemed to be stealing back into his features. "Where do I come in?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "I rather fancy I might like you to take the car back to Xavier this evening."

"That's nice," he said.

"And stay there for a bit," I added.

"Looks as if I might stay there for good," he laughed, "if your pal with the machine gun gets the range fixed."

I suggested he might haul in in the dark. He suggested hearing something more about it. Satisfying myself that no one was about, I cracked the egg.

I have never seen a man brighten up as Dominic brightened under the influence of that diet. He fairly expanded.

"That machine-gun group look to me a bit heavy-footed, you know—where they walk, they sink. That kind generally work out their own undoing. But the other fellar, Oscar Kahnet, is a different proposition. He has the looks of a captive balloon come to earth, but up here"—and he tapped his forehead—"is a very high-class equipment. If you are right in assuming he's in this business, he won't let you out of his sight until he's got you where he wants you. No, sir—as our American cousins put it—once he gets his teeth in, he'll hold on. If I were you I'd give him a miss and float by sky to France while the floating's good."

I shook my head. "Not until I've sized up the situation, Dom."

"All right then, but I'd have my getaway clearly defined before the interview. You won't be given a chance after it." He leaned back in his chair. "Now wait a bit and let's think it out."

We thought it out, in detail, and made an appointment to meet at the Sports Club in St. James's Square at three o'clock.

XVI

HAVING regard to the difficulties opposed to my first meeting with Oscar Kahnet, the reception accorded me at the offices of the World-United was overpowering. I had scarcely given my name to the

(Continued on Page 86)

How to avoid SORE THROAT...and COLDS

Prevent a cold this way?

Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown before, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

Tests show amazing power against bacteria

Kills typhoid germs in 15 seconds

More than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

Therefore, an irritated throat demands immediate attention. It may be the symptom of a cold—or worse. The germs causing the irritation must be killed before they get the upper hand.

Listerine, used full strength as a gargle, is a powerful aid in killing germs. Repeated tests by laboratories of national repute prove it. For example, Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds destroyed even the virulent M. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germs.

Yet Listerine is so gentle and safe it may be used undiluted in any cavity of the body.

Now you can understand why millions rely on Listerine to avoid ordinary sore throat and colds entirely, and to check them should they gain a throat hold. You'll be amazed to find how quickly Listerine brings relief.

If, however, a feeling of soreness persists, call your physician. It is no longer a matter with which an antiseptic can deal.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office, and at the first sign of throat irritation gargle repeatedly with it full strength. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The
Outstanding Che
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-a Six in the price range of

Beyond all Expectations

Those who have seen and driven the sensational new Chevrolet Six have acclaimed it as exceeding their greatest expectations.

Those who looked forward to marvelous new beauty were astonished to find that, in the new bodies, Fisher has achieved one of the greatest style triumphs of its long and brilliant history.

Those who expected remarkable performance were literally amazed at the power, speed, acceleration and fuel-economy of *better than 20 miles to the gallon* that Chevrolet engineers have built into the new six-cylinder valve-in-head motor. The smoothness of operation made possible by this new engine is a revelation to all who have driven the new Chevrolet.

And those who anticipated exceptional value were astounded that such outstanding beauty, quality and six-cylinder performance could possibly be provided in the price range of the four.

Go to your Chevrolet dealer. See and drive this remarkable new Chevrolet Six—and you, too, will find it far beyond your highest expectations!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Coach
$595

The Roadster	$525
The Phaeton	$525
The Coupe	$595
The Sedan	$675
The Sport Cabriolet	$695
The Convertible Landau	$725
Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$400
1½ Ton Chassis	$545
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$650

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 82)

hall porter before I was bundled into a lift and borne aloft. Everyone seemed out of breath at the sight of me. The assistant manager, Mr. Cole, whisked me down the narrow passage and projected me into Oscar Kahnet's presence.

"He's here, sir—he's here," he gasped, and closing the door behind him, beat a hasty retreat.

Oscar Kahnet was seated in the big armchair, as before, but this time his face was uncovered and he betrayed no disposition to go to sleep. He did not offer to shake hands, but greeted me with a welcoming smile inspired by genuine enthusiasm.

"There is no surer way of winning my approval," he fluted, "than the ability in a man to make up his mind at a moment's notice. You, Commander Shaftoe, have shown yourself of that character."

I humped my shoulders. "I made up my mind to call, sir," said I, "but my resolutions do not extend further."

"Why should they?" he replied. "A man who knows his value does not squander his services idly."

"As to that," said I, "I am relying upon you to assess my value."

He nodded agreeably and produced from his pocket a draft contract in typescript.

"Cast your eye over this and let me have your opinion," said he.

The contract read:

In consideration of a salary of three thousand pounds per annum and bonuses, I, Robert Shaftoe, late Commander R. N., do hereby agree to serve the World-United Oil Company in any capacity I may think fit for a duration of time only to be determined by myself or the liquidation of the company.

And in further consideration of the abovementioned salary and bonuses, I do declare and avow that I will enter into no undertaking or business dealings whatever that might prejudice the interests of the said company. And that my services will include the handing over to them of any and all information valuable to the interests of the company that I may now possess or become possessed of in the future.

If there had been a shadow of doubt in my mind as to the identity of the O. K. referred to in the dead airman's letter, this document disposed of it.

I looked up and found that Oscar Kahnet was watching me fixedly.

"You will understand," said he, "that the term 'bonus' is elastic and may be taken to include practically any sum of money you might reasonably demand."

I nodded and tried to look bewildered. "Just so," I said; "but what I cannot understand is the motive of the company in putting up this extraordinary proposal."

"I leave you to form your own conjectures," said he. "My mission is to offer, not to explain. When I remind you there is a share capital of one hundred million pounds in World-United you will realize that we are able to pay liberally for our fancies."

"And I am one of them?"

He inclined his head. "At the moment, there is no one whose services we are more eager to employ. You are so placed today as to be able to command a position of financial security that will relieve the future of all anxiety."

"I am not sure that a certain amount of anxiety is not of advantage to a man."

"In some cases yes," Oscar Kahnet allowed, "but not in yours."

"I don't follow."

He put his finger tips together and stared at the ceiling. "Let us assume you were so rash as to reject my offer. Do you know what would happen? Life for you would develop a condition of such continued anxiety that the alternative to life would be positively welcome."

I grinned. "I was given a sample of that alternative early this morning through the barrel of a machine gun."

With an exclamation of sudden alarm, Oscar Kahnet came to his feet. It was the first time I had seen him standing, and the size of his gigantic body amazed me. In that tiny room, it was overwhelming.

"Already!" he cried "Already!" And without a word of explanation he lumbered from the room. Two minutes later he was back again and his calm had returned with him. "I have taken precautions," he said, "to avoid the danger of your meeting with any recurrence of your morning's adventure—at least for the present."

"Am I then to understand that you were responsible for it?"

Oscar Kahnet flapped one of his small pale hands. "Dear me, what a tiresome and silly question. Should I be making these proposals to you if that were so?"

There was logic in the reply, which I acknowledged with a bow, but added: "On the other hand, I have evidence that similar methods were at one time employed by a gentleman with the same initials as yourself."

A flicker of interest came into his eyes. "You are well informed," he said. "Perhaps in the past I was more summary in my dealings than I am today. It is not to be wondered at. In the year 1912 this concern was in its infancy. The appearance upon the market of anything calculated to oppose its progress was a danger one could not afford to treat ceremoniously." I smiled. "I would remind you, too, that I was, to employ a metaphor, in the position of a parent, Shaftoe—a parent with a young child to protect."

"There was another man who had a child two children—to protect. How did he fare?" I asked sweetly.

"He committed suicide," was the answer, "and the weapon that killed him was an obstinate pride. But for that he might have been one of the richest men alive today. He might, in short, be enjoying the privileges I am now offering to you."

"Instead of which," said I, "he and his secret have lain hidden in a wood for sixteen years."

Oscar Kahnet nodded. "How much better for the world," said he, "if it had been for sixteen centuries."

"The world," I countered, "or the World-United?"

"The two are inseparable," he replied. "Are you aware, one way and another, in production, distribution and transport, that there are nearly a million employes on the company's pay roll? As to the number of our shareholders, I have but to remind you of our enormous capital to prove that in every country on the face of the globe are investors, great and small, whose fortunes depend upon our financial security." His manner became grave. "Now, Shaftoe, if anything were to happen to undermine that security every one of those employes and every one of those investors would become a potential, if not an actual, enemy of the person responsible for providing the danger."

What he said impressed me deeply, for until that moment I had not envisaged the extent of the blow that would be struck at the great oil companies by the introduction of a cheap substitute for motor spirit.

I was searching my brain for a reply when I recalled that other letter I had received by the morning's post.

"It was, then, with a view to safeguarding these people's interests that you took the action that resulted so disastrously for that poor inventor?"

Oscar Kahnet nodded. "For that reason and no other"

"Sheer altruism?" said I.

"If you care to put it like that."

"Love of mankind, Mr. Kahnet?"

"The protective instinct of a parent," said he.

"But the inventor was also a parent, Mr. Kahnet."

"That, I believe, is true"

"In seeing that his mouth was finally shut, what provision was made by you for the youngsters he left behind him?"

He did not reply at once. Then—"The responsibilities of a parent are circumscribed, Shaftoe. I was concerned for the welfare of my own children."

"In short, you did nothing?"

"A man cannot fight for his enemy."

"Two girls one a child are not much of an enemy," said I.

"I fail to see where this is leading, Shaftoe."

"I'll tell you," I said. "You put up a fine case for your company, Kahnet, but it seems to me these youngsters have a good case, too—that hasn't had a hearing."

"For all I know, they may be dead," he said.

"On the other hand, they may be alive."

"In which case, Shaftoe, it would be a cruel act to reintroduce into their lives a hope that could end only in tragedy. Use your reason—sign that paper—and if it will satisfy your conscience to try afterward to trace these girls and make them some compensation, the resources of the company will be at your disposal."

"That is all very plausible and nice," said I, "but what right have I to sell a secret that doesn't belong to me?"

"There is an adage," said he, "that findings are keepings."

"Yes," I agreed, "and it has landed many a man in the lockup. No, no, Kahnet, that won't do. It isn't up to me to sell anything."

Oscar Kahnet's eyes narrowed dangerously. "It may be that you have nothing to sell. The formula is in code—alphabetical code; without the key word that code is meaningless."

But for the careless use of the adjective "alphabetical" I might never have realized that this was a shot in the dark. As I have already said, the formula was in numerical code. Thanks to his mistake, I did not betray the slightest surprise.

"In that case," said I, "you can safely allay your parental anxieties and let the whole thing rip."

I do not think he was altogether deceived—or altogether convinced. His reply was characteristic:

"It is not my habit to leave anything to chance."

"I see," said I. "You buy as you shoot—in the dark."

"Exactly."

I stood for a moment in thought, then reached out for the door handle. "This matter is too big to decide in a hurry. I'll think it over and return in a few days."

"It were wiser to decide at once," he said. "There are others besides myself, and their attitude toward you is not so forbearing."

I had, already, proof of that. "I am relying upon your promise," I said, "to protect me from their attentions."

Oscar Kahnet watched me in silence as I left the room and passed down the narrow passage. I had not expected to be allowed to leave without opposition. What I thought would happen I don't know, and I suppose it is hardly likely, even with the interests they had at stake, that they would hold me under duress in a City office. The excitement of the affair had set my imagination playing fantastic tricks. My uninterrupted departure from the offices of the World-United struck me as a trifle flat. Mr. Cole bowed as I passed him by and the hall porter touched his cap.

The branch of Cosway's Bank in which I kept my account was on the corner immediately facing the World-United Building, and as I needed to cash a check, I crossed to the bank and stayed for a few minutes talking with the manager, Mr. Belton, in his private office. Returning to the other side of the road, I stood on the pavement regarding my ancient automobile with sensations of doubt and perplexity and wondering what precautions Oscar Kahnet had taken to avoid a recurrence of the attack that had been made upon me under the downs.

While doing so I felt a light touch on the sleeve and heard someone whisper: "Quick work, Mr. Shaftoe, but you saved yourself by a narrow margin."

I swung round, but the pavement was crowded with business men hurrying to luncheon. Any one of a score of men might have been the individual who addressed me. The remark was cryptic, to say the least, and as I drove away I wondered what it could mean.

There was a traffic block at the corner of Wellington Street, and I happened to see one of the midday posters of the Evening News. It read: World-United's Amazing Deal with Young Naval Commander.

Whistling to the newsboy, I bought a copy of the paper and read in the stop-press column:

We are informed that Oscar Kahnet, chairman of the board of directors of the World-United Oil Company, has entered into a contract involving an enormous salary and bonus with Commander Robert Shaftoe, late R. N., whose name recently appeared in this paper in connection with his discovery of the dead body of a German aviator in a wood in Sussex.

It is rumored that Shaftoe is bringing to the company an invention of the utmost importance.

At first I thought that the paragraph merely foretold what Kahnet had imagined would be my inevitable acceptance of his proposals, and it was not until a policeman was shouting inquiries as to whether I intended to leave my car in the middle of the road as a permanent memorial to a person of unsound mind that I realized the subtlety of the maneuver. In publishing a statement that I had accepted his offer, Oscar Kahnet would conclusively convince those gentlemen with the machine gun that they were too late. He had, in short, supplied me with a greater safeguard than I could have enjoyed had I been protected by the Brigade of Guards.

XVII

DRIVING into St. James's Square from Pall Mall, I saw Dominic's car, with himself at the wheel, drawn up by the curb on the southeast corner. I passed him without a flicker of mutual recognition and parked my car on the north side of the square. Entering the Sports Club, I waited in the vestibule two or three minutes until Dominic arrived. He had not parked his car, but had left it immediately before the club entrance.

Our dialogue was of the briefest, and while talking we made a swift exchange of hats and overcoats.

"You were sleuthed into the square by some fellows in a limousine. They have parked alongside your old bus." He pushed a handful of letters into my hand as he spoke. "Be opening 'em as you go down the steps. It'd look natural."

I buttoned his coat and turned up the collar in the manner he had been wearing it.

"If you make the farm, Dom, keep indoors and don't show yourself," I said. "For the present, those gunmen are unlikely to worry you." He looked surprised and even troubled. "Read the Evening News if you want to know why," I added. "There's a bit about me in it. An utter lie, but rather a useful one. . . . So long."

I went down the steps of the club reading a letter, got aboard Dominic's car and drove away. A couple of men, talking together on the pavement, barely wasted a glance in my direction.

XVIII

THE night packet from Newhaven to Dieppe was somewhat crowded, and, unable to get a private cabin, I rolled myself up in a blanket and slept in the saloon. From the universal lack of interest shown in me, it was clear that my simple exchange with Dominic had aroused no one's suspicion. He and I were much of a height, and as it was arranged that he should stay in the club until the approach of nightfall, I felt fairly confident that he would drive off in my car without giving away his identity to the watchers.

But for the fact that we had organized this rather puerile substitution before my interview with Oscar Kahnet, it would scarcely have had a chance of succeeding. That we brought it off was, I am sure, due to the fact that no one was expecting anything of that nature to happen so soon.

I could imagine Dominic tooling down to Sussex in my old bus with the faithful limousine in attendance. To have bluffed

(Continued on Page 90)

THE PERFORMANCE

THE PEOPLE

THE PROFIT

When you travel in a great double-deck bus or luxurious interurban coach, it's about 2 to 1 that you ride on a Timken Worm Drive Axle.

Operators of these types of vehicle strive to offer you a degree of comfort which will *win* and *hold* your patronage—at a profit, of course. They cannot make money, *no matter how low their operating costs*, unless comfortable, dependable service induces you to ride.

Timken Worm Drive permits of the best service, and contributes to your comfort and security because it is sturdily dependable and dead silent.

It makes for profit, with fair tariffs, because its high and uniform efficiency, its accessibility, its low maintenance expense and its long-life mean lowest-cost passenger-miles.

A large majority of motor coach builders and operators recognize these facts.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Company
DETROIT MICHIGAN

TIMKEN *Worm Drive* AXLES

To help you get many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring

The modern automobile is a finely built piece of machinery and it will stand a lot of abuse. Considering the work it does, it gives surprisingly little trouble. But there isn't a car made that will not run better and longer if given reasonable care.

The first few thousand miles are especially important because that is when the mechanism of your car is being broken in. Proper attention during this period will lengthen its life and prevent unnecessary trouble later on.

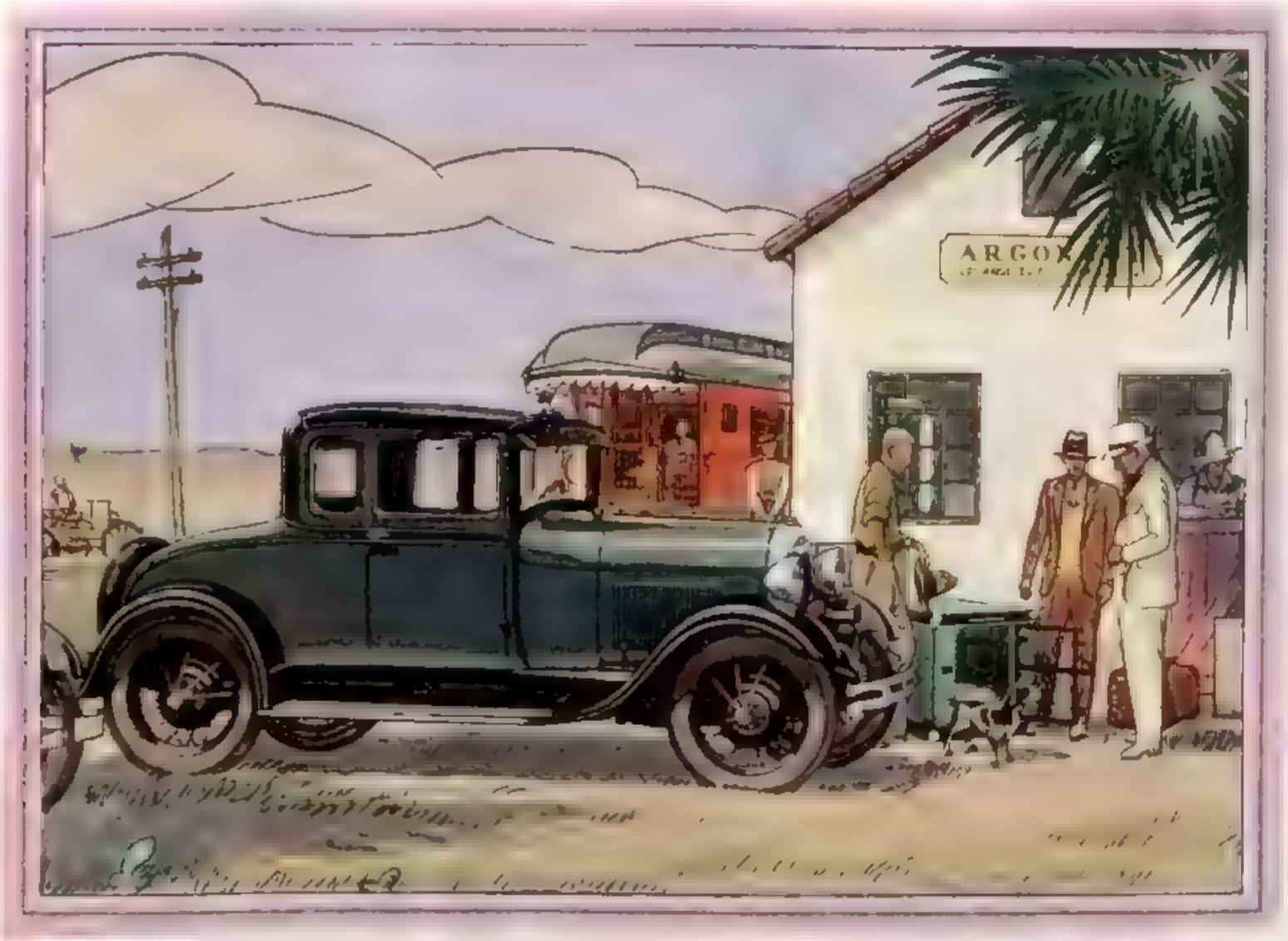
We are particularly interested in this matter because we believe it is our duty not only to make a good automobile, but to help the purchaser get the greatest possible use over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.

With this in view, the entire Ford dealer organization has been specially trained and equipped to service the new Model A car.

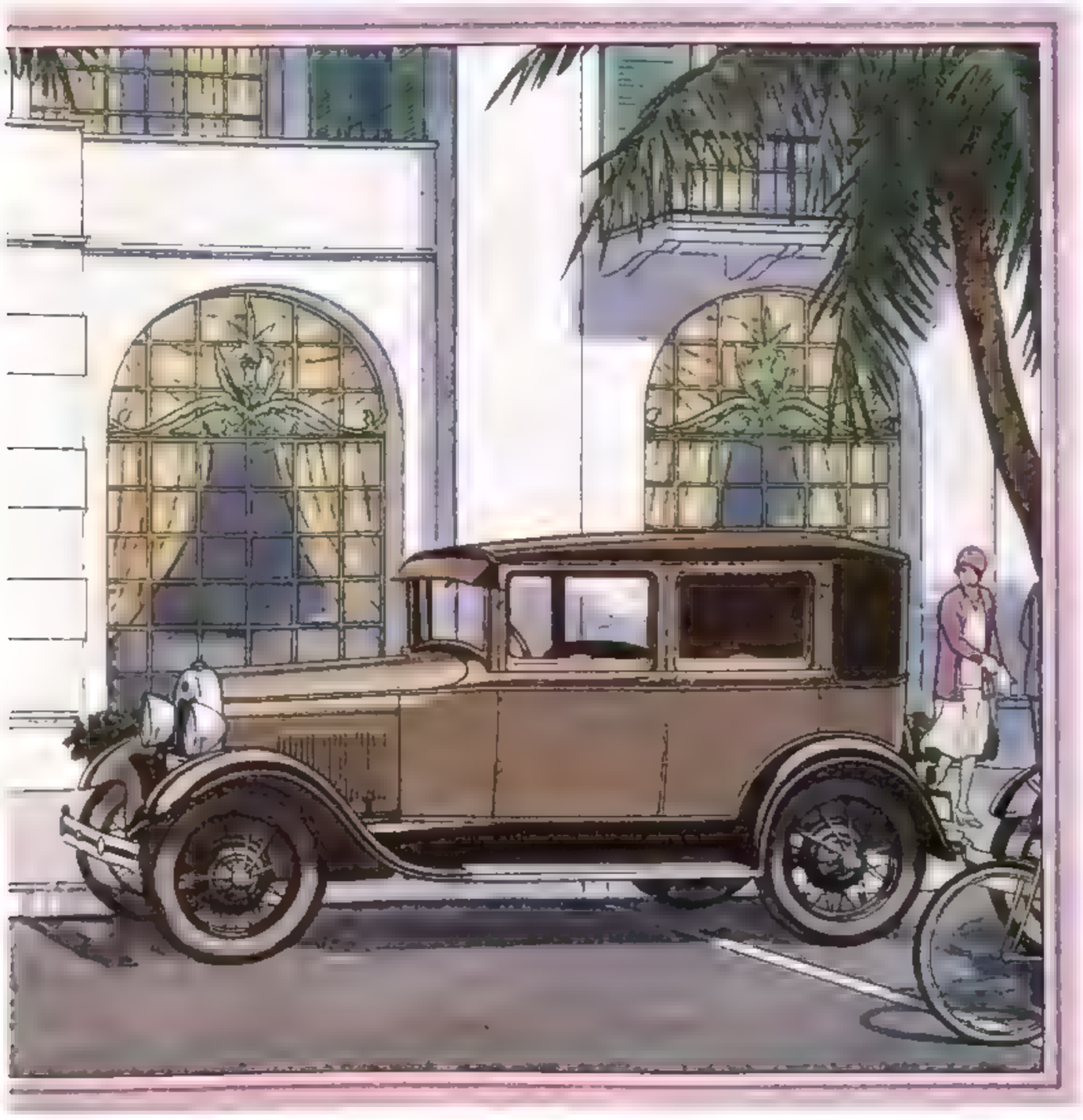
The new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials and manufactured with unusual accuracy. Many of the close limits of measurement are comparable to those used in the making of a watch.

These are the reasons the new Ford performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low. It has been built to endure.

When you receive your new Ford, the dealer will explain the simple little things that should be attended to



The trim sturdiness of the new Ford Coupe is shown in this illustration. As home in any company because of its quiet simplicity of line and beautiful colors. Wide windows and narrow pillars give unusual vision. Full-nickeled appointments, crown roof, military type sun visor, package shelf behind seat and large luggage space in rear deck are other welcome features. Equipped with Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, as are all the new Ford cars.



The new Fordor Sedan, finished in Rose Beige—one of the most popular new Ford colors. A splendid family car because of its beauty, safety, comfort, economy, reliability, low first cost and low cost of up-keep.

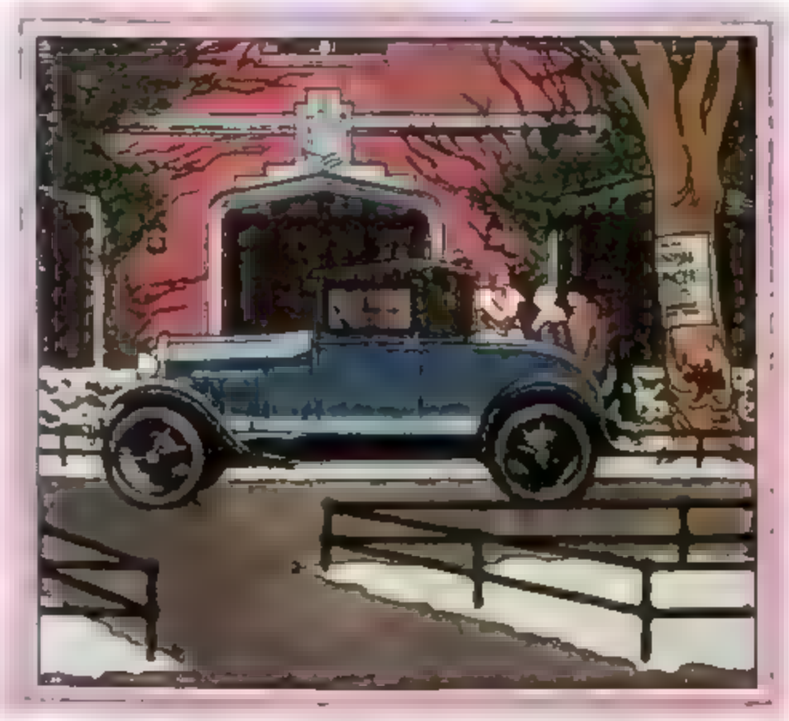
at regular intervals to insure the best performance. He will also tell you about the Free Inspection Service to which every purchaser of the new Ford is entitled at 500, 1000 and 1500 miles.

This inspection includes a check-up of the battery, generator charging rate, distributor, carburetor adjustment, lights, brakes, shock absorbers, tire inflation and steering gear. The engine oil is also changed and the chassis lubricated through the high pressure grease gun system.

A check-up of wheel alignment and spring shackles is included as a part of the final inspection.

No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident, neglect or misuse.

The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil.



The new Ford Sport Coupe combines the alert speed and style of the Roadster with the advantages of a closed car. Low. Smart. Fleet. Finished in a variety of beautiful colors.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds
55 to 65 miles an hour
Silent, mechanical, internal-expanding six-brake system, with all six brakes fully enclosed
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life

The above inspection is free for the first 1500 miles only, yet the completeness and watchfulness of Ford Service do not stop there.

Every time you take your car to the Ford dealer for oiling and greasing, it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs.

You will find him prompt in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of motoring without a care—without even lifting the hood.

That is the purpose for which the new Ford was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service*.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 86)

Oscar Kahnet even in so trivial a manner was encouraging, and I fell asleep feeling fairly satisfied with the day's work.

About three o'clock I was roused by the feel of harbor water. I remained in my bunk, since only passengers for the Paris train left the boat at that early hour. The rest, myself among them, remained on board until 8 30. A steward lent me a razor and a shaving brush with about two hairs in it, with which I contrived to make my toilet. Subsequently he brought me a cup of tea and a slice of thick bread and butter, which I fear had met with a misadventure, as it boasted more hairs than the shaving brush.

Refreshed and fortified, I went on deck and watched the pearly mists melt from the harbor, and the tall white houses, with their shutters of blue and green, shake off the vapors of the night.

A sprinkling of porters in blue dungarees—a customs officer, very gallantly uniformed and braided, an R. A. C. man, with a small boy in attendance, busy over the landing of a British car, were the only figures upon the quay.

Two or three automobiles for hire stood in the cobbled roadway beyond the railway lines, their chauffeurs clustered at a table of a mean café, enjoying breakfast.

Of women I saw none, except two fishwives with voluminous skirts, brown canvas aprons and black sabots, who were pushing a barrow of conger and dogfish toward the market place. The air was cold, but there was no wind, and a pinkish sun was making a gallant climb over the battlement of hills which lay to the east of the harbor.

At half-past eight precisely a gangway was hoisted up from the quay and we prepared to go ashore. Most of the passengers had departed by the Paris Express, and with myself, there were not more than a dozen left aboard. The absence of any interesting or attractive individual on the quay had rather damped my spirits, and I was beginning to suspect a hoax. However, I lit a cigarette, according to instructions, and let the rest precede me before stepping onto the gangway. About halfway down I stumbled and the cigarette fell with a tiny hiss into the harbor water.

An official took my landing card as I stepped onto the quay and directed me toward the customs house.

"I have no luggage and nothing to declare," I said, and moved away disconsolately. I had barely moved a yard, however, when the R. A. C. man, deserting the car which had been occupying his attention, came up and touched his cap.

"That car, sir," said he. "The chauffeur knows where to drive." That was all. He saluted again and turned away.

Since there were only three cars to choose from, and two were French, there was no chance of making a mistake. I walked up to the motor and tooted the horn.

One of the three chauffeurs, deserting his coffee, came bustling toward me. He was a stoutish, amiable man with a red face and even redder mustache. Speaking volubly, he informed me that it was "beautiful times but not hot." He besought me to enter the car, which I did.

A moment later we were bumping over the cobbles in a southerly direction. As the enterprise was of a very speculative nature, I took particular heed of the route we followed. We passed over two revolving bridges, entered a narrow street fringed by the wall of what appeared to be an old jail and zigzagged our way to a highroad running beside a river. In a short while the town was left behind and we were passing through country not unlike my own native Sussex. Low downs rippled along the sky line on my left, while to the right stretched a wide terrain of water meadows through which the river, like a silver thread, ran sleekly over beds of emerald weed. Here and there tall poplars stood sentinel by the river banks, while in the distance, packed upon a range of tall hills, was the Forest of Arc. Even in its winter setting, there was a comely gentleness in the scene. It looked old and tranquil and kind—a friendly landscape which somehow warmed the heart. The country folk, too, seemed of a good disposition, the women smiling and the men touching their caps and passing us a greeting.

Leaning from the window, I asked in my schoolboy French if we had far to go.

"*Pas loin—pas loin*," was the reply.

"That river there," said I—I am translating literally—"resembles to me a beautiful place for fish."

"It is," he replied, "for the trout, a river of luxury."

"Do they throw the fly?" I asked.

"They lance the fly," he corrected me, and added, "but the grasshopper is better."

"The fly dry?" I asked

"The fly what?"

"The fly dry?"

That was too much for him. Such purist methods were evidently outside his ken. He laughed heartily and observed that, like all the rest, it very soon got wet in the water.

We had traveled barely ten kilometers when he slapped on his brakes and turned abruptly from the road into a kind of orchard garden at the foot of which a shallow stream chattered over stones.

XIX

I HAD marked the name of the place before we entered the gates—the Auberge du Clos Garnier. From the number of white tables piled up one on top of another under the trees, and from a pavilion situated by the entrance, I concluded that the Auberge, in the summer season, was a popular resort of motorists. In winter livery, it looked a trifle forlorn and deserted. The garden was flanked on one side by low rambling buildings and a house whose windows were barricaded with shutters. At the road end was another and smaller house, obviously of great antiquity. Beams of adzed oak shaped like the branches of trees were mingled with the brickwork and plaster. Here and there, in niches, were plaster saints and effigies, while on the lower level some pieces of crude pottery adorned the outer walls. Beside the back door, hanging from an iron staple, was a primitive copper tank with a little tap at the base, and a long reservoir below—the genesis of the elaborate lavatory basins of our effete age.

As the car drew up on a crescent of gravel shaded by a number of massive chestnut trees, the host of the Auberge, his wife, a concierge and a very small boy in a pink smock came out of the house and approached me.

Monsieur le Patron, who appeared to be a sick man, was painfully thin and shadowy, and gave the impression that his bones rattled as he walked. I subsequently discovered that this startling effect was produced by a tin of hard lozenges from which he never allowed himself to be parted. Madame, his wife, was of a different character—a brisk, bustling woman with a shrewd tongue and capable hands. About the corners of her eyes were lines of a merry humor, but I imagine that with the business of the little hotel dependent exclusively upon her activities, she had little time for the exchange of pleasantries.

Of the concierge I have no very clear impression. I associate him only with a murmured "Pardon" and a slightly disappointed expression at discovering that I had no luggage.

The child, a queer little scrap with a voice like a bird, chirped "M'sieur, m'sieur," as I jumped out of the car and was the first of the trio to shake hands. Subsequently both madame and her husband offered me a like courtesy, before inquiring the nature of my needs.

I hardly knew what to reply, for I was very sure that my arrival was unexpected, and I had no notion as to when or where I was to meet my correspondent. However, I agreed readily to madame's suggestion that I should partake of a cup of chocolate and a *galette*.

Talking volubly, she led me into the house, the lower floor of which was in the nature of a kitchen café of the most charming simplicity. One end was entirely occupied by an immense stove whose surface was polished to the brilliance of a mirror. For furniture there were three or four tables covered with American cloth, very busy in design, and a long counter with the inevitable rack of picture post cards, a few boxes of matches and Maryland cigarettes. Behind the counter, occupied in casting up rows of figures and entering the totals in a ledger was a girl, but as she d d not look up when I came in, and sat with a window immediately behind her, I saw nothing of her features.

Madame bade me seat myself and bestirred herself at the stove over preparations for my repast.

"Monsieur is staying at Dieppe?" she said.

"Perhaps," I said—"I have not yet decided. I might even wish to stay here for a night or so, madame."

This she assured me could be arranged. True, it was the off season and the guest house in the garden was not in use, but there was a very proper room upstairs that I could occupy, and welcome.

To my inquiry, she responded that there were no other guests.

I felt despondent. The affair which had started so promisingly was showing signs of petering out. With a ray of hope, I hazarded a guess that doubtless many motorists or locals enjoyed the hospitality of the house for déjeuner.

Madame shook her head. "At this season we are dead," said she. "An occasional *ouvrier* will take a glass of cider and that is all." The prospects were getting duller every moment. "In the spring and the summer, there is always a fine company who come for the fishing."

She was enlarging upon the excellence of the sport afforded to anglers when my attention was attracted by the sound of wheels on the gravel. Looking up expectantly, I saw the car which had brought me from Dieppe pass through the gates and vanish along the road. Since I had neither paid the chauffeur nor given him any instructions, his departure was surprising. Madame shared my astonishment, for she asked what arrangements I had made with the chauffeur in regard to my luggage. I was obliged to confess I had made no arrangements; then, catching a shade of suspicion in her eyes, I added: "But it is not my habit to arrange anything. I like to drift and see what happens."

"Dear God," she remarked devoutly, "it would be a sad affair to run a business on such lines."

So saying, she set a steaming jug of chocolate before me and whisked a piping hot *galette* from the oven.

"The *galette* is the specialty of the house," she told me, and lest my enjoyment of it should be distracted by conversation, she took herself off to the outbuildings, where I heard her voice shrilly ordering the concierge as to this and that.

Madame's personality must have been a shade overwhelming, for with her departure I had a distinct sense of being alone. I was reminded that this was not so by the sound of a hand thumping a pad of blotting paper on a book, followed by the scroop of a chair leg on bare boards.

Looking up, I saw that the little bookkeeper, who had been so busily engaged when I came in, had tilted back her chair and with her head resting against the windowpane was scrutinizing me thoughtfully. The window itself was bayed and the light now poured in upon her features from left and right. She was sucking the end of her pen, and her eyes, like two pools in a rock, rested upon mine with a steadiness that was most unsettling.

Slowly she withdrew the pen and a smile flickered over her mouth. Then, in the purest English, she said, "Fun, isn't it?"

I had been taken so utterly by surprise that I could hardly say a thing. All I could manage was: "Then you are ——"

"I'm Noelle."

"Amazing," I said; then, pointing at the counter—"but all this—being here ——"

"I work here—it's my job. Madame of the Caisse they call me. That's cashier, you know."

"Then it isn't just for this meeting that you ——"

She shook her head—the smoothest head I have ever seen.

"For bread and butter," she said, and again the smile flickered. "It was nice of you to come, wasn't it?"

"What else could I do?"

"Nothing," she replied—"since you are not a business man."

It is a silly confession, but I felt almost piqued. "Why do you say I am not a business man?"

"A business man would have nothing to gain and perhaps much to lose by coming. A business man—I mean the nasty kind—would have sold while he had the chance."

"How do you know that I haven't?" I asked.

"You are here," she answered simply.

I couldn't escape a sense of gratitude that my arrival had forestalled the delivery of the English papers. The copy of the Evening News I had bought the day before was still in my pocket.

I pulled it out and laid it on the counter before her.

"Read that," I said.

She read it unwaveringly, except for the smallest imaginable twitch at the corners of her mouth. Then she folded the paper and gave it back.

"All right," she said. "I've nothing to say. It's the sort of chance hardly anyone would refuse."

"A fortune, Miss Noelle."

"Of course. But when you came in I thought you were different—that's all."

"How different?"

"Just different—an obstinate, fighting sort of person." Once more her eyes looked into mine divinely, and suddenly she said: "You didn't sell at all. You're only pretending."

"Yes," I nodded. "Though it baffles me how you guessed it."

"I can feel when anything's untrue," she said, and with the most disarming gesture put both her hands into one of mine, which lay upon the counter.

I imagine I was in an impressionable mood, for that simple action sent a thrill all through me. From the snapshot of Noelle as a child I had looked to find no ordinary woman, and this frank young girl with the steadfast eyes and that amazingly sensitive mouth unsettled me in the strangest way. That she had taken me on trust made an appeal that lodged itself in my heart.

I shut my fingers over her small hands and held them tight. "What a wonder you are," I said, and would have said more but that I heard madame approaching. Turning to the rack of picture post cards, I selected two or three and dropped some sous upon the counter.

"I find that mademoiselle is English," said I. "Perhaps, if she is not too occupied, madame would allow her to show me anything of interest the village may contain."

"But certainly," said madame, who, being a Frenchwoman, was ready to employ all the resources of the establishment for the entertainment of a guest.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Watch out for unsafe bathroom paper"

Hospitals warn against danger of serious infection from the use of harsh, inferior tissues

AFTER 40 years of age, doctors say, you have one chance in two of contracting some form of rectal trouble.

Even among younger people, such ailments are common. And children are not immune.

You don't hear much about these troubles —simply because people don't talk about them. But they exist—among men and women alike.

What are their causes?

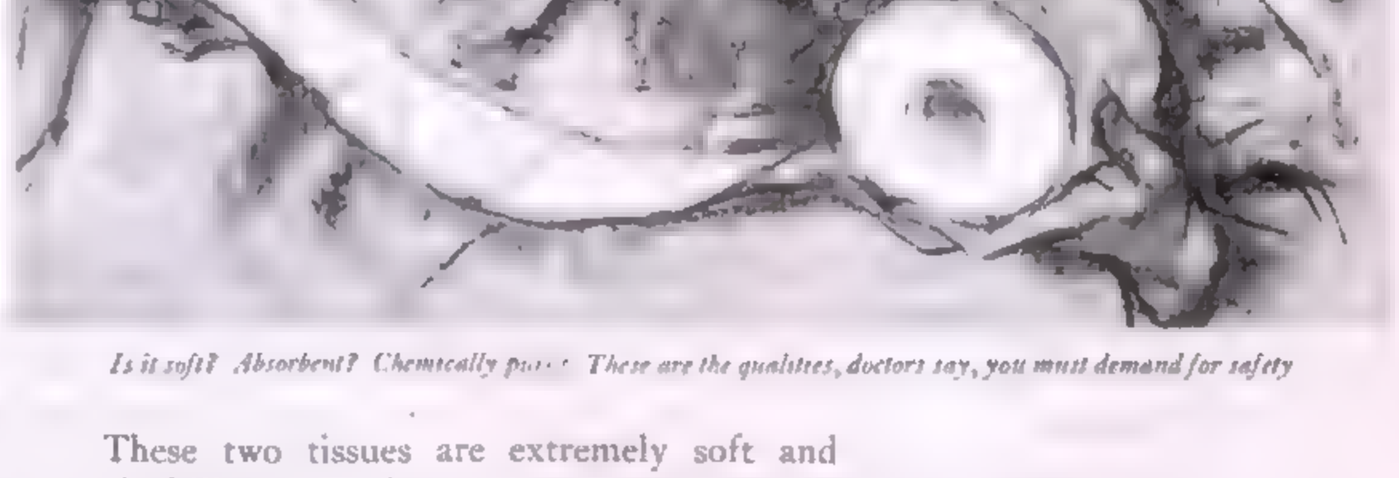
Not the least is inferior toilet paper! 580 physicians and 223 hospitals, recently questioned on the subject, agreed that "harsh or impure toilet paper may cause serious injury."

"To be safe," they said, "a toilet tissue must have three qualities—Softness, Absorbency, Purity."

Scott-Processed Tissues meet Medical Requirements

ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues *specially processed* to satisfy the most rigid medical standards.

They are produced by specially built machines—perfected by Scott engineers.



Is it soft? Absorbent? Chemically pure? These are the qualities, doctors say, you must demand for safety

These two tissues are extremely soft and clothlike—yet they possess great tensile strength. Crumple a sheet in your hand. See how suave it feels.

Roll up a little ball of ScotTissue or Waldorf. Drop it in water. It sinks almost immediately. This proves unusual absorbency —the quality most necessary for thorough cleansing.

Try the same test with ordinary toilet paper. It remains floating for several minutes.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott tissues. They are absolutely safe. A small child easily uses them. They tear squarely evenly.

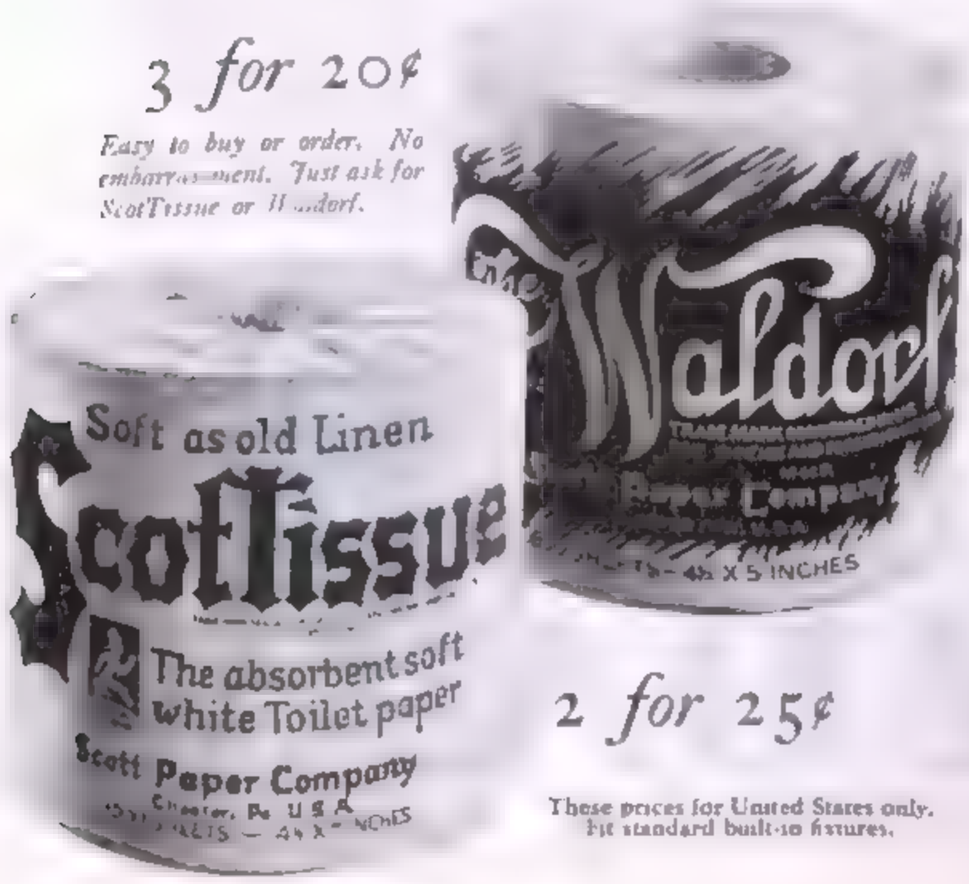
Why take chances when you can be sure of safety in this bathroom essential?

Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.

107,000,000 rolls of these two tissues were purchased last year by careful American housewives. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

3 *for* 20¢

Easy to buy or order. No embarrassment. Just ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.



2 *for* 25¢

These prices for United States only. Fit standard built-in fixtures.

Here's the Advice of a Famous Specialist

In his very interesting recent book, "Troubles We Don't Talk About" (Lippincott), Dr. J. F. Montague, *the famous intestinal specialist of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, says:*

"By the use of too coarse a tissue much harm may be done. We can adopt for such use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material.

"By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin."

Copyright 1929, by Scott Paper Company

Enjoy the charm of *flame light* in your home

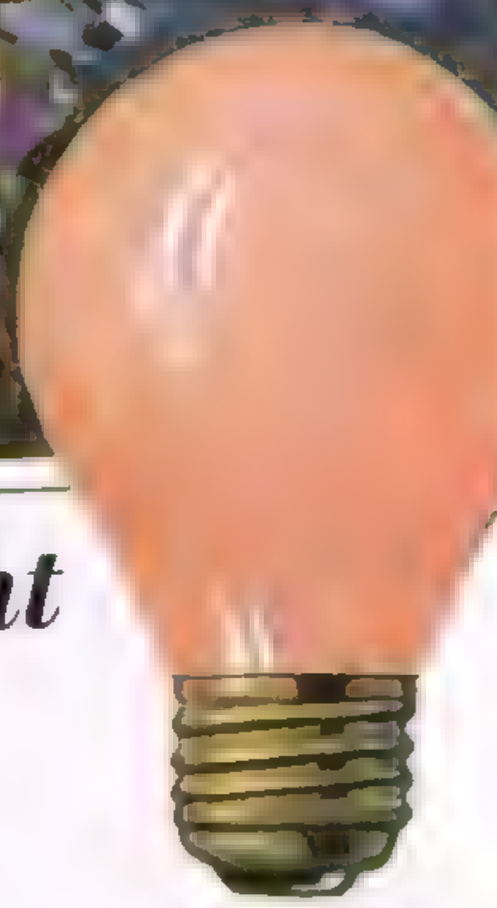
Light can be warm as fire or cold as ice. It can be harsh or mellow. It can be plain, practical light—or light with the soul of romance.

We have found in *flame* the light that charms and cheers. We have captured fire's warmth and light in these MAZDA Flametint lamps. They are lamps to live by.

Try a few of them in your lighting fixtures, floor and table lights. Experiment with them till you have found the combination of pearl gray inside-frosted National Mazda lamps and these MAZDA Flametint lamps, that you like best. Make your lighting system flexible—so that each member of your family can have reading light or living light at will. You will be surprised and delighted at the improved appearance of your home and the people in it.

Be sure you get the new reduced-price Mazda Flametint lamps—in the familiar blue carton. Look for the MAZDA mark. Any lamp so marked is the best your money can buy.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio*



25 and 40 Watt
MAZDA Flametint Lamps
Now 25c

You could not afford to use some electric light bulbs if they were given to you wrapped in a two-dollar bill. These are carbon lamps, which became obsolete years ago. They use three times as much current as Mazda lamps. Each of them costs you $2.00 to $3.00 more for electric current, during its life, than a modern inside-frosted Mazda lamp would cost for the same amount of light.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service . . .

NEW AND UNFINISHED BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 4)

directly from machines and modern science; newer here than in Europe, where it began, and now much more advanced here than anywhere else in the world. It is the most complicated form of civilization, the most sensitive social mechanism, that has ever appeared, and perhaps, too, for all its command of terrific physical power, the most fragile; certainly it is the most liable to magnificent disaster from false thinking, bad doctrine or internal discord. To succeed and endure, it demands increasingly more intelligence, a more discriminating use of different kinds of intelligence, a higher way with experience, stronger ideals of cooperation, and faculties of a special order; particularly one that has yet to be clearly defined. It might be called the faculty of whole-seeing.

That government has never included the vision, spirit and genius of industrial civilization, but has all this time acted upon its effects with a political hand, is evidence that people much more easily accommodate themselves to new facts by necessity than to new ideas by reflection.

When the Capitol and the White House were built this civilization did not exist. The Capitol and the White House have not changed but by the addition of some architectural wings. Everything we live by has changed. The vital conditions of existence are new. Government has not changed at all except to grow in size by cell division. Its approach to every problem is political.

There is a mentality of this civilization, peculiar to it, evolved out of it, and government does not include it. There is a method of this civilization—call it the research method—and government, holding still by the Jacksonian tradition, is distrustful of it.

Working throughout the modern design is a mentality of science, not in any case to make decisions, not to say what ought to be done, but only to increase our stock of knowledge, thereby advancing our power to control circumstances with such wisdom as we have. This mentality government cannot ignore; only, it has never learned how to utilize it. Generally it is caged off in vertical, noncommunicating bureaus, and its work must overcome the crude political prejudice that an expert is one who knows more and more about less and less. Then again, in charge of some specific work that Congress has authorized and cast at the nearest head, it is expected to perform judicial and executive functions, as if you should find a chemist at the head of prohibition enforcement or a plant biologist administering a trade-practice law.

Beyond Politics

There is a new meaning in American business, as different from the old one as commerce is different from piracy, and government had nothing to do with it. Government does not know whether modern business is a predatory activity to be regulated by law or an institution that needs only a little more light and understanding to become entirely responsible for its own conduct and morally self-governing.

Whether man may not yet integrate his business beyond the power of his own understanding is an interesting thought for idle reflection. What clearly happens is that first we create the problems and then pursue them with our understanding. The understanding with which we pursue them is not in government. There is the beginning of confusion. Government is political and knows not how to be anything else. But the solutions of economic life more and more lie beyond the political method. They belong to a new version of reality. They require to be approached not from a political point of view but from an original way of seeing that has no fixed point, itself existing in a state of change.

The facts are notable. Their implications are contained in the question now often to be heard: Shall government include the principles and methods of that by which all of us live—namely, business—or will it be that business will include government?

As the fault deepens, the importance of purely political issues declines. In the last campaign they had become so dim that people were heard saying, as to the platforms, that either one would serve for both candidates, or that either candidate might run on the other's platform—they were so much alike. Wherein they were similar, the ground was economic; wherein they were dissimilar, the ground was political, and nobody cared.

A Product of His Age

Nevertheless, in that election, with its great poverty of political issues, a new thing occurs. It takes place against all signs of probability, and yet, with a momentum that is irresistible. For the first time since the rise of industrial civilization a man is elected President who has none of the traditional qualifications for that office. He is not a lawyer, not a politician, not a soldier. It is much easier to say what he is not than what he is; and the difficulty of saying what he is turns out to be the same as the difficulty of trying to define the type of mentality that industrial civilization is evolving at the top. He is called a technical man, and that is only to say he knows the right uses of technology. He speaks the language of science and acts naturally by a scientific method, yet he is not a scientist. He has economic understanding and is not an economist. His profession is that of engineer, and he has the engineer's faculty of practical vision, but his career has been in administration. It is not an engineer, as such, who says: "You cannot divide those things that are seen from those that are unseen."

His speeches were effective without eloquence, moving though unemotional, powerful without imagery. And why so? Because he talked to people of how they live and what they live by—machines, power, transportation, system, science, research, fact-finding, organization, cooperation and exchange. He talked of these things not as one who is in a general way aware of them; he talked of them only as one can who knows them by contact, by sense experience, dynamically. Very little about laws of any kind, almost nothing about policies, a great deal about work, the right to succeed, efficient handling of trouble and a new principle of relationship between government and people—not a political relationship; a practical, working relationship of light and counsel on one side and self-help on the other.

He held himself out to be what he is—namely, a product of industrial civilization, possessing its mentality, its faith and its genius. He believes in it, since it contains the promise of abolishing injurious labor; and he gives people a sense of controlling it, instead of being controlled by it, as when he says that here in this country, dominated by an American philosophy, it has already carried common well-being to a point at which "our industrial population is the only one in the world that can buy all the food it wants." At the same time he knows its dangers and ugly imperfections, and proposes how these may be mitigated by knowledge, by self-discipline, by taking scientific thought—least of all, by law.

The extent to which Mr. Hoover's election may be construed as a revolt against the increasing unreality of politics is a matter of free opinion. That he is the kind of man he is, quite outside the categories, is an independent fact. Hardly may it be treated as an accident of fact that people should have wanted that kind of man for the first time, that the time was present, and that they put forth a tremendous effort to elect him. Sooner would one suppose an instinct or an intuition had been moving us unawares—a sense, namely, that the time had come for a new meaning to appear in government. His election is a violent break with every tradition that has governed the American presidency since Washington. In the field of politics there was no such man. And now, having got him, millions of people are expecting a new kind of attack to be made upon national problems by the executive arm of government.

This expectation is indefinite. Necessarily so, since we are on new ground, calling up new forces, throwing away our old textbooks and beginning to learn our lessons by what the educators now call the case method—which is to proceed directly from the facts instead of taking first a theory and drawing the facts to it.

Definitely, Mr. Hoover is an experiment, in a creative sense. Nobody knows what he will do. As to many things not yet finally examined, he probably does not know himself. And yet it is possible to say a good deal beforehand about how he will do whatever he does, and to say this by three ways of knowing.

First, how does a Hoover mentality act, as it may be in Mr. Hoover or anyone else? This question is to be answered logically. His type of mentality acts by imagination, analysis, synthesis, judgment. Its first act in every case is to find the simplest possible statement of the problem. That is generalization, from the faculty of imagination. What is the problem? Having got it clearly in view, the next step is one of analysis. Break the problem down part by part. This is research, or fact-finding. The third act is that of synthesis. Weigh the facts, evaluate them, reconcile them; then put them all together again and regard the problem as a whole. As a whole, its appearance is not the same as it was before analysis. The change is owing to the fact that now there is exact knowledge of the problem's inwardness; this knowledge plays on its outwardness and modifies it in a significant manner.

A Politician's Work

There is, indeed, no seeing a thing whole without analysis. What one sees as an illusion of the whole is merely the surface, and not all of that from any one view. You could never know what a motor car is from looking at the outside of it. By driving in it you may learn what it can do, but you will not know if it is making the right sound or what a sudden change of sound or behavior signifies. Having broken it down and built it up again, then you know and see it in an altogether different way.

That is all there is to the scientific approach in principle. It is the same to an economic difficulty as to a problem in physics or to a piece of intricate mechanism. First the imagination to generalize the problem, which is to isolate it for purposes of action; then analysis and synthesis; all to the end that judgment may be informed by exact knowledge, and so belong to wisdom.

In contrast, the political approach is from a state of opinion, to begin with. The problem gets itself defined emotionally in public feeling. Thus it comes to Congress, with a demand that something be done about it. A bill is written to be enacted into law, or several bills, each representing a phase of opinion; and the three thoughts in Congress about a bill are these: Will it, on the whole, placate public opinion? Can it be passed? Will it work? The bill favored by the dominant party is referred to a committee. So are all the others, but they may never be heard of again. The committee holds public hearings on the dominant party's bill. Interested people are invited to come and give their interested opinions. Experts are called in, some from the government bureaus, some from

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

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Style 225—one of fifty-seven outstanding models

EYES - - surrender to its tasteful style

MIND and BODY revel in its surprising comfort

THE very last word in smartness, in distinguished appearance. Not merely correct but outstanding. Every Arch Preserver Shoe is the result of the expert styling of Wright, the expert stylist.

Men buy it for its style—then when they wear it they discover a wholly new idea of foot comfort. Their feet are inspired, buoyed up, kept comfortable and absolutely free from annoyance.

It is the only shoe with the Arch Preserver treadbase, built as Nature planned. No painful sagging of the foot arch—the arch bridge prevents that. No metatarsal weariness—the metatarsal arch is supported properly. No pinching and crowding of nerves, muscles and blood-vessels—the flat inner-sole insures perfect freedom.

The Arch Preserver combination of distinguished style and stimulating comfort is unique.

The new Arch Preserver booklet is a guide to the selection of fine footwear. Send for it.

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KEEPS THE FOOT WELL

Look for trade-mark. There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its several exclusive features are protected by patents and cannot be duplicated

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THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

afar, and they produce facts out of their several points of view. It is nobody's business to reconcile the facts. They are left standing in stark contradiction. When it is over, the state of opinion is in all respects as it was before. The bill is reported and debated. From reading the newspapers and from the quantity of letters pro and con that arrive from his constituents, the legislator answers to himself the first question: Will such a law placate public opinion? Or, will it satisfy these, though it is less than they want, and not, at the same time, too much offend those who do not want it at all?

Thus the bill is passed and sent to the President, who must either sign it or veto it on his own opinion of its merits and probable consequences, to the best of his information and belief. It sometimes happens that a bill is sent to him with the hope, even on the understanding, that he will veto it. Legislators who were fearful of its effects, who disbelieved in it secretly, have, nevertheless, voted for it to oblige public opinion. This is never a perfect secret, and when it happens the newspapers print cartoons showing Congress in the act of leaving the baby on the President's doorstep.

A recent notorious example was that of the McNary-Haugen bill, committing the country to a fantastic economic adventure, voted for by men who confessed they did not understand it and had no idea as to whether it would work or not; only the time had come to do something for the farmer. Only these, stalking the farmer vote in the honorable manner of politics, were fooled at all. They fooled themselves. The farmers were not fooled. Mr. Hoover, whose opposition to the McNary-Haugen bill was expected to cost him the farmer vote, handsomely carried that vote. What he suggested to farmers, in lieu of McNary-Haugenism, was a research approach to the problems of agriculture, and no happy solution by act of Congress.

Suddenly, After Deliberation

A second way of knowing, not what Mr. Hoover will do but how he will do it, rests upon observation. How a Hoover mentality will operate is, to the extent indicated, logically predetermined. There is no other way it can act. But the behavior of a particular person possessing that kind of mentality is another matter, and relates to temperament. How, under the direction of that mentality, will one Herbert Hoover act?

The facts about him are that he moves into action suddenly, out of the silence, and without notice, and then acts at high speed in a straight line. From such behavior the first impression may easily be that he is impulsive and makes up his mind quickly. But quite as unexpected as the speed at which he moves will be, first, the extent of his preparation, and then the discovery that the action he is so suddenly bent upon has been long meditated in solitary thought. The end may be a long distance off, and what appears to others to be the objective may be only a point on the way.

As head of the Department of Commerce he startled his bureau heads one morning by saying they would invent a way of showing the balance of international payments in a simple table. They told him international bankers had been trying to do that for many years and nothing more than guessing had ever come of it, because, when you get beyond the export and import tables kept by the customs people, showing the international exchange of commodities and bullion, then at once you run into invisible items, such as the movements of stocks and bonds, fluctuating bank credits, tourist expenditures, remittances by post, and so on; and these, though very important, could only be estimated in a rough way.

To their surprise, he knew all that. He gave them some new ideas to work with, told them how to utilize undeveloped sources of information in a coördinate manner, and he would turn the place upside down, but he would have his simple table immediately. So he got it, and it began to be published regularly, and a document of immense original importance was added to the data of finance.

Everybody supposed that was the end, for he said no more about it. Later, as a member of the Debt-Funding Commission, he sat listening to the argument, from Italy, for example, that the Italians could not pay. They had nothing to pay with. The country's imports exceeded its exports. There was each year a line of red ink at the end of the book. So many more lire in debt. There were the figures. Would the Americans examine them, please, and satisfy themselves? Then Mr. Hoover took from his pocket one sheet of paper on which was set down more than the Italian Government and all its experts knew about Italy's invisible annual receipts of money, from tourists, from nationals living and working in this country, in the pockets of immigrants returning, and from other sources, all resulting out of that work of research on the international balance of payments.

Talking Their Language

Another example was the South American journey. It had the appearance of an unpremeditated beginning. His nearest associates were taken by surprise. Generally it was regarded as a post-election refuge. Yet he had with him, in his pockets and in those brown paper folders he carries in place of a leather portfolio, the comprehensive result of years of intensive research work performed by divisions of the Department of Commerce on Latin-American conditions; economic conditions particularly, and our trade relations with the different countries. The point is that the work was begun long before and completed in time for his purpose. There had been a research on the problem of nitrates, another on the agriculture of Argentina, another on the great Brazilian coffee corner.

So, in Chile he talked nitrates, and the Chileans were amazed at what he knew about their costs of production, their profits, their methods, their markets—as much as they knew themselves, and at certain points, more. One who knew so much could incline their minds to regard the use and reasonableness of profit, to see how easy it would be for the United States to defend itself against exploitation by making all its own nitrates artificially, and then the effect of this alternative upon the prosperity of Chile and the trade between the two countries.

In Argentina he talked corn, first from the point of view of the Argentine corn grower and then from the point of view of the American Corn Belt farmer, explaining why the Corn Belt farmer wants a higher tariff against Argentine corn, temporarily, perhaps, and how the need of the Corn Belt to have the whole American corn market for itself must be balanced against the need of the California fruit grower to extend his market for dried fruits in Argentina, and the need of Argentina and the United States to sustain trade between them. By taking thought on all the facts, these opposing needs could be reconciled in a state of working tension, subject to understanding and change.

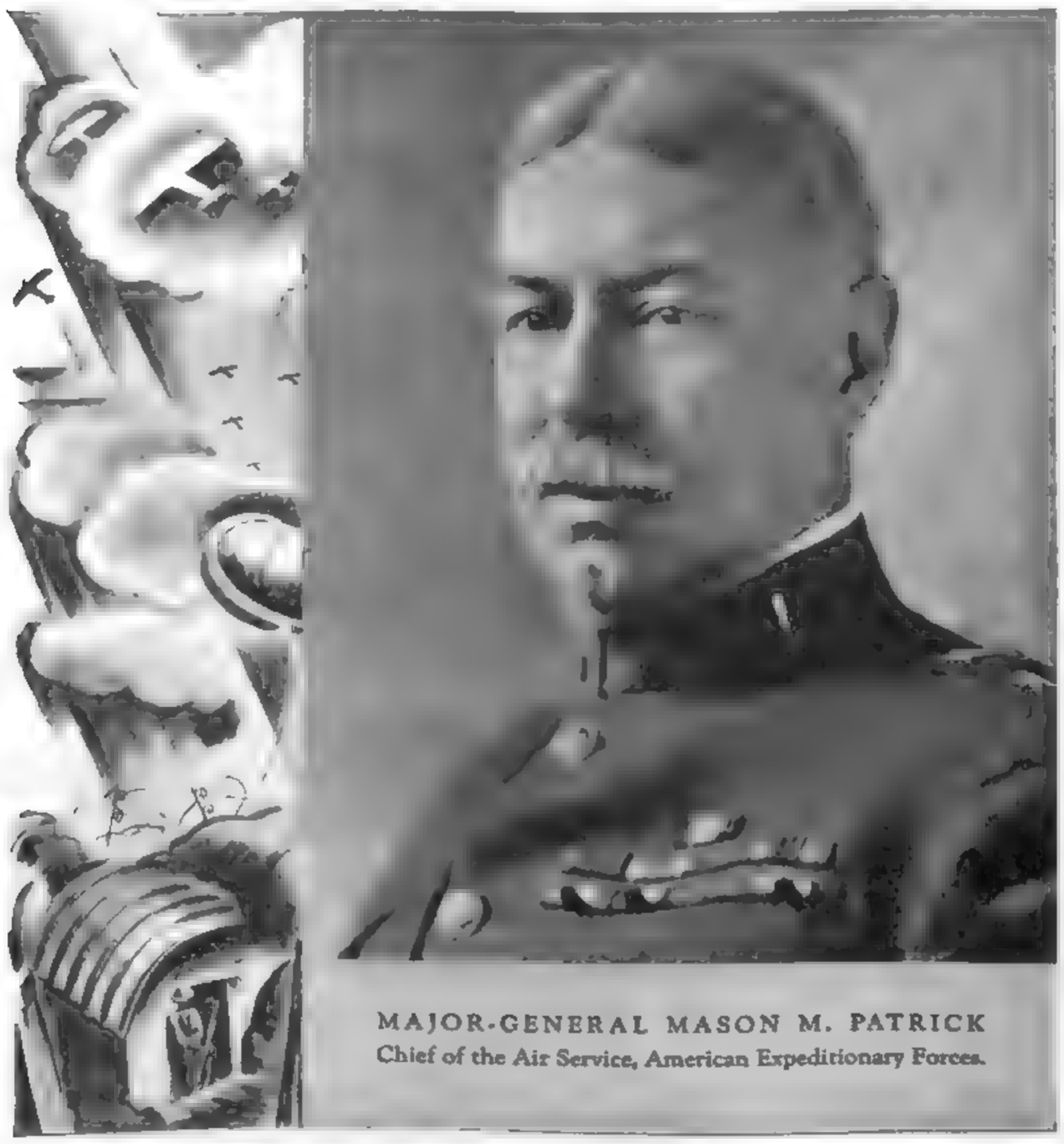
In Brazil he talked coffee, knowing crop conditions, the cost and trend of production, the amount of coffee impounded by the government in eleven great warehouses. He knew the facts of Brazil's problem, all related to the modern enigma of overproduction, and yet Americans, as the heaviest buyers of coffee in the world, could not help having reservations about lending money to the Government of Brazil to hold a corner in coffee and keep the price up. In a temper, from being rubbed too hard, the Americans might break the coffee corner. They could. But that would mean to break Brazil, with disastrous effect upon the market there for American goods. Besides, how wasteful in a large sense to develop a

Continued on Page 97

A FAMOUS LEGIONNAIRE

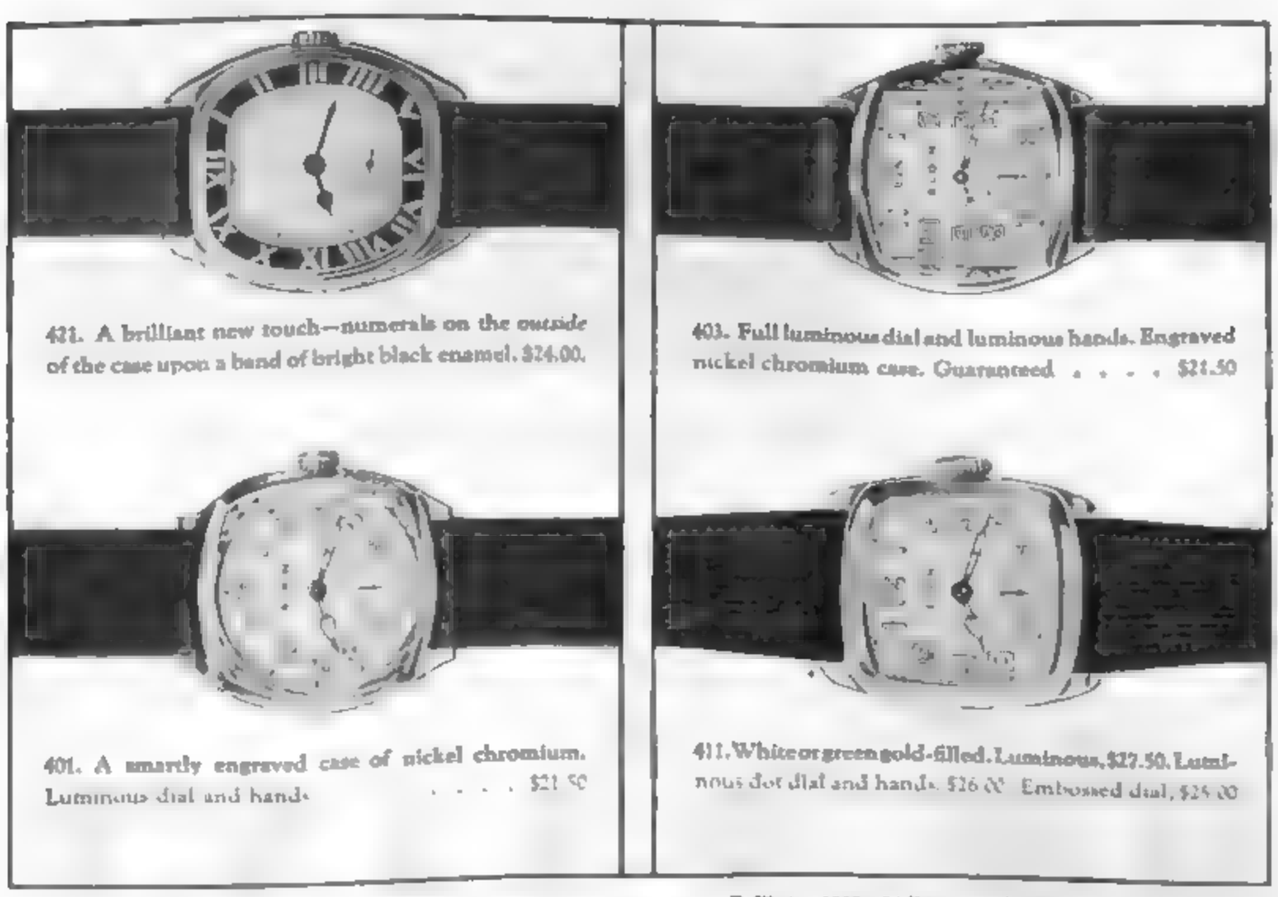
MAJOR - GENERAL

Mason M. Patrick and his... ELGIN *Legionnaire*



MAJOR-GENERAL MASON M. PATRICK
Chief of the Air Service, American Expeditionary Forces.

"In war, with its zero hours, its rolling barrages, the meeting of swift flying aircraft at a chosen place in the sky, everything must move with clock-like precision and the watches which regulate these movements must be absolutely dependable and accurate. This was borne in upon me in trying days in France. No one wants another war, but in war or peace a soldier, or in fact any man, should be glad to have his uprisings and down-sittings regulated by so good a watch as the Legionnaire."


421. A brilliant new touch—numerals on the outside of the case upon a band of bright black enamel. $24.00.
403. Full luminous dial and luminous hands. Engraved nickel chromium case. Guaranteed $21.50
401. A smartly engraved case of nickel chromium. Luminous dial and hands $21.50
411. White or green gold-filled. Luminous, $27.50. Luminous dot dial and hands, $26.00. Embossed dial, $25.00

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Priced From
$19 to $28.50

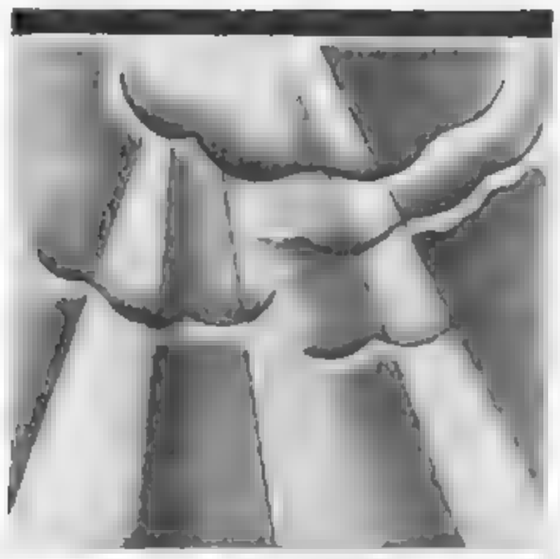
Famous legionnaires, and thousands of other men, are wearing ELGIN LEGIONNAIRES because they're just about the finest thing in wrist watches ever produced at anywhere near their prices.

The war is over . . . but a wrist watch never gets a minute's peace. It's always being banged around, thumped about, treated just as you would expect a busy, masculine, active man to treat a watch.

You can't make men's habits over to fit their watches, but you can make a watch to fit their habits. At least, Elgin can. And did. A strong, husky watch, built to take the whip of a golf club. the rigors of a hunting trip. Yet it's so smart and swanky that a style-wise woman would pick it unhesitatingly for its smartness in buying a gift for her best-beloved.

Any Elgin jeweller will be happy, Sir, to put the Legionnaires on parade for your inspection. Guaranteed fully and faithfully by Elgin. Priced from $19.00 to $28.50 everywhere.

· ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE ·



Make the most of SUNLIGHT *with this modern* INDUSTRIAL PAINT . . .

THOUSANDS of modern industrial plants all over the country are making Aluminum Paint do double duty on walls, ceilings, beams and columns.

This silvery gray metal coating diffuses an abundance of agreeable light, that produces a better working atmosphere, and makes for better workmanship. Observe the efficient, prosperous appearance of the two plant interiors in the accompanying illustrations.

Aluminum Paint *protects* as well as brightens. It retards corrosion and is highly waterproof. And, withal, it is economical to use—it spreads farther, lasts longer and covers better than ordinary paints. For interiors one coat is usually sufficient to cover any under color—even black.

May we send you a copy of the booklet, "Aluminum Paint, the Coat of Metal Protection"? It contains many facts that will interest every maintenance man.

The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is Albron—made from pure ALCOA Aluminum.

When you specify ALBRON pigment you insure to the Aluminum Paint you use those leafing qualities that are responsible for its extra durability and complete opacity.

Paint manufacturers and jobbers, and most dealers, are prepared to furnish a suitable vehicle of oil or varnish.

Painting contractors know, and will recommend Aluminum Paint, and are prepared to apply it.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA
2326 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Offices in 19 Principal American Cities

The General Electric Company's plant at Erie, Pennsylvania, "makes the most of SUNLIGHT." Note the excellent lighting of every part of this immense room.

The Curing Room in the Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company's plant at Los Angeles—another shining example of efficient natural lighting by means of Aluminum Paint.

THE COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

ALUMINUM PAINT

"IT LEAFS"

(Continued from Page 94)

competitive coffee agriculture, in, say, Central America, when there is already this one in Brazil that more than satisfies the world's want! So, above an apparent conflict of immediate selfish interests, there was one common problem—namely, how to continue the exchange of Brazilian coffee for American goods on terms of mutual benefit.

In every case—nitrates, corn, coffee or whatever it was—the problem was first generalized to include both their point of view and ours, then analyzed, then built up again to be regarded as a whole; and he left with them always the same question, which was this: Not as you see it, not as we see it, but as it is by nature of fact, what is the best we can do with it?

One strange fact about the South American journey was that Mr. Hoover did not himself regard it in the light of business. When it was announced that he was going, several great business organizations, taking his consent almost for granted, proposed to go along or to assist him on the scene. They supposed it was business, or in any case, that he would be sympathetic to their motive, which was to make business of it.

But he said: "You are wrong. This is not a business trip."

As Secretary of Commerce, his job was business. To be President of the United States is another job. In one case business very properly may be the whole view. In the other case the view is one that includes business—includes it as a means.

On such data of observation one may fairly say that the Hoover type of mentality, as it will be exercised by one Herbert Hoover in the office of President, is likely to provide a good deal of surprise. Many of its manifestations are bound to be unexpected, perhaps startling.

The third way of knowing beforehand certain directional probabilities is to examine his philosophy, how he stands to life, his innate convictions. These are possessions that determine points of interest, sense of values, choice, principles of attitude above principles of method. The mentality, after all, is their instrument.

The Sum of Individual Morality

Here to be set down as the dominant fact is that he is a strong individualist; though in a sense far from any Socialistic meaning. Society is not made for the individual, any more than the coral reef is made for the coral creature. The individual makes society. Perfect the individual and society will perfect itself. The individual does not come ready-made. He has to be born, nurtured and educated. It is of the utmost importance that he be born to health, in a right environment, with unlimited access to education. Then guarantee all alike equality of opportunity and leave the outcome to the private spirit. For a hundred years or more, as he said in his St. Louis speech, a moving frontier had kept opportunity equal; but "now, with the settlement of the country and with the astonishing speed and intricate complexity of industrial life, the preservation of equality and of opportunity becomes yearly and yearly more difficult, and for that very reason, of higher and higher importance." This is a theme to which he is continually returning.

Whole individuals, equal before opportunity, may be trusted to form self-governing associations and communities. Here begins his philosophy of government.

"Self-government comprises more than political institutions," he said in an Idaho speech two years ago. "It is more than municipal governments, state governments, legislatures and commissions. No doubt, real self-government starts in every individual. But beyond this, the growing complexity of our modern life requires that if self-government is to be a success there must be self-government through coöperation in communities and groups in the solution of their own problems. We are confronted with the daily demand to extend government in order to cure some abuse or remedy some ill. The arm of government is often a poor cure for abuse, for it becomes often a restraint of liberty. The safeguard against the invasion of government into the lives and liberties of our people is that we shall find solutions and cure abuses outside of government."

In the same speech he said: "National character cannot be built by law or by government. It is the sum of the moral fiber of its individuals. When abuses which arise from our growing system are cured by live individual conscience, by initiative in the creation of voluntary standards, then is the growth of moral perception fertilized in every individual character. When commercial or industrial problems are solved by their own communities the whole nation grows stronger."

Four Gears Governing Business

In his St. Louis speech, near the close of the campaign, he said: "Government has the definite and manifest obligation of giving constructive leadership to the people. In doing so it must not lessen their initiative and enterprise, upon which we must rely for the progress of the race and of the nation."

It is evident that by deep conviction he holds for the individual spirit, with an unlimited faith in its power of initiative and responsibility. It is evident, too, what his theory of government is. The proper function of government is to provide light, leadership and principle, not to administer the affairs of people. It is necessary, for the purpose of race, character and nation-building, that people be free and responsible to administer their own affairs, as individuals, in groups and communities, with no meddling interference by government.

Specifically and in every way he rejects the pathological view of lawmaking. In order to cure a thing by law, you need exact knowledge of the trouble, and then to know the remedy. But if you have exact knowledge of the trouble and know what will cure it, you probably do not need a law at all. The only thing necessary may be to impart the information. People will be willing to cure themselves. Knowing the facts and the remedy both, then, if they cannot make their own solutions, it is because the principles are imperfect. In that case a law may be necessary.

Back of this philosophy lies a record of important and original achievement. How did the Department of Commerce under Hoover govern business? It did govern business, as business had never been governed before; and the only legislation it ever wanted was legislation touching principles, such, for example, as a reform of the patent law, or, in another case, an indulgence from legislation, as in the struggle to persuade the legalistic powers of government that trade associations conceived as a means to self-government and the development of moral accountability in business were not criminal under the law.

The four gears by which the Department of Commerce governed business were prestige, use, conference and conciliation; and these, it may be noted, were also the gears by which the South American intention moved. Prestige is from the authority of fact knowledge, from power of ideas, from strength of leadership. Use may be of anything—use of imagination, use of opportunity, use of materials and circumstances, use of the springs of action in people. Conference is seeing together. Conciliation is the rational sequel. Thus, it deals with industries sick, industries wild and industries willful. A sick industry wants to be well. A wild industry prefers civility; it may need only some disinterested aid in setting up the civilizing principle. A willful industry is open to the suggestion that restraint self-imposed is much more to its total advantage than a penal law.

Example lumber. The lumber trade was both willful and wild. The description of a common board was a trade crypticism. When a board was a one-inch board, what was it? There was no knowing but from an examination of the board itself. There was a demand that the trade be regulated by law, and Congress was moving in that direction. Already there was a Pure Food Law and there was a Pure Drugs Law. Why not a truth-in-lumber law? Probably by now there would be such a law, and a government bureau to administer it, and an annual appropriation by Congress to support the bureau and pay for its actions in court if the lumber industry, hearing there was such a place, had not gone to the Department of Commerce asking to be exorcised of its willfulness and set in a right way of its own. The Department of Commerce formulated a plan of self-government. Committees were formed—one in each division of the industry—to reform its practices. These committees had no law behind them, no legal power to make anybody do anything, but they had prestige, as representing an idea of the Department of Commerce, and they had the argument to use with the backward-minded that if the trade did not mend its ways, Congress would get it. Now, throughout the lumber industry there are standards of measurement, standards of quality, standards of practice; the demand for regulation of it by law has disappeared, and, as always happens, trade morality turns out to pay. The adoption of dimensional standards meant simplified industrial practice, fewer sizes and kinds, less capital locked up in stocks, and what has been saved in these ways is much more than was ever made by skinning the board.

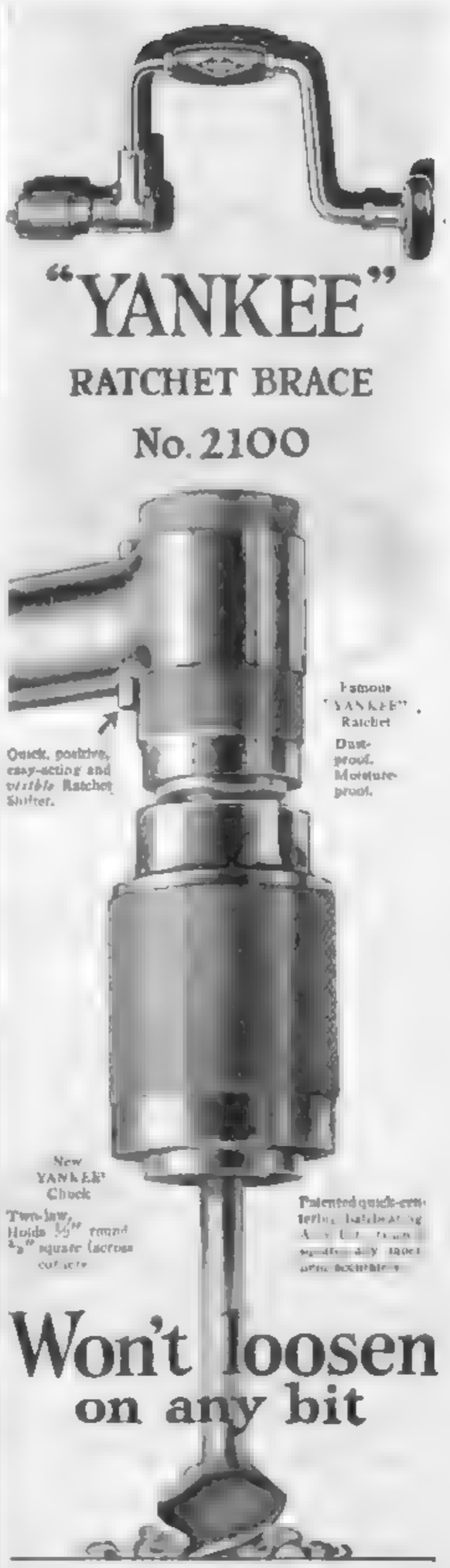
Strengthening the Union

Another was textiles. The textile-manufacturing trade was a sick industry. Its output was $9,000,000,000 a year, ranking second to agriculture; it accounted for more than a quarter of our total foreign trade. People to the number of 4,500,000 were directly dependent upon it for livelihood. And a capacity so overexpanded by competition that full production, meaning full employment, would exceed the demand by one-fifth. What was the problem there? How to treat the surplus—that was the problem. One way would be simply to stop producing it, to discontinue the excess capacity. That would mean unemployment and social injury. The alternative was to find new outlets, new markets, new uses for textiles.

The cotton-textile industry was particularly sick, worse off than the woolen trade, owing to the rapid rise of cotton manufacture in the South, nearer the raw material than New England. There was a New England manufacturers' association and a Southern manufacturers' association, largely engaged in the futility of recriminations. The New Englanders said the Southern manufacturers had ruined the industry by their erratic operations; the Southerners said New England was an obsolete scene, saved for the uneconomic manufacture of cotton only by favor of railroad rates on raw material that were unfair to the South.

On a hot summer day the Department of Commerce got them all in one Washington hotel room for a Hoover clinic. The weather made their bodies uncomfortable; the Secretary of Commerce made their minds uncomfortable. The case was not as either side saw it. There was one common dilemma. It behooved them to face the facts, unite their faculties, see together and find a way out. They formed, then, the Cotton Textiles Institute, Inc., as a meeting point, for purposes of seeing the thing whole. They offered Mr. Hoover the job of conducting the institute, at a very high salary, but he was not in the least interested. Besides, he could do more for them as Secretary of Commerce at no expense whatever. The Textile Division of the Department of Commerce, with its special textile-trade commissioners going to and fro in the world and with fifty-six foreign offices to draw

(Continued on Page 101)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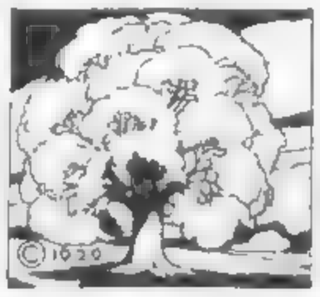

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the same Chrysler principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER MOTORS

For Greater Public Service

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "75"

CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX

PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, MOTOR COACHES *and* BUSES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MOTORS is the highest possible expression of the principle of mutual help reduced to the most practical possible form.

It is in every sense an insurance of the quality of anything and everything marketed by Chrysler Motors, because all of these Chrysler Motors products must of necessity conform to the same high standard—are in fact compelled to do so because conformity is enforced at the very outset by joint and mutual engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing.

Chrysler Motors products comprise a great group of cars covering all price classes—all branches of the same tree and all growing out of the same Chrysler principle of standardized quality, originated and first applied by Chrysler—a principle which inevitably lifts both quality and value—each car contributing and sharing the manufacturing efficiencies of all the rest.

But Chrysler Motors, while it welds together the advantages resulting from the common policy of engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing—under one head—still preserves a complete separate identity in the products and their distribution.

Outside of the invaluable rigid rule of adherence to the Chrysler principle of standardized quality, initiative and ingenuity are given absolutely free play in each of the individual units.

The versatility which prevails is evidenced by the products themselves.

They are individual, different, characteristic—yet similar in the basic goodness which results from the Chrysler unified plan and practice of quality engineering and manufacturing.

Yet, if each car or each plant were a separate entity operating "on its own," little would be gained by grouping them under one banner.

By a sheer process of natural development, Chrysler Motors has gone far, far beyond this. The co-ordination of the units was born long before Chrysler Motors was born.

The underlying principle has been in operation from the day that the first Chrysler was produced.

Out of this principle grows the logical advantage of Chrysler Motors—a conserving, economizing, efficiency-increasing force benefiting the buyer of every Chrysler product from first to last and no matter what its individual trade-name.

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$845

And up, at Factory

THE De Soto Six is one of that great group of cars which enjoys mutual economies and efficiencies through the unusual engineering, research and manufacturing facilities of Chrysler Motors. ¶ That is one reason why the De Soto Six has won such overwhelming success—because it is clear that such a power plant, such riding ease, such fineness of manufacturing, such inspiriting performance and such a fashionable ensemble are utterly unusual in a car so moderately priced.

Seven Body Styles, $845 to $955 at the factory

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION, *Detroit, Michigan*

Now . . . . Two electric cleaners for the price of one

. . . A cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.

Good-bye Attachments!

No longer need you take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs. Premier has found an easier, faster way, without attachments.

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Works independently—with its own sturdy little motor . . . does all the work of all attachments . . . and does it faster, better, more economically!

An amazing Premier discovery that *speeds up electric cleaning-by hours*

Crumbs on the couch after the party—feathers flipped from a playful pillow—children's clothes streaked with dried mud—upholstery and drapes gray with yesterday's dust . . .

No longer need you use the electric rug-cleaner to do these lighter tasks. Here is an easier, faster way to clean . . . without the use of a single attachment!

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The Spic-Span is the result of years of research. In a handy, compact form, it retains all the superiorities of the big Premiers . . . super-suction, ball-bearings—no oiling! Tried, tested and approved by many of America's greatest engineers and domestic science experts, the Spic-Span is capturing the enthusiasm of women everywhere. Just think! A genuine electric cleaner weighing only 4 pounds—less than an electric iron! Handy—yet sturdily built for long, hard wear. It takes the place of attachments . . . cleans faster and better because it gets its nose close to the dust and dirt. You can plug it into any electric socket and clean mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, automobiles, nooks, and crannies everywhere—without wasting time or steps.

The Premier Two-Cleaner Method

The new Premier method gives you two electric cleaners for the price of one: A big cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and the handy little Spic-Span for lighter tasks. It's a wonderful combination for shortening your house-cleaning hours.

Free Demonstration

The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
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Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by The Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities. Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd. General Offices, Toronto. Canada. Distributed and serviced outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York

Premier SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $48.00

(Continued from Page 97)

information from, could greatly assist the industry to increase the foreign demand for American textiles. Moreover, the Department of Commerce could and would make an exhaustive research in two phases—first to find and list every use already being made of cotton in the world, and second, to study every industry, trade, art and profession, to discover new uses for cotton. And there was the beginning of convalescence in the cotton-textile industry.

There is probably no sick industry that could not be benefited or cured by a clinical attack, a scientific diagnosis, internal resolution and systematic treatment. The soft-coal industry, for instance, is chronically sick, with the same disease as that afflicting the textile industry—namely, overdeveloped capacity. For various reasons the public is more conscious of its condition than of distress in the textile trade. The mind of Congress is revolving a law of control and omniscience to be applied to the soft-coal industry. Yet there is probably nothing to be done for an industry by law that it cannot be led to do for itself.

As the wants of the world continue to increase, all this excess capacity will presently be needed, and more. There is a lesson to be learned, and it cannot be taught by law. The lesson is that, since in this scheme of industrial civilization people must live by rhythm of immediate exchange, blind exertion is terrific waste. This is easy to see in the case of the farmer wasting himself to produce a crop he can neither eat nor sell. But it is the same with an industry that consumes capital to create plant and equipment faster than the increase is in the want and use of the product.

Building the Year Around

The view may be extended by including the approach of the Department of Commerce to certain phases of the unemployment evil and its way of committing American industry to the principles of simplified practice. In 1921 the whole intelligence of industrial civilization was invoked by the President to act upon a crisis in the state of employment, as postwar phenomena. The situation required emergency measures. In the course of formulating these the Secretary of Commerce came to fix his thought on unemployment as, first, a recurring evil, owing to what are known as business cycles, and, second, as a seasonal evil. He appointed first, a committee to study business cycles and unemployment in a comprehensive manner, and then one to isolate and study with experimental intensity a single phase of the problem—namely, seasonal operations in the construction industries. Construction, said Mr. Hoover, was the balance wheel of industry, and he was not at all sure that its seasonal variations of activity were necessary or rational.

His committee found such facts, among others, as that workers in the building trades were fully employed for much less than half the year and that this waste from seasonal idleness was owing not nearly so much to weather as to obsolete customs and practices fixed among builders before such technical knowledge existed as would now enable them to build the year around in all parts of the country.

The Department of Commerce gave wide publicity to the general facts, together with suggestions for intelligent planning and how to stagger the contributions of the different crafts. Well, merely from the promulgation of such general facts and ideas, the result has been that the national average of winter unemployment in the building trades has fallen from one hundred days to fifty.

Then as to simplified practice. What that means is to eliminate from the run of commonplace things all unnecessary differences of shape, size, detail and peculiarity. The use of it is to release labor and machines from needless and time-costly complications of effort and to relieve business of the necessity of carrying a burden of slow-moving stocks for the sake of variety. The benefits are to diminish idle investment in plant and merchandise, to promote continuity of employment and to reduce costs of manufacture. Originally, it was a war measure, designed to increase industrial output to the utmost, administered by the War Industries Board. During the war, for example, the farm-machinery manufacturers reduced the varieties of size in agricultural implements from 1092 to 137, and it was everybody's gain.

Simplified Practice

Necessity having discovered the enormous possibilities of simplified practice as a way to eliminate economic waste, naturally the thought arose of extending it throughout industry in time of peace. There was much objection, of course, as that it would make everything alike, standardize style and taste, and so on: but obviously there was no need for style or taste or æsthetic originality in plow seats, electric-light sockets and bulbs or paving brick.

In 1921 the Department of Commerce set up a Division of Simplified Practice, intensively to explore the possibilities and put the idea into American industry. The work of this bureau now touches more than 800 parts of industry. The principle has been so deeply established that by common opinion it would rank third or fourth among the major factors of industrial and commercial success. Last year industrial leaders from thirty-one foreign countries came to investigate its mysteries. The annual saving, just from casting out this one form of economic waste, is easily enough to pay half the interest on the national debt.

All very interesting. But what here is really relevant is how the Department of Commerce did it. In wartime it was quite easy. The War Industries Board had only to make up its mind and issue an edict; if an industry balked, or any member of it, the supply of raw material was cut off. But in time of peace how is the Department of Commerce going to tell an industry to make only these things and no more of those, with every manufacturer jealous of his own patterns and designs? And then, having said this, how is it going to see that its word is obeyed, without a law, police power and a police organization?

But the Department of Commerce tells nobody what to do. It tells an industry how a thing may be done and what are the uses of doing it. The industry is free to do it or not, as it pleases. The Division of Simplified Practice issues a service literature on the subject, explaining what it is all about; it tells what has already been done, and with what results; it issues a primer, made up of questions and answers, pictures, charts and definite instructions about how those who become interested may next proceed. When an inquiry comes from within an industry, the Division of Simplified Practice responds with a study of the possibilities in that particular field. When this is ready, the industry itself provides a man to act as a field agent of the Department of Commerce. His job is to move the whole mind of the industry. By lectures, graphs, pictures and lantern slides, he spreads the idea. Next there is a conference of the leaders of the industry, together with the users and distributors of its product, assisted by the experts of the Department of Commerce, and a tentative simplified-practice recommendation is drawn up. This must go back to the industry for approval; manufacturers up to 80 per cent of the industry's total output must accept it in writing. Then the recommendation is published as the will of the industry, and the industry itself is responsible for seeing that it is obeyed. There is no meddling by the Department of Commerce. It contributes suggestion, imagination, research, aid, support and prestige. Those members of an industry seeking to commit it to a program of simplified practice have the prestige of the Government behind them to begin with: finally, the accepted practice has the prestige of the Government behind it, and this may take the form of a seal, to wit: "This roll of fence is made in accordance with Simplified Practice Recommendation No. 9 of the United States Department of Commerce, Washington, District of Columbia."

Perhaps the most interesting one achievement in the field of tacit government was in relation to foreign loans. American capital in enormous amounts had been going abroad under an ecstasy toward foreign investment, with no theory to govern it, no background of experience, no plan whatever. Some of it was going to governments that spent it politically, some of it to governments that spent it for armaments, a great deal of it to governments that were refusing at the same time to recognize their war debts to the United States Treasury. This was during the Harding Administration, and the subject was one on which Mr. Hoover held some very strong opinions. His argument was that American capital should be loaned abroad only for constructive purposes, and then only to governments that were willing to act on their war debts. It would have been very difficult, perhaps impossible, to meet a situation like this by act of legislation.

A New Technic of Government

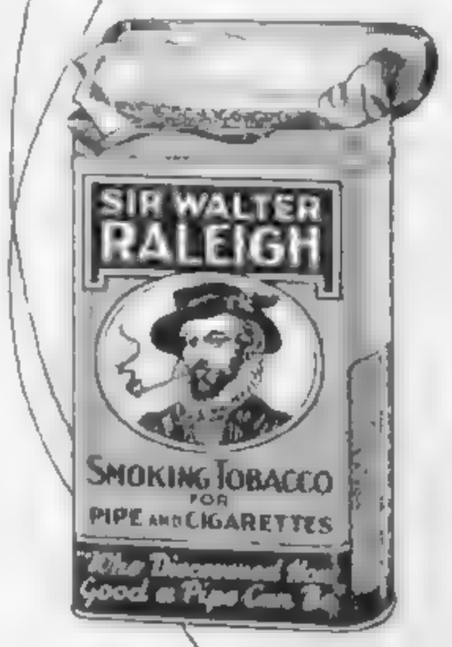
Mr. Harding called a conference of the principal Wall Street bankers engaged in floating these foreign loans. They were asked to look with the Government at what they were doing. As they opened the reservoir of American capital to all comers they weakened the Government in its negotiations with foreign debtors; moreover, by moving credit about in this prodigious manner, they were touching political situations they knew nothing of, and in some cases touching them dangerously. Why not submit all foreign loans to the view of the Government beforehand, for a kind of informal visa? The Government would have nothing to say on the financial merits of a loan—that was what bankers were for. The Government would say only whether or not, on political ground, there was any objection to a particular loan. To this the bankers agreed, and thereafter all proposed foreign loans were submitted to the Government for its consideration; the State Department, the Treasury and the Department of Commerce, in collaboration, passed opinion on them. Few were disapproved of; the mere fact that they were to receive this scrutiny made bankers more thoughtful, having now two points of view—one their own financial point of view and the other, that of national policy. There was never any secret about this agreement or how it worked, nor ever a serious misunderstanding in the specific application of it. No act of legislation attempting to regulate foreign loans could have produced a like result.

All of this record has a bearing on the question: "Yes, but after all, what can a Hoover mentality accomplish with the Congress there to say aye and no?"

But here, by a new technic of government, is a long list of achievements as to which Congress has said no aye or no. The entire power of this technic belongs to the executive arm of government. The possibilities of its development and application have perhaps only begun to be perceived. There are no legal limits to prestige, use, conference and conciliation, for these are natural exercises in human relationship and may as well take place between the Government and the people as among people themselves, with no benefit or sanction of legislation. The thing that works will be let alone. And so to be deduced is the probability that Mr. Hoover, with his mentality, his temperament, his philosophy and his experience in putting people by groups and associations to the responsibilities of what he calls self-government, will seek the engineer's by-pass to a working result, sometimes to miss it, as the hazard is, and then again to find it where no such way was supposed to exist.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in the issue of March second.

Milder than what?



WELL, milder than what you've been smoking. Milder, and mellower, and for two perfectly good reasons: it's choice leaf and it's aged more carefully in the warehouse. Result, Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture has so much genuine distinction of flavor and fragrance that sophisticated pipe smokers are prompt to recognize it and grow enthusiastic.

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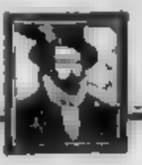
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 4, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  *milder*

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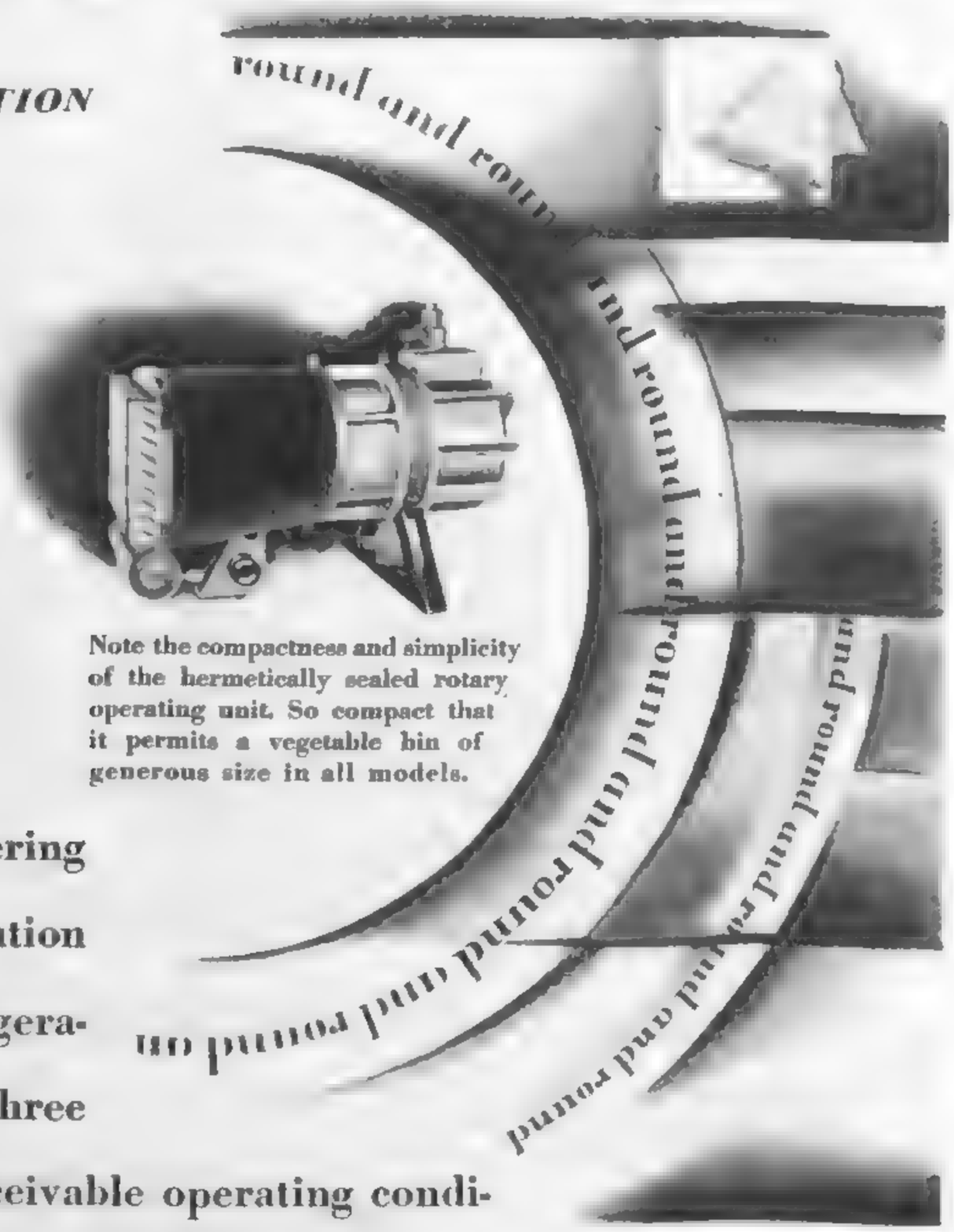
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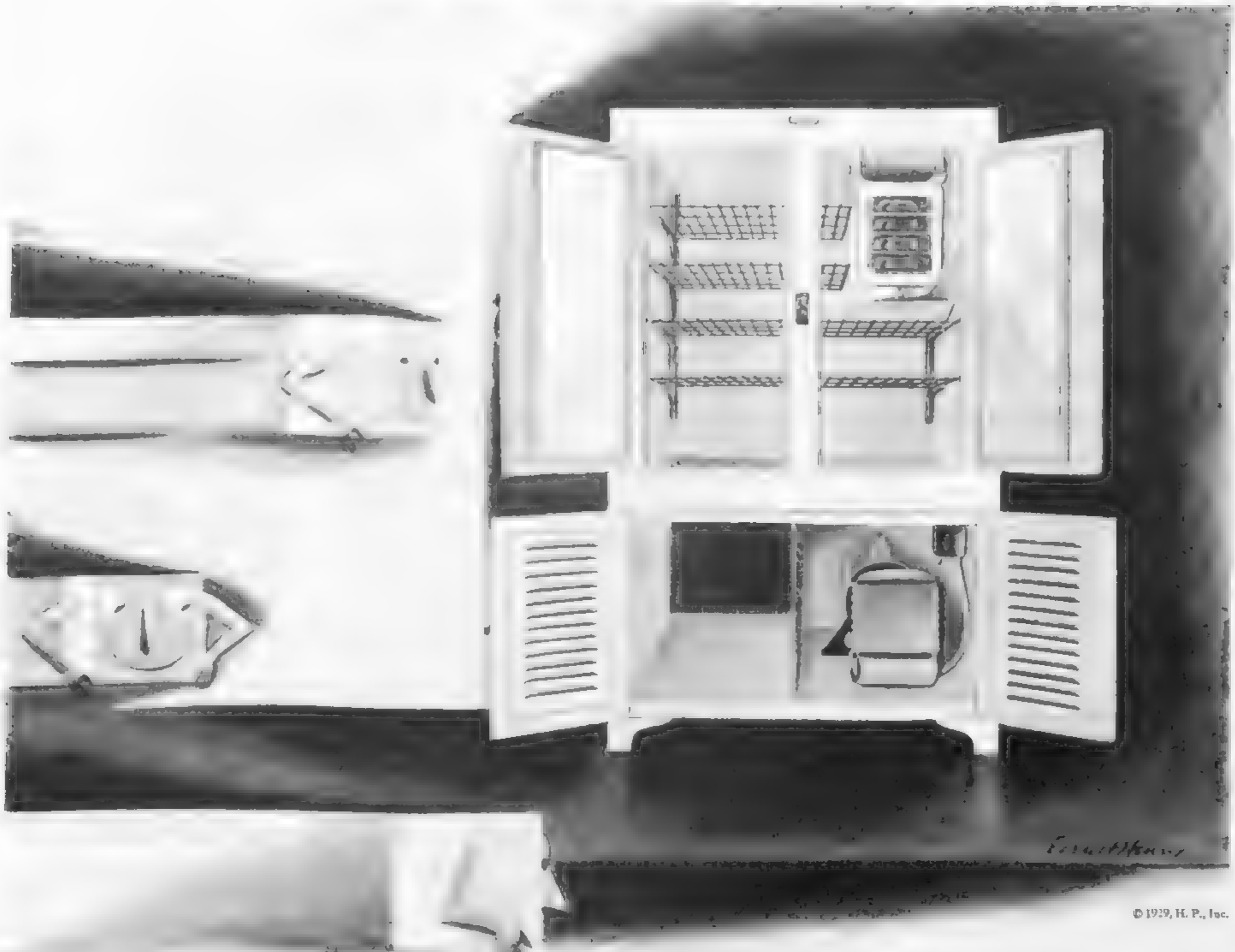

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HOLMES

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machete methods
in your business?

THERE are men managing highly motorized factories and modern buildings of various kinds, who would smile at the machete methods of agriculture still being used in some sections of the West Indies. Yet in their own buildings they may still be using hand methods—just as old, laborious, and inefficient—to polish and scrub floors.

The FINNELL Electric Scrubber-Polisher is as great an improvement over hand methods as agricultural machinery is over the machete.

Four Ways It Pays

A theater owner reports that the FINNELL cleans his floors in but half the time it would require by hand. A certain large factory saves $41,000 a year. A FINNELL cleaned candy factory is consistently rated one hundred per cent for cleanliness by health inspectors. A hotel user has eliminated management troubles encountered with hand cleaners.

For homes, too. The Household FINNELL refinishes floors—makes them like new—and then keeps them beautiful. Light, easy to handle. Sold on terms.

Write for booklet—stating whether for business or home use—to FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 2014 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana, or 130 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada. See telephone book for local offices.

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

8 sizes—
ranging in
price from
$87.50
to $875

SUGAR BABY; FULL PARTICULARS

(Continued from Page 13)

cost as much as the kind Skidsy sported, they really cost more.

But it was his face which really attracted me most. There was something about it so refined and so cultured and at the same time so kind and so capable and so friendly that, as he stood there looking at the shelves without moving a muscle, it almost made the tears come to my eyes.

For one terrible moment I said to myself, "No, this is too perfect to be true. It is not a live man; it is just a wax figure put there for advertising purposes to interest people in reading good books." But at this exact instant when I had lost all hope, he reached his right hand up to the top shelf. Then I knew he was alive and flesh and blood.

Aunt Friendly, my voice trembled as I walked up to him and said, "Can you tell me where to find the books on marriage?"

Instead of answering, the way Skidsy would have done, by saying, "What's the matter, sister? Do I look like an information desk?" he expressed himself in words that will remain engraved on my heart until I die. "I will help you as far as possible," he said in the most cultured yet manly voice anybody could imagine. "I believe we should try the next alcove."

My head was in such a whirl that I cannot remember all the other wonderful things he said as he handed me book after book on the subject of marriage.

Finally I broke down, crying. But it was not because I could not find a book dealing with my problem; the tears were the result of thinking how I was now married for life to Skidsy and here was this wonderful man talking to me in such a wonderful way and soon about to pass out of my life forever.

"What is the matter, little woman?" he said, patting me on the shoulder. "Why not come into the classical-literature room where we will be alone and then you can tell me all about it?"

So we went in there, and after I had got control of my emotions we began to talk. I guess you know how it is, Aunt Friendly. When one person begins to tell all, then the other person is very apt to do the same. Though I did not ask him for any information about himself, I soon found out all I could have wished to know.

His name was Lowell Bradster. He was thirty-one years old and came of an aged New England family. He was a graduate of the university at Harvard and very cultured. He worked in his father's leather factory as superintendent, but was really in full charge, as his father spent most of his time in Europe and similar places.

"Mr. Bradster," I said when we had talked confidentially for some time, "what do you think I had ought to do?"

Little by little, as I had told my story, I had observed him getting interested.

A spasm of pain crossed his features as he remarked, "Don't ask me that, little woman—don't ask me that." And leaving his chair he walked from the works of Shakspere across the room to the dictionaries and back again before once more taking his place by my side.

The discussion was now resumed for about an hour, when I had to go back to the office to help get out some form letters. Mr. Bradster insisted on escorting me there, and all the way he talked and said wonderful things. Yet I could not help thinking: "What will be the end of this friendship? Mr. Bradster is evidently falling for me, but he is too good to be true. The fact is that probably he is an actor out of a job, living in a cheap furnished room and looking for some industrious wife to pay his bills."

By the time the letters had all the names and addresses added, it was too late to go back to the library, but the next morning on the way to work I stopped in. Probably it was a nervy thing to do, but I walked right up to the girl at the desk and, having described Mr. Bradster, asked if she knew him.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we all know him here, because he is the president of the library commission, and though of course it doesn't pay him a salary, he is very much interested and spends a great deal of time here. In fact, people say he is more interested in culture than in leather. At the same time, he is known in the city as a first-rate business man, and since he has taken charge of his father's factory the production has been doubled. Mr. Bradster is also the city's leading philanthropist and is liked and respected wherever he goes."

Aunt Friendly, I left that library with my head turning and spinning.

IV

YOU have asked for the full particulars, Aunt Friendly, and I am going to give them to you, whatever may be the cost to myself.

I had met Lowell only this first time when I realized that I loved him more than life itself, and with a love that would never die. And bitter were the tears I shed trying to decide what I had ought to do about it.

Perhaps you will say, Aunt Friendly, that I should have broken off the acquaintance at once, being as I was already married. And indeed that is what Lowell himself had decided when, the next evening, I met him by appointment in the art-and-music room of the library.

"Little woman," he said in a voice that trembled, "I am sorry—I am more sorry than I can say—it breaks my heart, but I feel we should not see each other again."

"Why, Lowell," I cried, using his first name, "I don't suppose I am poison even if I am married!"

"Aren't we evading the main issue, little woman?"

"What is the main issue, Lowell?"

"The main issue is that though we may try to conceal it, we care for each other deeply. And since we have no right to such an emotion we must say good-by forever." As he repeated these last words his voice was so sweetly solemn, like a beautiful pipe organ, that tears came into my eyes and rolled down my cheeks.

"I may be married, Lowell, but that doesn't keep me from adoring culture. I am crazy about culture." Perhaps this was not the exact truth, Aunt Friendly, but I did not feel I was doing wrong. "In meeting you, Lowell, I know at last I have found someone who can explain culture in every detail. If I should lose you now, probably I would fall back into my previous life, which was practically without culture of any kind. It is not necessary, Lowell, for us to discuss other subjects, but we can always talk about culture."

At first he said no, but I kept on talking and talking till finally he agreed to advise me about what I should read, providing that we did not allow the conversation to stray to other matters.

And now, Aunt Friendly, followed the sweetest period of my life. I forgot all about Skidsy as, evening after evening, I went to the library and talked with Lowell on the subject of culture. Naturally he knew all about this, having been to the university at Harvard.

So we enjoyed daily conversations about art and literature and grammar and how to use the knife and fork and why jazz was not music and similar subjects. And I am not boasting, Aunt Friendly, when I say that Lowell found me very receptive, and more than once said, "Little woman, I have never talked with anyone who picked things up as rapidly as you do. What is more, you remember every word I say. It is astonishing."

And it was true, Aunt Friendly—it was true. Every hour I had to myself I thought over what Lowell had told me the day before and, when possible, tried to apply it in some way. And daily I could feel my personality changing for the better and growing away from my old self.

What made Lowell's influence all the stronger with me was the fact that the more I found out about him the more favorable everything was.

When I told this to my girl friend Bella, she merely laughed and said, "They say there is one born every minute, but you seem to be twins. Take it from Bella, another gold brick is knocking you for another gool."

"Bella," I exclaimed indignantly, "how can you say such a thing without ever having met Lowell?"

"I don't have to meet him. There is no man on earth so perfect as you think your boy friend is. There is something wrong somewhere. Sooner or later you will find out he is a hophead or a thrill criminal or married. Take it from a little girl who knows her millionaires."

This started me on a serious investigation of Lowell. I did not leave anything to chance, even paying twenty-five dollars to a private detective agency. The result was uniformly superior to what I had believed possible. The Bradster family was about ten times richer and more important than I had supposed. Lowell was not married and had never been married. He was considered the best executive head the factory had ever had. He had not only gone to the university at Harvard but he had also written two books which were in the library. I got them out and kissed them both inside; one being on Some Minor Japanese Artists of the Eighteenth Century, and the other on New Aspects of Modern Factory Management.

When I told all this to my girl friend Bella, she looked grave for a minute and then began to laugh. "My mistake," she said. "Lowell is all gold and a yard wide. Only, if you want to keep on loving him, never let friend husband into the picture. If Skidsy comes back he will dump the apple-sauce cart."

"Do you mean he will make me believe that what Lowell is telling me is apple sauce?"

"No, dollink, but he will prove to you that what you are telling yourself is apple sauce. Skidsy is so worthless and you are so decent that Lowell hasn't a chance. Figure that out and win a valuable prize."

For some time Skidsy had hardly been on my mind at all. At first I had been so desperate I had wanted him to come back at any cost. Then, after meeting Lowell, I had begun to hope he would never come back. Now, after having practically forgotten his existence, it was painful even to think of him. Moreover, with his jealous disposition, there was no doubt that when he found out all, he would fly into a fury and probably kill Lowell with his bare hands.

It was my plain duty to warn Lowell of this danger, and I had this in mind the evening we met in the library, up in the foreign literature room. Nobody was present except a Russian or a Pole or something like that, who scowled indignantly as often as we raised our voices. But we didn't mind him much.

"Lowell," I said suddenly, "do you like the color of my hair?" I do not know why I made this remark, as I had intended to bring up the subject of his personal safety as soon as possible.

"Little woman," he said in a hoarse voice, "I adore it."

"But Lowell, wouldn't you like for me to change it to a lovely golden blond?"

He shut his eyes while his head moved slowly from side to side. "No, little woman, no—no. It would be a profanation. Your hair is beauty itself, just as it is." He waited a moment and then said all at once, "Little woman, I have fought to keep myself from saying what I am about to say, but I can no longer control my deepest feelings. I love you."

"Lowell," I replied—and I do not have to explain, Aunt Friendly, that every word

(Continued on Page 106)

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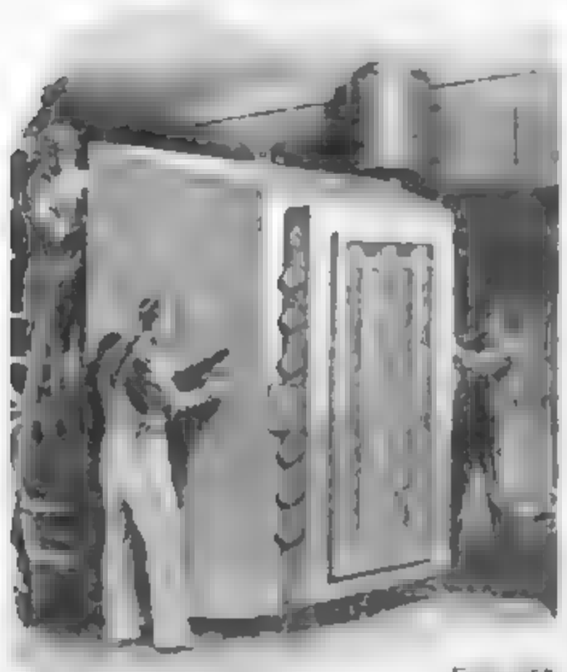

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(Continued from Page 104)

I spoke came directly from my heart—"Lowell, I love you more than life itself, and with a love that will never die."

Lowell's hands were closed so tight that you could see his forearms tremble. "Little woman, I'm a cad—yes, a cad, to say what I've just said. I haven't the right. You're married."

"Lowell," I replied, "since you have come into my life I have no longer considered myself married in any way." And this was true, because even before my first meeting with Lowell, Skidsy had lit out to Cincinnati, never dropping me a word, either direct or indirect. As for the household expenses, I had paid those all along without ever receiving a thin dime from Skidsy. "I belong to myself, Lowell, and have a perfect right to discuss any subject whatever with you."

Lowell's face lit up as he ejaculated, "Little woman!" so loud the Russian or Pole or whatever he was began scowling and muttering to such an extent that we felt obliged first to walk into the corridor and then to leave the library altogether.

I would not repeat, even to you, Aunt Friendly, the things we said to each other during the next three hours, because I consider that conversation sacred. As we walked through the streets, Lowell's hand in mine, it was like floating through rose-colored clouds. Midnight was sounding when I observed with surprise that we had wandered into the neighborhood of my flat.

"We will call a taxi," Lowell said, "and go to where I have parked my car. Then I will take you directly to my mother. She knows my sentiments toward you and she will protect and care for you until you are free. I promise you, little woman, that nothing will be spared to make you comfortable. And after your divorce we will be united in the holy bonds of matrimony and sail around the world on our honeymoon."

"Lowell," I said, "I can only repeat that I love you more than life itself, and with a love that will never die." Tears came into my eyes as I said it. "All I ask, Lowell, is for you to be patient with me and give me the chance to learn what I should know before you introduce me as your bride."

"Don't worry about that, little woman. There is just one ambition in my life, and that is to make you happy. But ——"

"What is it that bothers you, Lowell?"

Lowell frowned and shook his head. "As soon as possible, little woman, I should like to see you safe and sound in my mother's home because of your ——" He stopped.

I clasped his right hand between my two palms. "Lowell," I breathed softly, "never again do I expect to set eyes on the person you mean whose name I will not mention, and who is now in Cincinnati. But you need not be afraid; I have given him his last chance. His outrageous actions have killed any emotion I ever had for him. Besides, Lowell, now that I have become acquainted with you and realize what it means to know a real man, I feel nothing for Skidsy but the deepest contempt. There are those, Lowell, who say a worthless man is irresistible to a decent woman. People who say this have never had the privilege of looking into a decent woman's heart."

Ten minutes later, happier than I had been in months, I stood by the curb waving good-by to Lowell. I had asked him not to see me to the flat because of the neighbors, but we had decided that early the next morning I should pack up and move to his mother's house. And under the loving care of Lowell's mother I would begin to prepare myself to take my place as Lowell's bride.

I was standing there, Aunt Friendly, with tears in my eyes and a smile on my lips when I heard a familiar voice behind me.

"Hello, Sugar Baby," it said. "Say, your boy friend that just turned the corner is some fast worker. Am I right?"

V

I TURNED around as fast as a spinning top. There was Skidsy, hands in pockets.

One shoe was leaving its sole; his pants were baggy; his shirt cuffs were molting; his watch was gone; there was a button off his coat; his necktie was spotted. And he looked hungry.

It didn't seem right to rub it in, Aunt Friendly, but I figured the best thing to do was to get the worst over as soon as possible.

"Skidsy," I said, "that is a gentleman who wants me to leave you and marry him, and I am going to do it."

It was a surprise to me the way Skidsy took the shock. He acted as though I'd said it was a nice day.

"Oh, all right, Sugar Baby. Whatever you say goes. But what would you say first to a little ride somewheres?"

"Skidsy," I said, "you must be crazy if you think I'm going to have anything more to do with you. You will never soft-soap me again. Here and now we say good-by for good. Moreover —— What's the matter?"

I asked this last question because Skidsy had grabbed hold of my wrist so hard it hurt. He was staring at a closed car which had suddenly pulled up across the street and from which three men were advancing rapidly right toward us. One of them had a gun in his hand and all three wore some sort of a mask over the eyes. It looked bad.

"Skidsy," I whispered, hoping to protect Lowell from any newspaper notoriety about me, "hang on to yourself. Don't pull any Tiger Kid stuff on these boy bandits. Give 'em everything you got. I'll pay you back."

Instead of answering my remark, Skidsy spoke up to the three men with the masks.

Never in my life, Aunt Friendly, have I received such a shock. Skidsy's voice, instead of being loud and firm, as when making remarks to me, went up and down, quavering like a musical saw. His legs were shaking, his eyes had started to pop, and his face was turning from white to green.

"Whatsa idea?" he said. "Whatsa idea?"

"The idea is we don't need you in this party. All we can use is your meal ticket. So beat it, and remember, if you open your yap we'll fill it full of lead pie."

"Skidsy!" I yelled as the man with the gun caught hold of my arm. "Skidsy, you aren't going to let them get away with this?"

Skidsy never moved; he just stood there with his face getting greener. And yet, somehow I hadn't lost hope. I kept thinking that with him such a fighter and all, maybe in a minute or two he would spring out on those kidnapers and start something with his bare hands.

"Skidsy!"

The man who had hold of me laughed, and so did the two others. "Lady," he said, "I hope you don't think this little rat would lift a finger to help you or anybody else. He's only a rat, lady, and I feel like putting a bullet in his leg just so you should hear him holler. . . . Make him stand still, Jake, and I'll do it."

And now Skidsy spoke up in the most pitiful voice I ever heard since my little brother got over the whooping cough.

"Whatcha wanta shoot me up for?" Skidsy said. "I never done nothing to you, did I? You got my wife, ain'tcha? Ain't that enough? I won't snitch on ya. Lemme go."

And then, Aunt Friendly, and not till then, I screamed. It wasn't a scream for help. I wasn't trying to call the police. And I never even thought of Lowell. It was just a scream of indignation to express a little of what was tearing me to pieces inside. That scream meant all I felt about Skidsy and how low and contemptible he was. That scream meant my last illusion about Skidsy had gone forever.

Twice the man that was holding me put his other hand over my mouth, but I bit and kicked and kept on screaming. I wasn't calling anybody; I was just using my voice as a safety valve so as not to explode into little pieces.

And when I saw Lowell running up I said, "Lowell, stay back. For my sake stay back."

It wasn't that I didn't want to be rescued, but I was afraid Lowell might get hurt.

"No, Lowell," I said again.

But it was too late. Lowell had come running up at full speed, and without the least hesitation had smashed into the man with the pistol. Never for a moment had I dreamed he could handle himself as he now did before my very eyes.

The man with the pistol probably intended to take a shot or two, but before he could get around to it he was lying on his back and Lowell had slipped the gun into his own pocket. Then Lowell turned his attention to the remaining two while his first victim staggered over to the car and came back with the crank, making it three to one again.

Aunt Friendly, it was like a scene in the movies, and I might have supposed it had all been arranged beforehand if I had not been close enough to get spattered with blood. Cursing and swearing in the most horrible way you can imagine, the three came at Lowell, and one after another Lowell threw them over his head or slammed them on the chin. The man with the crank lasted longest and got it worst, because he was practically unconscious when Lowell threw him back into the car.

Then Lowell tossed back the crank and also the pistol, and said in his usual calm and cultured voice, "Now, drive off. And if you ever attempt to annoy this lady again, the next time you won't get off so easy."

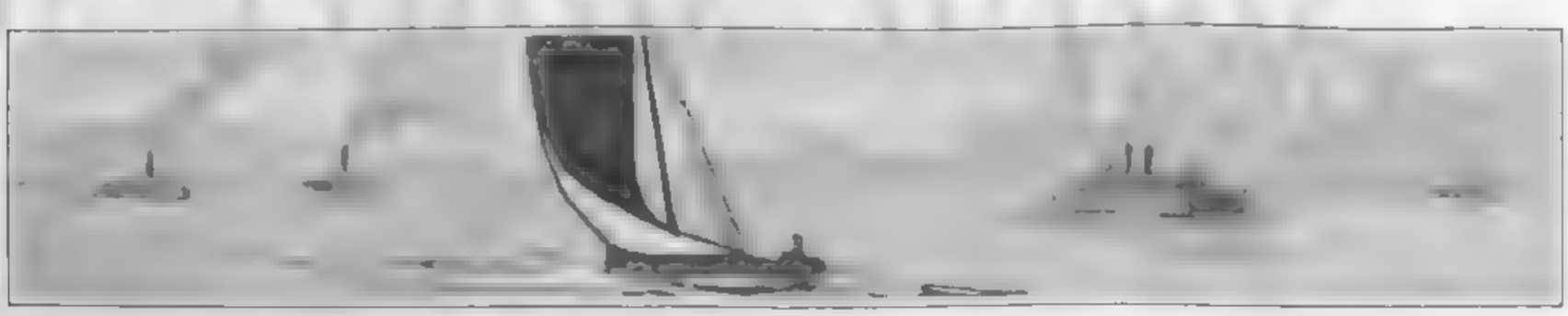
He came back just in time to catch me as I tumbled over in a dead faint.

VI

IT WAS almost one when Lowell left me at the door of my flat. I had not said anything to Lowell about Skidsy's reappearance nor how Skidsy had beat it as soon as the battle started. I was afraid that if Lowell knew about Skidsy's being in town he might try to take me to his mother's, and thus I would never again have a chance to talk to Skidsy in plain language. More than anything else in the world, I wanted to see Skidsy again and tell him in so many words exactly what I thought of him. And I wanted to do it right.

It took me about an hour to arrange all I wanted to say to Skidsy exactly the way I wanted to say it, but when I finally did hammer my remarks into shape they were good. Next I yanked the loose leg off the kitchen table and hid it behind the couch, where I could get at it in case of emergency.

(Continued on Page 109)



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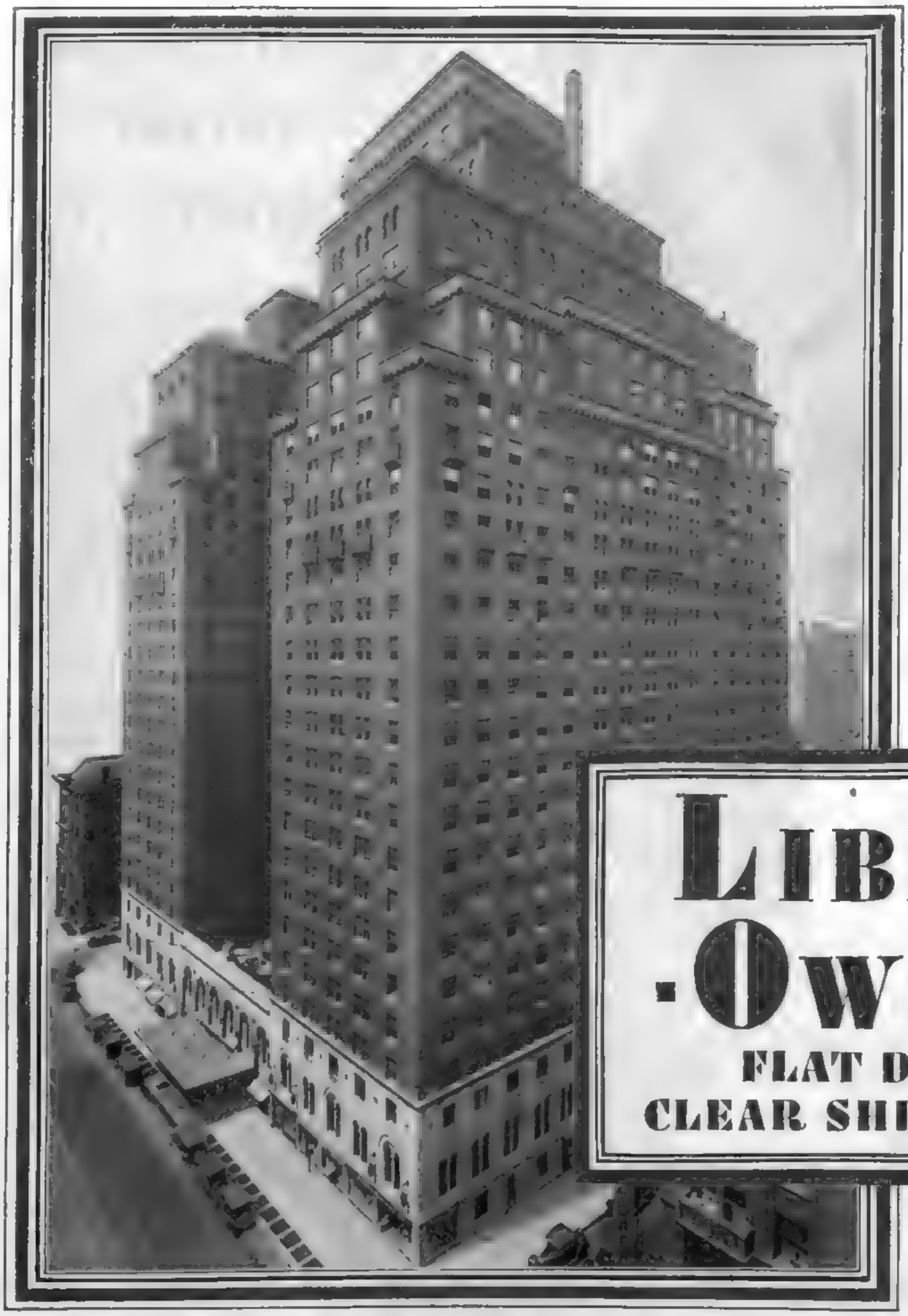

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(Continued from Page 106)

Preliminaries then having been settled, I started to pack my trunk and kill time with this and that until Skidsy showed up. Four o'clock in the morning had come and gone and I was just getting ready to call up the police station and the hospitals when the door opened. Skidsy had come at last.

Aunt Friendly, if anybody had ever slipped me the look I gave Skidsy I'd have sunk through the floor. Without moving or saying a word, I stared at him for thirty seconds while he stood there, just inside the door. Then, slipping my hand behind the couch and gripping the concealed table leg, I began to talk.

. . . . . .

The above paragraphs which I have scratched out, Aunt Friendly, are the beginning of my remarks. I have scratched them out because they do not do justice to what I really said. Never in my life did I have so many words waiting to be used and never did I use them to better effect.

While Skidsy stood there, first on one foot and then on the other, I told him all about himself down to the last detail. I told him how he had broken my heart, with the result that I now cared more for Lowell's little finger than for Skidsy's whole body. I also told him just what I thought of a man who would let his wife fall into the hands of bandits without even stirring a limb in her defense.

"And now, Skidsy," I finished, "I guess at last you see how and why you have passed out of my life, and all you have to do from now on is to stay out of it. And if you don't, there will be somebody on hand to make you. As far as I am concerned, Skidsy, you are not a man; you are lower than a worm. I hate you. I despise you. I consider you the poorest excuse for a human being that was ever let live. Probably you are thinking now that, as soon as I stop talking, you will get a chance to soft-soap me again—like Bella says. Well, here is where you get fooled and where Bella gets fooled." With these words I pulled out the table leg. "Now, Skidsy, where is all your soft soap? Open the barrel and just try to spill a little. Just let me hear one word out of that yap of yours and you'll finish the night in a hospital."

Saying this, I took a step toward Skidsy. I seemed to have the strength of ten persons in my body and the table leg didn't weigh any more than a toothpick.

"Say something, Skidsy. Say anything."

And then for the first time Skidsy opened his mouth. "Hit me," he said.

It was so unexpected, Aunt Friendly, I almost dropped the table leg. "What's the matter, Skidsy?" I said after the shock had passed. "Did you leave the soft soap outside in the hall?"

Skidsy just stood there and looked at me without moving a muscle. "I'm not pulling any excuses. What you says was right and just."

It was as much of a shock to me, Aunt Friendly, as if a piece of the ceiling had fallen on my head. I laid the table leg on the couch and talked slow so he would get every word.

"Skidsy, did you hear me begin my remarks by calling you a worthless, low-down, good-for-nothing gold brick? Were you listening when I explained just what I thought of a rumdum who would take his wife's money to run away with a blonde to Cincinnati? Were you in the room when I made all those remarks about a party who was so yellow he would let bandits kidnap his wife and not even raise his voice to call a cop?"

"I never missed a word," Skidsy said. "It was all true and I am even worse than that."

"You are worse than that, Skidsy?"

"Yes, and a lot worse. You thought you lost that pearl bracelet your mother give you. Well, one time when I needed a little change I took that bracelet and hocked it. I not only went to Cincinnati with that blonde but also to New York. Two of them three guys you call bandits was pals of mine. I heard about your boy friend and rigged up a game to steal you and get some money off him; then they double-crossed me. When you finished all you had to say about me, you'd only said the beginning of it. You can call me low-down, but that ain't half low enough. You can call me worthless but that don't even begin to express how worthless I am."

Aunt Friendly, I had to shut my eyes to stop the room from spinning around.

"Skidsy, you can't be as bad as all that."

"I'm a lot worse," he said—"a lot worse."

"Skidsy, do you realize we're saying good-by forever? Don't you want to leave a good impression?"

"I don't care whether I leave a good impression or not."

It was so unexpected it just took my breath away."

"You ought to care, Skidsy."

"Well, whatcha gonna do about it?"

Aunt Friendly, I had never supposed anybody could have sunk so low as not to care whether he was worthless or not. It made me dizzy.

"Skidsy, it's never too late to make something of yourself. Somewhere there's somebody that'll understand you."

"I hope not. Good night."

"Shut that door. Don't give up, Skidsy. There's a sweet girl somewhere in this broad U. S. A. who'll prove to you that you aren't as worthless as you think."

"Not if I see her coming first. Good——"

"Keep that door shut till I've finished. Before we part forever, Skidsy, I'm going to give you my message."

"Give it to a telegraph operator."

It was just agony, Aunt Friendly, to listen to this line of Skidsy's and realize that in the future, while I was having a cultured society career, with every slightest wish gratified, and probably a butler and two cars and charge accounts, Skidsy would be sinking lower and lower, until finally he was down and out for good. Though there did not seem to be anything I could do about it.

"Skidsy," I said, "even if you won't let me give you my message, you got to remember that once we meant quite a lot to each other and now we're saying good-by forever. I would never feel right in the future, Skidsy, unless you can give me a straight answer to a certain question."

"What's the question?"

"I want an answer, yes or no."

"What's the question?"

"It's this: You ain't mad with me, are you, Skidsy?"

"Why, no, Sugar Baby. I ain't mad with you."

"Then I ain't mad with you, either."

That, Aunt Friendly, was where I should have stopped, and it was the greatest possible surprise to me when I heard myself adding: "Come here, Skidsy," and felt my right arm grabbing around Skidsy's neck.

■■■

AUNT FRIENDLY, I have written Lowell a short note stating the bare facts in the case and adding the simple truth: "Lowell, I love you more than life itself, and with a love that will never die, and will always regret not being able to marry you, on account of accompanying Skidsy to Los Angeles, California."

The reason we are going there is so that Skidsy can become a movie-picture actor, which has always been his secret ambition, and as I have disposed of my holdings in the loan-and-savings association, we will have enough to live on until I can get a job.

There is just one favor I would like to ask of you, and that is if you would write Lowell telling him just why I am doing what I am doing; because in my own note, when I tried to explain this important point to Lowell, I could not seem to make it clear and in the end was forced to tear up seven pages. So, thanking you in advance, Aunt Friendly, will merely add that inclosed please find self-addressed, stamped envelope, and will you kindly forward by return mail your harmless receipt for turning brunet hair into a lovely golden blond.

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THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

SOME ASPECTS OF FARM RELIEF

(Continued from Page 11)

The top of the tariff wall has been described by many students as the legislative objective of certain leaders of certain agrarian organizations. Spokesmen for several agricultural elements are, however, not by any means agreed as to whether this or some other objective would, once it were attained, bring about reconstruction and reorganization of our agricultural structure upon a solid, permanent foundation. So many conflicting opinions have developed, even among the farmers themselves, concerning what is best for agriculture, that it is extremely difficult to sift the wheat from the chaff or to outline a farm-relief plan that would be satisfactory to all, or even to a majority of those concerned.

Eliminating the political phases involved in the farm-relief movement, we should concern ourselves first with the economic and commercial workability of any agricultural legislation which may be submitted to or adopted by Congress.

There is much to consider in the statement made by Sydney Anderson, president of the Millers' National Federation, and formerly an agrarian leader in the United States House of Representatives, that a permanent solution of the farm problem depends largely upon the development of a long-time program of cooperative activity among farmers, accompanied by an amount of self-help in the reduction of the costs which are a definite part of the problem.

Included in the general agricultural problem is a group of other problems, each in a large measure a distinct commodity problem, and these lie almost wholly in the field of marketing and distribution. Each must be considered in the light of the special circumstances which are characteristic of the marketing of a particular crop.

When he appeared at a hearing on the McNary-Haugen bill before the House Committee on Agriculture in January, 1927, Mr. Anderson, as spokesman for the Millers' National Federation, for whose membership was claimed an annual flour production of 73,000,000 barrels, declared the series of problems just referred to manifests itself in periodic acute crises caused by occasional abnormal surpluses, which force the price below the cost of production and result, if continued, in bankruptcy, mortgage foreclosures and acute depressions.

Unlimited Price-Fixing Power

"We think that a distinction must be made between what we may consider as normal surpluses and what we may consider as abnormal surpluses," explained Mr. Anderson. "A surplus is not an abnormal condition, either in agriculture or in industry. A surplus may represent the potential ability to produce more than the market will absorb. Practically every industry in the United States, except those that are best organized or that possess a virtual monopoly of the source of supply, is confronted with exactly the same sort of problem as agriculture is confronted with, because of the potential capacity to produce more than the market can absorb.

"The factors which influence prices are not only economic: they are psychological as well. The condition which produces a depression or a stimulation of prices is often as much a state of mind as it is a state of supply and demand. . . . This psychological situation—a good illustration of which is a condition which we had in cotton a year ago—often carries the price below the point of the economic level, which is the basis of supply and demand, either present or prospective."

In condemning the McNary-Haugen bill in his message to Congress on February 25, 1927, President Coolidge expressed an opinion generally accepted in many quarters unfavorable to the measure. It gave, he said, the proposed Federal farm board "almost unlimited authority to fix prices on the designated commodities.

"Government price fixing, once started, has alike no justice and no end," Mr. Coolidge added. "It is an economic folly from which this country has every right to be spared."

There the President epitomized one of the principal objections to the McNary-Haugen bill, although to the country at large, especially during the late presidential campaign, it was probably the term "equalization fee" more than anything else that focused public attention upon the measure and its theory of farm relief.

While advocates of the equalization fee claim that the tax levy it provides for shall be borne by the farmer himself, anyone familiar with the way taxation is passed on from the taxpayer to the ultimate consumer can readily surmise upon whom the larger part of the burden of this species of farm relief would rest eventually.

Divided Among Themselves

The only rule for estimating the equalization fee is embodied in the McNary-Haugen bill originally, which provides, in effect, that the proposed Federal farm board should, from time to time during the marketing period, estimate probable losses, costs and charges to be paid under marketing agreements involving each or any of the commodities to which the proposed law would be applied.

The difficulty of estimating the equalization fee was emphasized by President Coolidge before Senator McNary discarded it, as well as by others who had given it careful study. The President also expressed the opinion that the contemplated Federal farm board could probably do no better than could the Department of Agriculture in making proper estimates of the amount of agricultural products. He pointed out that for spring wheat the estimates of the department have been at times 78,000,000 bushels too small and 90,000,000 bushels too large; for winter wheat, 126,000,000 bushels too small and 140,000,000 bushels too large; for corn 430,000,000 bushels too small and 657,000,000 bushels too large. In cotton the range has been 2,983,000 bales too small for 1926 and 3,286,000 bales too large for 1918.

The President also declared: "It has been represented that this bill has been unanimously approved by our farmers. Several of our largest farm organizations have refused to support it, and important minorities in the members and leadership among the most important organizations who are recorded as giving it indorsement have protested to me against it."

Here we have the President himself describing unmistakably the marked division of public and private opinion that exists regarding the McNary-Haugen bill as a specific for agriculture, and the different theories concerning methods of meeting the economic requirements of the farmer upon a sound, common-sense basis.

Uncertainty as to how the consumer will fare naturally attends any proposal for farm relief which would increase agricultural price levels. There are those who believe the cost of living would not be increased materially for the consumer if the farmer were provided with a more profitable market. There are others who hold the opinion that the ultimate consumer would have to pay higher prices for farm commodities if the farmer were to receive higher prices for his products. Perhaps all that a disinterested observer, or interpreter, of the agricultural situation can do, under the circumstances, is to refer to statements which have been made from time to time by some of those who have studied this disputed phase of a moot subject.

"The real cost to the consumer lies elsewhere than in the price the farmer gets," reads the Senate Committee on Agriculture report on the McNary-Haugen bill of 1927—a report prepared by friends of the measure, who constituted a majority of the committee. "Since the war the price of wheat has fluctuated from a low point of about a dollar to a high point of about two dollars a bushel. During the same period the retail price of bread in leading cities of the United States has varied less than 5 per cent, according to figures of the Department of Agriculture."

There we have the McNary-Haugen viewpoint.

Ogden L. Mills, Undersecretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Tilson, Republican floor leader of the House, already quoted, have an entirely opposite viewpoint to the above. It is, perhaps, best expressed by Mr. Tilson's declaration that the sky would be the limit under the equalization fee, so far as food prices were concerned.

As even some of the most ardent proponents of the equalization fee have apparently abandoned it finally, perhaps it would be useless to plunge further into estimates of its possible influence on the cost of living. It will be observed, however, that the differences of opinion concerning the effect farm-relief legislation like the McNary-Haugen bill would have upon the purchasing power of the city dweller, for example, are obviously irreconcilable.

The theory of advocates of the equalization fee has been, of course, that the farmer himself would pay it; as he probably would in the first instance, benefiting by the difference between it and the tariff. The theory of opponents has been that the consumer would ultimately pay it, plus the tariff, and that the cost of living would be increased accordingly. In addition to these there is a third, or middle-of-the-road, contention which holds that both advocates and opponents of the equalization fee are partly right and partly wrong, and that the market prices of farm food products would be increased to a degree which could not be accurately estimated until or unless the equalization fee were applied to the agricultural situation.

Farming at a Profit

To favor farm relief, and at the same time oppose all measures designed to advance farm prices because higher prices for the farmer would mean higher prices for the consumer, would, of course, be inconsistent. The farm problem goes deeper than that. No matter what method of farm relief may be pursued, whether equalization fee, debenture, voluntary coöperation, excise tax or subsidy may be relied upon, there remains always the concomitant possibility or probability of an increase in living costs.

This, of course, cannot be escaped, unless one is optimist enough to believe that in time the costs of production and distribution can be cut down until no outside aid will be required, or to accept the equally sanguine view that in some still undetermined manner recurring large surpluses will disappear. There is probably abundant reason to expect that in time the spread between producer and consumer may be reduced, and the surplus at the bottom of so much agricultural distress may become more manageable or be made more amenable to the law of supply and demand.

Against these slow-working developments of a distant future are the incontestable economic facts of the present and of the period immediately ahead.

In any discussion of the agricultural situation there should be a clear understanding as to what is actually meant by the term "farm relief." The dual character of the surplus problem must also be studied carefully. Many branches of farming are operated upon a profitable basis at the present time, and to them the various proposals for farm relief need not be applied. We have, for instance, the statement of the Secretary of Agriculture that the acreage

(Continued on Page 113)

Heidelberg Castle

Heidelberg and Sauerkraut

THE Germans have long known the great food value of Sauerkraut even if their claim that it originated in the Fatherland is disputed by France, England, Holland and other countries. And no place is it more popular than in the old University town of Heidelberg.

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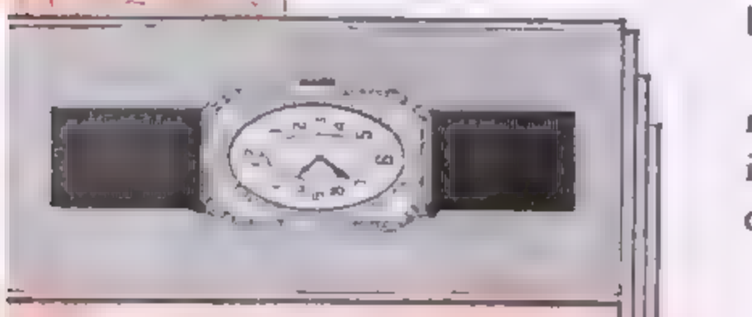

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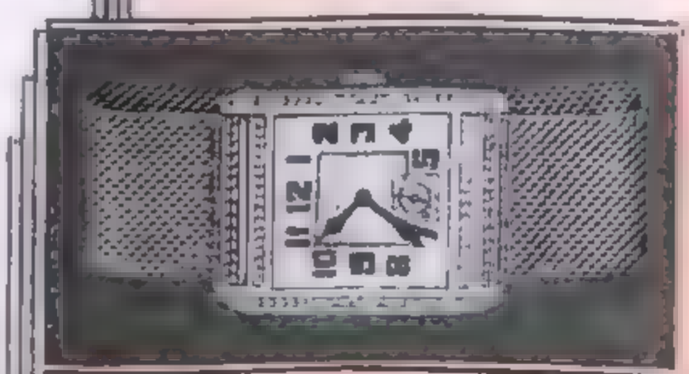

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AT THE BETTER JEWELERS . . . EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 111

of crops harvested during the past year was the largest on record, exceeding that of 1927 by 8,000,000 acres, or 2.4 per cent. This increase was larger than that of any year since 1918.

Expansion of acreage is, of course, not always desirable, but, as Secretary Jardine has pointed out, it is at least a mark of confidence in the future of agriculture.

In the particular agricultural lines which those seeking to legislate for the farmers are attempting to improve, the treatment required or recommended is so frequently different as to bewilder many persons not familiar with agrarian problems. In discussing an agricultural surplus, customary reference is to the exportable surplus which enters the world market. This is the situation which brings in the tariff. It is a situation involving only comparatively few agricultural products, but it includes one of the most important—wheat. In most instances the controversy raging about agriculture centers upon wheat. Where the Southern cotton planter is concerned, the agricultural situation is quite different, although while he is thinking first in terms of cotton the problem confronting him is not unlike that facing the wheat grower.

Two Kinds of Surplus

The reader may at once dismiss from mind the hen, the dairy cow, the potato and the peanut, and settle down to consideration of what are termed staple crops, which are produced in excess of domestic requirements. He may also thrust aside such rhetorical flourishes as the unbalanced assertion that one-third of the population of the United States is suffering from distress.

The inaccuracy of such a statement lies in the fact that our total farm population is less than 30,000,000 as against an estimated total population of 118,000,000. The farm population constitutes therefore but one-quarter of the American people, and several millions of that one-quarter are by no means suffering from whatever depression or losses afflict the wheat and corn belts.

What remains of the great farm population of the country presents, however, a problem serious enough to demand intelligent correction. The situation entitled to well-balanced thought and action is reflected by statistics of farms abandoned and foreclosed, of country banks that have failed, and of continued production at less than cost, in the wide agricultural stretches extending westward from the Alleghany Mountains, and embracing some of the finest farming land in the world.

The surplus problem, so widely regarded as the crux of permanent relief for agriculture that requires outside aid, divides into two parts. Of these the first concerns the seasonal surplus, referred to by President-elect Herbert Hoover in his speech accepting the Republican nomination as, "seasonal gluts and periodic surpluses, which cause sudden and destructive fluctuations." Here the tendency in well-defined quarters is toward government assistance to farm-controlled agencies, whether known as stabilization corporations, or by some other title, armed with sufficient capital to store and withhold crops from the market, and to carry a warehoused surplus over from a fat year to a lean one.

In his speech at West Branch, Iowa, on August 22, last year, Mr. Hoover explained that "the spirit of these legislative proposals is to work out a more economical and stable marketing system." This was also the theme of the address Mr. Hoover made at St. Louis near the close of the presidential campaign last year.

The second deals with the exportable surplus, which may, and usually does, exist as to certain staple crops, for which only the world market is ordinarily available. When friends of the equalization fee, the debenture plan or of sheer subsidy talk in terms of surplus they have the exportable excess in mind. Their viewpoint is that this is the fundamental difficulty, which can be reached only by some extraordinary remedy, and that other suggestions, including even the stabilization idea for dealing with seasonal ups and downs, do not offer a solution to the problem.

One conceded remedy for the surplus problem would be to produce no surplus. Balanced production is another name for such a curtailment program. In theory it is agreed to be excellent. There is less unanimity, however, as to whether it is practical, possible or desirable. Even if the farmers were mobilized under a czar who, endowed with the utmost wisdom and foresight, would tell them how many acres to plant and when and where to plant them, the result in the light of available production figures would doubtless prove as perplexing as before.

Fifty-two million acres planted with wheat in 1924 yielded an average of 16.5 bushels per acre, a total of more than 850,000,000 bushels. Substantially the same acreage one year later yielded 12.8 bushels an acre, or a total of about 660,000,000 bushels. The difference of approximately 200,000,000 bushels was due to variation of weather and to destruction by pests. Similar unpredictable or unanticipated yields could be cited for other crops.

To bring the situation up to date we must refer to the wheat crop last year as based upon statistics and other information assembled by the Department of Agriculture. As the Secretary of Agriculture reported to President Coolidge in December, sharp changes in temperature in the spring destroyed the winter wheat seeded on fully 10,000,000 acres, and thinned the stand on a large additional acreage. Reseeding was complicated by a cold and wet June.

In the same report Mr. Jardine pointed out that during two of the later months last year wheat prices in the United States averaged about 23 per cent lower than those of the corresponding period in 1927.

"This depression is doubtless to some degree a result of the increase in the world's production of wheat, but the decline was greater than supply-and-demand conditions seem to justify," explained the Secretary of Agriculture. "It is well known that heavy marketings at the beginning of a season tend to depress prices too much, as was strikingly demonstrated in 1923–24. The present season resembles 1923–24 in its wheat-supply position, and may resemble it also in its wheat-supply movements."

The Danger in Restriction

Thoughtful students of the question do not appear to indorse the limiting-of-production theory, even if our system of government permitted such restrictions to be imposed upon agriculture. Reporting recently upon this feature of the farm problem, the special committee on agricultural policy of the United States Chamber of Commerce stated that it "does not look with favor upon any plan designed to restrict production of agricultural commodities in order that producers may secure high prices as a result of scant supplies." Rather it takes the view that to produce more than actual current requirements in domestic markets makes for national security and enables American agriculture to contribute substantially to the export trade balances of the United States.

With equal force, representatives of the American Federation of Labor, appearing before committees of Congress, have maintained that reduction of farm acreage to insure elimination of the surplus would threaten the consumers of the country. The committee on agriculture of the House assumed a similar position last year when it recorded as its opinion that "from the consumer's standpoint nothing could be more dangerous than to urge general curtailment of the supply of essential food and raw materials.

"From the national standpoint the grave danger in such a policy is best pictured when one asks the question, 'What would have happened to the United States and to the Allied nations in the late war if the agriculture of the country previously had been reduced to a domestic basis?'" the committee members added.

The distinction between the two kinds of surplus described above was, perhaps, most sharply drawn by President Coolidge in his annual message to Congress in December last, wherein he stated, as to one:

"The Government should assume no responsibility in normal times for crop surpluses clearly due to overextended acreages."

And then, as to the other kind:

"The Government should aid in promoting orderly marketing and in handling surpluses clearly due to weather and seasonal conditions."

These pronouncements draw the line fairly well, for farm-relief proponents of the more advanced type contend that no man is wise enough to determine an acreage limit for the American farmer, even if there existed a way to do so, and that smoothing out a temporary glut in the market does not reach the real problem.

Discrimination in Products

One school of thought regards the returning normal surplus, or export surplus, as an evil that must be left to inflict its own penalties. Another school of thought regards this surplus as being, within wide limits, uncontrollable, therefore frequently inevitable, but, on the whole, desirable as an insurance of ample food supply and as part of the national wealth.

In any consideration of the agricultural problem it is necessary further to distinguish, amid the mass of proposed remedies, those which aim at the control of surpluses, either normal or seasonal, from those which may be classed as salves or tonics.

We have one group urging the equalization fee, the debenture plan, the excise tax, and all forms of subsidy. These are the major plans proposing to deal with the normal surplus by raising the farmer's price level. Whether any of them could be made sufficiently workable to attain such an objective remains, of course, a matter of sharply defined opinion.

We have a second group favoring marketing and stabilizing corporations and similar organizations intended to deal with seasonal surpluses. And we have a third group advocating aids in lowering costs or in providing better facilities, such as an improved loan system, lower railroad rates, the St. Lawrence and other waterways, tax-burden shifts, betterments in marketing, fertilization and seed selection, farm management, machinery, and other economic factors upon which emphasis is placed from time to time.

Much confusion can be avoided if the distinction between major remedies and betterments is kept in mind. Granting that substantial gains may be derived by the farmer from any of the plans in the third group, as outlined above, those who believe that surpluses constitute the fundamental difficulty seek the solution of the farm problem in Groups One and Two. Again, much confusion can be avoided by distinguishing properly between different kinds of farming.

The McNary-Haugen bill first vetoed by President Coolidge in 1927 named only cotton, corn, rice, swine, tobacco and wheat as basic products to which the equalization fee should be applied. The President's veto message criticized this limitation as a discrimination between farmers. In the second McNary-Haugen bill vetoed by the President there was no enumeration of farm products, but effort was made to establish a rule whereby the equalization-fee plan should operate only when it was found "that the durability, conditions of preparation, processing and preserving, and methods of marketing the commodity are such that the commodity is adapted to marketing as authorized by this section." In other words, the equalization fee was intended to apply to only a limited number of products. To many it could not be applied at all because of their perishable nature. As to others, the methods of marketing would not require or lend themselves to the mechanism produced.

In the language of Senator McNary, "the problem is one of the segregation and control of those staple crops of which we produce a supply in excess of domestic requirements, such as wheat, corn, cotton, hogs and tobacco."

Other methods of farm relief suggested as likely to possess the same virtues as the equalization fee or the debenture plan include direct subsidy and excise taxation, but these ideas are only faintly reflected in legislative action at Washington. Subsidy is not a term sufficiently popular to be used successfully in advancing any cause.

Demands that the tariff be made more effective for the farmer are apt to be puzzling to the city dweller or the industrial worker who has benefited by protection from cheap foreign labor and products, but international conditions during and since the World War must be borne in mind if a complete understanding of this phase of the agricultural situation is to be reached. Especially must it be remembered that the talk of farm relief in terms of the tariff is ordinarily applied to grain chiefly because of the frequent depression of the domestic price by the sale of the surpluses at the world level.

Following the World War the markets of the world were depressed by debts, taxes and inflated currency until the spread between the American price and the world price became so great as to make it no longer possible for our farmers to sell upon the basis of an American citizen. Prior to the World War the United States was a debtor nation and expanded its agriculture to the export basis to contribute a principal part in payment of returning imports and of the national debt. The free-homestead policy encouraged rapid settlement at small capital. Just as the supply of cheap agricultural lands was virtually exhausted, came the World War, transforming the United States into a creditor nation. With it, too, came the demand for the utmost in production. Overproduction, in fact, was encouraged.

At the close of the World War great readjustments had inevitably to be made. Prices fell, values shrank. Loans were naturally the first measure of relief. They were effective where the margin was not too large, but in many instances they added only to an accumulation of debt. Gradually certain lines of agriculture yielded to treatment, but there remained other aspects of the farm problem bequeathed by the World War which still must continue to receive careful consideration in a genuinely helpful, sensible, practical way.

A Swift and Sure Cure Wanted

Agricultural economists appear agreed that the tariff is becoming relatively more important to agriculture with the growth of commerce between the nations and the steady flow into this country of imports from lower-cost production areas whenever a gap is permitted in our tariff wall. The former contention, once popular in certain quarters, that the tariff does not benefit the farmer has been greatly modified as a result of the experiences of recent years.

The last annual report of the committee on legislation of the National Grange contained this striking paragraph:

> With nearly one and a half billion dollars' worth of agricultural products coming into our country yearly, it becomes apparent that there is need for higher and wider protection in the interest of American agriculture.

There still remains the proposal of new waterways, whose advocates claim for them a boon for the farmer in cheaper transportation, particularly the contemplated St. Lawrence or the alternative all-American route through New York State. The one certainty about such projects is that they appear to be many years away from realization. It has been said frequently that the

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saving on wheat transported to the Atlantic seaboard over the proposed St. Lawrence route would amount to from seven to ten cents a bushel. On the other hand, we have an authority quoted often by St. Lawrence proponents—R. A. C. Henry, director of the bureau of economics of the Canadian National Railways, declaring, in response to a direct question, that a "possible saving of three cents a bushel might be expected following the completion of the Welland Canal and the lower St. Lawrence canals." It must be manifest, considering the great amount of time that would be consumed to construct such a waterway, that, no matter what saving might be effected, this phase of the subject is not immediately pertinent to what is usually regarded as farm relief. Those seeking to aid the farmer who requires aid are looking for something swifter. Though they would naturally welcome any decrease in costs, they regard this as only incidental to the main problem, which concerns the disposal of a surplus at a profit after it is produced at a far higher cost than is the case in any other great grain area in the world.

The public is realizing that industrial prosperity may travel along with agricultural depression. This is disturbing to the old orthodox belief that no large industry in this country can be long in distress without dragging down the whole structure. Agriculture and industry have important mutual relationships and influences, but they do not always advance in parallel lines. In the psychology of the farm question one may detect as a principal factor of delay the latent hope that whatever may be wrong with the agricultural situation is inconsistent and temporary, and that however the farm and the farmer may require aid they will swing into the prosperity column without resort to extraordinary measures.

Keeping Step With the Times

There are those who, while holding that the farm depression continues, insist that no real remedy can be found for the farm problem. As has been emphasized repeatedly, remedies tend toward two directions: Reduction in costs and increases in prices paid producers. Sam H. Thompson, president of the Farm Bureau Federation, in discussing aid for agriculture in opening its annual convention at Chicago in December last, stressed the importance of cooperative production working alongside coöperative marketing for the purpose of increasing the farmer's profits and benefiting agriculture generally. He outlined a plan to organize farms in various districts into coöperative groups to evolve ways and means of lowering production costs and of increasing profitable production.

Marked reorganization of farm production plans and adjustment of the marketing system to changing economic conditions during the previous year were reported by Nils A. Olsen, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, to the Secretary of Agriculture, on December third last Changes in the agricultural economic situation are constantly taking place, and the producer, consumer and distributor must keep thoroughly abreast of these changes if severe losses are to be avoided, Mr. Olsen pointed out in an address he delivered later at Chicago. Adjustment of operations to meet these changes, Mr. Olsen continued, can be made only on the basis of dependable and comprehensive information properly interpreted and applied. Intelligent action based on information of this kind will permit of a better adjustment of production to demand, will keep producers and distributors in touch with the requirements of markets, will enable producers to organize their business with a view to every economy in production, and will permit of a more effective distribution of the product.

Room for More Improvement

At the economic bar the farmer is not accused of failure to make readjustments or of failure to effect economies in production, although the nature of his property and investment is frequently a serious obstacle to quick changes. A recent study of population and land resources showed that total agricultural production increased about 14 per cent in the period 1922–26 over 1917–21. Population increased 9 per cent, but most significant was an increase of 18 per cent in agricultural unit production. At the same time the acreage and number of persons engaged upon it have declined. Though the estimate that 3,000,000 persons have abandoned farming may appear startling, it must be remembered that part, at least, of this movement from the farm to the city may be attributed to improved machinery and other agricultural methods and to economies which acquit the farmer, in the mass, of charges of lack of progress.

The farm problem will probably remain with us for some time. But it can be said accurately that the agricultural situation has been improving, and is improving steadily. There is, of course, much room for further progress. Improvement in the processes of marketing; better loan facilities; advances by the Government to aid warehousing and to promote stabilization, as against destructive fluctuations and seasonal gluts and periodic surpluses, comprise substantially the program at the present time of those who regard the equalization fee and the debenture as economically unsound, unconstitutional or otherwise objectionable. It is a program upon which we may soon depend for effectiveness in enacting farm relief and tariff legislation that will care adequately for surplus agricultural production without subsidizing agriculture.

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THE first solid trainload of Peerless cars ever shipped to one distributor went in January to J. C. Harvey, Boston. A second trainload will reach Boston in March.

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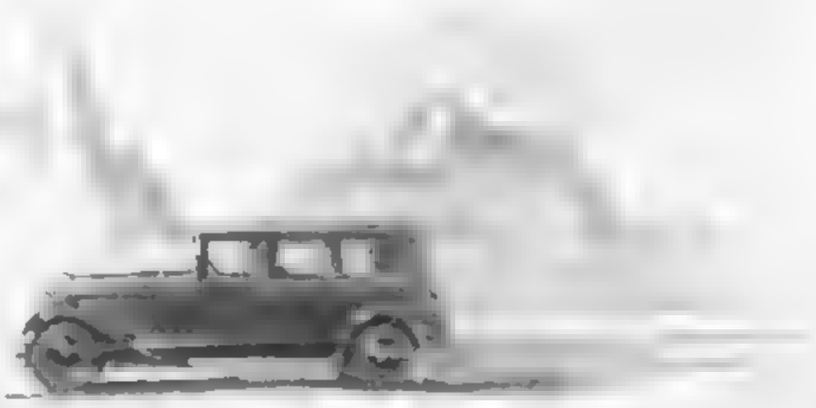

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The K-S Telegage

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Makers of Distant-Reading Gauges for Automotive, Domestic and Industrial Purposes

EILEEN AROON

(Continued from Page 30)

"Stop, stop!" cried Eileen, her fingers at her ears. Then, as the old bullwhacker made no further outbreak, "Listen now, U. S., ducky darling. That letter. He wrote that letter before he left Lebanon and said he was coming out here on the cars as far as Sidney and then he'd take the stage, and, according to the postmark, he ought to be here by this time and —— Oh, here she is!"

Bessie wanted to know what in the world they were doing. Plotting against the whites, she supposed; and the playful accusation deepened Mr. Stegg's sense of guilt. Then she noticed the chair and jumped to a conclusion and to a concession little short of heroic in its spirit of self-sacrifice.

"Now, Uncle Samuel," she remonstrated, "if you'd rather set in that old chair, you just tote it back into the setting room. You don't have to come out here to set in it. I know how it is when you get wonted to a chair; but I reely thought you'd like a rocker."

Mr. Stegg protested that he infinitely preferred the rocker. It was only that he—er—he happened to see the old contraption and hauled it out to the light of day so's he could decide whether it was worth keeping. Did Bessie want some water brought up from the spring? No? How about the wood box? Plenty of wood, eh? Well, that was good. He removed his hat and wiped his moist forehead with his red bandanna handkerchief.

"Did you want me for anything special, ma?" Eileen inquired.

"My land, no!" cried Bessie impatiently. "I wanted to know where you was, that's all. I come downstairs, and here the house is empty and neither one of you in sight or hearing. How would I know but what you'd got bit by a rattlesnake or hooked by one of these wild cows or something? And you've been so turr'ble glum this morning. What was you singing, Uncle Samuel? It wasn't no hymn tune—I know that much. Paw never used to let us young ones sing on a Sunday, less'n it was a hymn. I mean when he was sober, he wouldn't. You couldn't fool him either, because he knowed all the tunes and could play the most of 'em on his fiddle. Well, what are we all a-standing here for?"

There certainly seemed to be no good reason for it, so Mr. Stegg carried the chair into the barn, while mother and daughter returned to the house. In a few minutes, however, Mrs. Kane came back alone. Mr. Stegg was at his workbench, riveting a doubtful harness tug. After a perfunctory remark on the sin of unnecessary labor on the Sabbath, Bessie asked him, plump, what Eileen was a-saying to him just now. "It was something she didn't want me to hear, I know."

"Then why would you want to hear it?" inquired the old bullwhacker absurdly. "Have you asked Eileen? No? . . . That's right. If you don't ask no questions you won't be told no lies." He hammered a rivet point to a neat mushroom over the washer. "There you are," he philosophized. "See what hard knocking will do with soft metal—jines the two pieces so tight together you can't pry 'em apart." He turned and looked sternly at his relative from under his shaggy brows. "What have you got against this here Joe Lenning, anyway, Bessie?"

"A plenty," replied Mrs. Kane, succinctly.

"Such as ——"

"Well, there's been a heap of talk about him in Lebanon, Uncle Samuel. He ain't got no morals to speak of, if all's true, and he was in jail once."

"That sounds bad," said Mr. Stegg gravely. "What did they jail him for?"

"Assault and battery and assaulting an officer," replied Mrs. Kane. "He assaulted James Simcox, one of our leadingest young business men, and then he assaulted Ben Harvey, the city marshal, and one of Ben's deputies, so they put him in jail. You'd think he'd have been ashamed of it, but he wasn't. You'd think that Eileen or any other decent girl would have been ashamed to speak to him, but she wasn't. I tell you, Uncle Samuel, I've had my trials. Not only that, but he played poker in Nicholson's back room and drank liquor. He claimed he had reformed the last year, but I wouldn't trust him farther'n I could see him. He was sposed to be working in Carlson's lumberyard, but he ain't working there now; he's skipped town, Aggy Phillips says in her letter that I got yesterday. She said he'd left for parts unknown and there was something myster'ous about it. She didn't know whether he'd paid his board, but it seemed likely he'd left owing. He always spent every cent he made, money burning holes in his pants pockets. Of course I ain't tole Eileen. She's feeling bad enough now, poor lamb! You just don't know what a happy disposition Eileen's got, Uncle Samuel."

"She always seems to me to be happy enough," Mr. Stegg remarked.

"Nothing like she always has been," Bessie assured him. "You wouldn't take notice like a mother."

"Mabbe not, mabbe not," Mr. Stegg agreed.

"Now you take it this morning: You prob'ly haven't noticed how down in the mouth she is. What I think is that she's disappointed, not getting a letter from that trifling feller."

It had been some years since a tide of crimson had flooded Mr. Stegg's cheeks as evidence of shame, but inwardly he blushed hotly.

"If I told her that he had skipped town she'd prob'ly feel just awful," Bessie went on. "I'm mighty glad he has gone myself, but she won't see it's all for the best, like she will a month or two from now. Mabbe we can go back to Lebanon then, or before. There's James Simcox—you remember the Simcoxes, don't you, Uncle Samuel?—Carter B.? James is the only son he's got left since Carter B., Junior, died, and he'll get everything when the old man passes on. As it is, he's pretty well fixed, and all Eileen has got to do is crook her finger at him."

"Got a stiff joint in it, has she?" asked Mr. Stegg.

"She's got a stiff neck. A steady young man as you ever saw, and a money-maker; doesn't drink, gamble or use tobacco in any form—steady and saving and no bad habits—but you can't get her to look at him, with that Joe Lenning around. Just because he can sing and play the guitar and dress like a dude and twist that silly little mustash of his —— Well, I declare I hardly know what to do!"

"I'll tell you what not to do," said Mr. Stegg! "Don't worry and don't cross bridges afore you come to 'em." He threw the mended tug over a peg. "And now I'm through with my toil for the day and I'm going to give that Boston rocker some good hard wear."

"I hate to trouble you, but I just remembered that I poured what water there was in the pails into the stove reesyvoy—before you get settled," said Bessie.

As they approached the house they heard Eileen singing. The girl had a really good natural voice, with what is termed color in it, and the clearness of a meadow lark's whistle. Withal, she was singing with feeling, and it was not melancholy feeling either. Nothing down in the mouth about it, as Mr. Stegg pointed out to Mrs. Kane. "Like she'd been getting extry good news from home. What is that now? Hush!" He laid a hand on Bessie's arm and they stopped to listen.

"Come o'er the seas with me;
These hands shall toil for thee,
This heart shall faithful be,
Kathleen aroon."

The old man echoed her: "Eileen aroon," he sang with equal fervor, and Eileen stopped at once. "Just like me, to bust in and spoil it," he grumbled as they entered the kitchen. "Why did I do that, do you reckon, Bessie?" he asked as he took the empty pails. "Why is it that a man—'most any man—always wants to open up his yawp if he knows, or thinks he knows, the tune? If he wasn't afraid of getting killed off he'd drown out the elegantest kind of music with a voice like a burro."

With this, he went out and presently returned with the pails brimming. Eileen had come downstairs and preparations for dinner were already under way. Bessie was deftly dissecting a large-sized chicken at one end of the table, and at the other end Eileen had out the flour, the big yellow mixing bowl, eggs and other materials and utensils. Her sleeves were rolled well above her dimpled elbows. So were Bessie's, for that matter, but you wouldn't have been so likely to notice Bessie's: so particularly, at least.

"It's a-going to be fricassee-see, U. S.," Eileen announced gayly. "We think you must be getting tired of fried chicken. Fricassee and loverlee light dumperlings and green peas and new potatoeses, and I'm going to make you a galumptious choc'late layer cake with sugar icing for supper, and if you'll set down and shell the peas, I'll let you scrape the bowl and lick the spoon when I'm through. Think you'll like that?"

She chattered on, and Mr. Stegg was well content to sit and shell peas and listen to her. It was nice to look at her, too, from time to time. Nor was Bessie an unpleasing sight in her spotless gingham, and she had a ready smile for her daughter's impertinences and her uncle's occasional jokes, showing teeth so white and even that you had to look at them twice before you could be sure that they were genuinely, naturally her own. A fine woman, a good mother, a meticulous housekeeper and a heaven-born cook!

So Bessie thought she might take Eileen and return to Lebanon! It was a possibility rather painful to consider, on the whole. The white shirt and collar that Mr. Stegg was wearing were starched rather too stiffly for comfort; his best clothes, even without the coat, were a source of more or less anxiety, lest he might soil them, and it seemed overdoggy and dudish, in the privacy of the home, to be all diked out like he was going to a dance or a funeral. Nor were his shoes comfortable. Still and all, there were compensations. The gentle tyranny of these women, Mr. Stegg reflected, was exercised in his behalf and for his behoof, even if it entailed certain minor inconveniences, restrictions and constrictions. It would be hard to go back to the old conditions, if Bessie and Eileen left him. How long would the cookstove retain its jetty luster? How long would the kitchen table stay as white as the daily scourings with sand and soap by Bessie and Eileen had made it? And the same with the floors. What would a week or two of their absence do to the order of the transformed sitting room? If they left him—but, shucks, they wouldn't! It wouldn't be a square deal. Why didn't that dad-fetched Joe Lenning stay back in Lebanon?

"You'll have to make your uncle one of your jelly rolls the next time," Mrs. Kane was saying. "That's one thing she can make, Uncle Samuel; I'll give her credit for that. Our Ladies' Aid ——"

"One thing!" Eileen echoed. "One thing, indeed!"

"Well, I don't say you ain't good at most any kind of cake, but you can make a jelly roll 'most as good as I can. And that reminds me, we've only got one jar of that currant jelly left, besides the one I promised to Mis' Yoakum. Don't let me forget to take that jar along the next time we go to Yoakumses, Eileen. What we're a-going to do about putting up fruit out here where there ain't none raised, I don't know. Back in Lebanon ——"

Mr. Stegg was eagerly defensive. "Lebanon ain't got nothing on the Black Hills country for fruit," he said. "The reason we don't raise none is we don't have to. All we need to do is go out and pick it. I reckon you've forgot that wild-plum p'serve of Mis' Yoakum's, and I'll bet you never tasted ground cherries nor sarvis berries put up. Um-m! Chokecherries, too, and Oregon grapes. Fruit! I just want to see you roll your eyes when you put your first red rosb'ry in your mouth. Not the little mean, seedy, sorter-nothing-tasting rosb'ries you get in Lebanon, but big, fat, luscious nubs the color of rubies, with a flavor that—well, there ain't no words for it; it starts before it's halfway to your mouth and by the time it touches your tongue you wonder what you've ever done to deserve it, and you go down on your knees in praise and thanksgiving, a-picking with both hands. I've knowed timid, gentle ladies that would fight a cinnamon bear for a patch of rosb'ries.

"And there's strawb'ries too," continued Mr. Stegg, warming to his subject. "I know half a dozen places I can take you to within a mile of here where you can get all you want, and they must be about ripe now. As soon as Wilson gets back with the team, we'll go get some, what say? You ain't never seen much of this country, Bessie, and it's about time I showed it to you. I know where I can make a good trade for a surrey and a team of old plugs that any woman could drive, and, by gollies, I'm a-going to get 'em for you and Eileen afore the next week's out! I had ought to have done that before."

"I'd rather ride the colt, U. S., if you'd just as soon let me," said Eileen. "You and ma can ride in the surrey if you want, but I'll take Selim."

"Not Selim," said Mr. Stegg. "That colt's got a mean streak and a hard mouth. But if you want, I'll get you a pony that will be all right for a lady and the first time we go to town we'll pick you out a side-saddle. We'll have some good times yet—all of us. How about that dance, Bessie? I didn't hardly realize that you women must be a-getting kind of lonesome—you've been so much comp'ny for me—but you just watch my smoke from this on. It's a-going to be one giddy whirl, and don't you forget it. Now you keep away from me, girl! Bessie, you make her keep away!"

But, for all Bessie could say, and in spite of a dish pan of peas held before him as a shield, Mr. Stegg was embraced by floury arms.

"There!" said Eileen. "That's what I think of you." She went back to her mixing bowl after she had brushed the worst of the flour from her great-uncle's shoulder and necktie.

"It would be nice to get around a little," Bessie Kane conceded. "It's kind of you to think of it, Uncle Samuel. And we'll have that dance too. I—Eileen, if you come near me, I'll slap you—I do think that Eileen ought to see something of the young folks here."

"She shall have young folks—the best there is," Mr. Stegg promised. "The best there is may be too good for her, but that's neither here nor there. We'll have the ee-light of the foothills, and the best music, if we have to send to Deadwood for it. And speaking of young folks, that reminds me. Funny I forgot to tell you. The fact is, I ain't sure but what a young man may be riding out here today. I ain't sure, mind you, but it's possible he might. I didn't think to mention ——"

A loud scream from Bessie interrupted him. "Eileen, look what you're a-doing!"

Eileen was staring at her uncle, her blue eyes wide and bright, their pupils dilated. Her lips were parted, her cheeks flushed a vivid red, and batter from the tilted bowl was pouring in a thick stream across the table and trickling, unheeded, down the front of her apron. She recovered consciousness almost immediately, though her cheeks still flamed, and brought the bowl to a level and began to scrape back the spilled batter.

"A wonder I didn't faint away at such news as that," she said, with a queer little

(Continued on Page 121)

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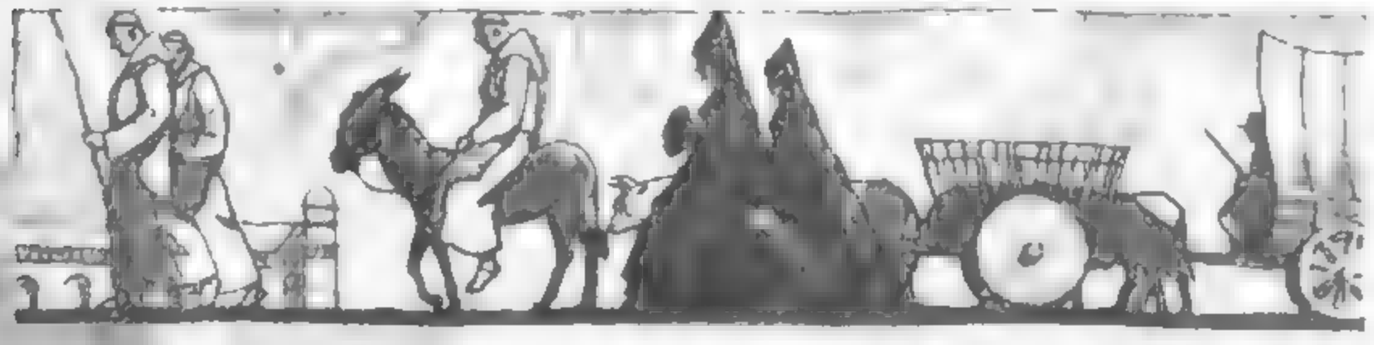

THERE WAS NO CABLE—no wireless—no air mail, in 1848 when gold was found in California; but all the world soon knew that in this far-away land beyond the mysterious and precipitous Rockies men were picking up fortunes in a morning. Then began the "gold rush"—the effort to reach California, even at the risk of life itself—a tide of travel westward that has never ceased.

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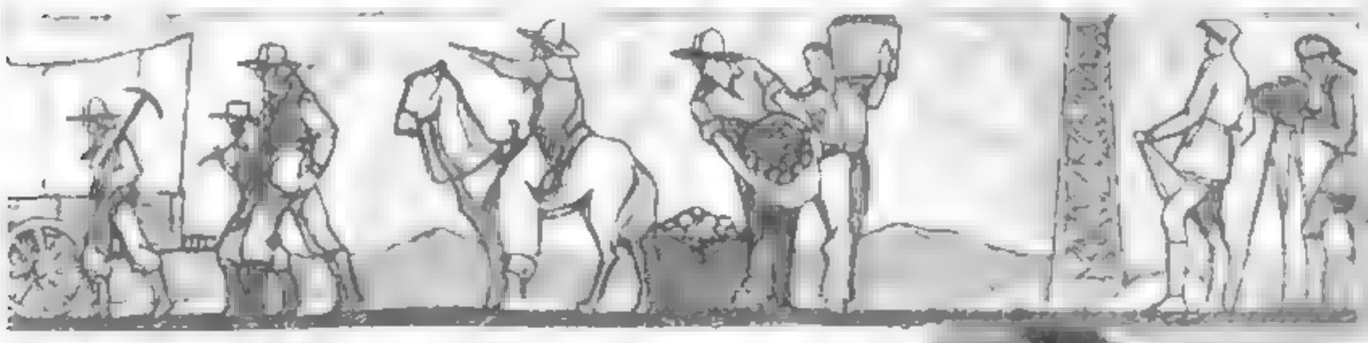

saw scenic backgrounds of infinite variety— the great redwoods and mountain streams of the north, the palm trees, sub-tropical foliage and Sahara-like deserts in the south. "We will make our moving pictures here," they said. Today all mankind—white, yellow, black—knows Hollywood.

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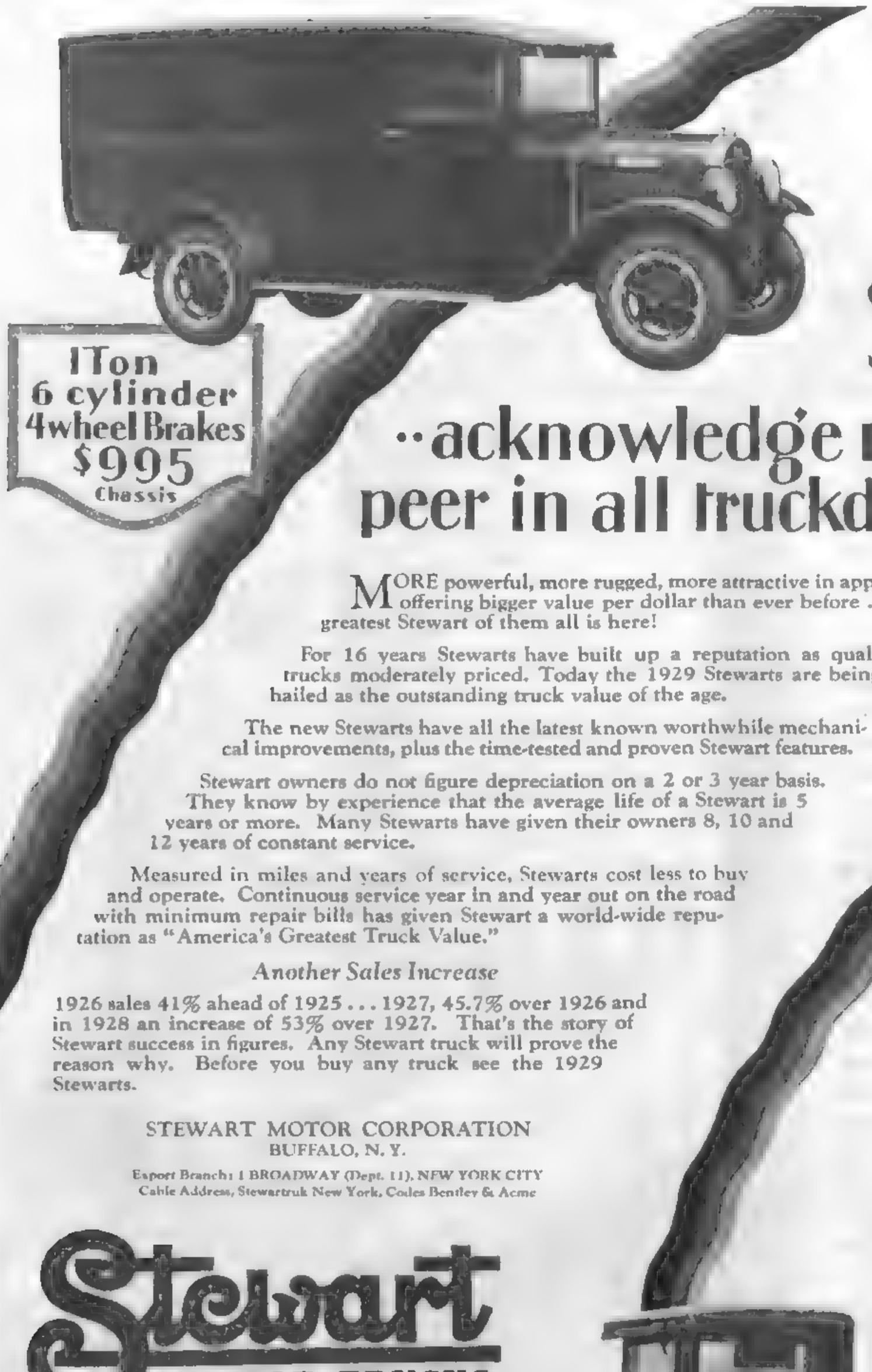

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(Continued from Page 117)

laugh. "Actually a young man coming! Is that true, U. S.?"

Another cry from Bessie checked her as she was about to spoon the overflow back into the bowl. Bessie capably took charge, cleaned the mess from the table and whisked off her daughter's apron. Fortunately, the floor had not suffered and, after all, there was no great loss; a layer the less in the cake perhaps—that would be the worst of it

"Jorgenson won't know the difference," said Mr. Stegg.

Mrs. Kane wanted to know who Jorgenson might be.

"He's the boy I'm sort of halfway kind of expecting," Mr. Stegg replied. "He's a cowpuncher and he was a heap interested yesterday in the patch Eileen sewed onto my shirt. He thought he might be over." Mr. Stegg forbore to look at his grandniece and seemed to be giving close attention to his pea-shelling.

Eileen said "Oh!" in a rather weak voice and began to butter her cake pans. Bessie expressed regret that Mr. Jorgenson was a cowboy.

"There was a right handsome young hardware merchant spoke of coming too," Mr. Stegg told her. "But I don't skassly look for him until after he's seen Eileen. But Bill Jorgenson ain't so worse. He's a steady worker and saves his wages and there's quite a bunch of cattle running around with the W J bar brand, by all accounts. I seen three cows and a couple of yearlings of his when I was a-going to town yesterday. Don't you worry, Bessie; they'll be a-plenty around here to choose from."

"It was me was a-worrying," said Eileen sarcastically. "It was beginning to look kind of hopeless. It certainly will be lovely if one of them takes a fancy to me; specially if he's got three cows and some yearlings."

The oven being at the right temperature, she put in the tins that she had filled and then began to scrape the new potatoes. Mr. Stegg, who had finished his peas, offered to help her, but she declined his assistance.

"You'd better go into the setting room where you won't be underfoot, and read your paper," she suggested coldly.

This was unprecedented and her great-uncle felt that his diplomacy was leading him into difficulties. He went, nevertheless, looking as injured as possible, and as he passed into the other room he heard Bessie chiding her daughter for her disrespect. Eileen's reply was inaudible.

He sat down and opened up the paper, but he couldn't keep his mind on it. If Bessie and Eileen went back to Lebanon! It didn't matter so much about the look of the house. Mighty nice to have things the way they was now, but he had stood 'em the way they was before and could again. It wasn't the high living either. He was appreciative of the elegant meals that he was getting, but he had never been dissatisfied with his own cooking, inferior as it was, his tastes being simple. For that matter, he often thought that these women put in too much of their time fixing good things to eat—the same with scrubbing and cleaning. But they enjoyed it, seemingly, and it certainly was all fine and dandy. The thing was that they were giving him a heap more than this. They gave him affection. His own blood kin. Mighty hard to let 'em go!

He asked himself why he had not told Eileen that he had seen her lover. She would certainly find it out before long. But in the meantime many things might happen. This Joe Lenning might be all right, but then he might not, and little Eileen wasn't a-going to throw herself away on any scalawag if her great-uncle could help it, even if steps had to be took. By the time Joe had been in Blueblanket a week or two, a patient investigator would know a heap more about him. Blueblanket would have him sized up pretty well. Blueblanket would be tolerant, but on the whole, just. The thing, then, was to keep Eileen from town as long as possible and trust to luck.

Eileen came in and was proceeding to the stairway door without giving him a look. "Mad at me, sister?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "I don't love you any more." She paused, and, as he said nothing, added, "And you know why."

"I reckon it's because I ain't no friend of yours," Mr. Stegg answered. "You've prob'ly discovered that I took a vi'lent dislike to you when you got off the stage at Box Elder and disgraced me afore my friends and the public by kissing me. It's come to you in one of these here flashes that whilst I've been letting on that I was plumb tickled to have you around ever since then, I was reely wishing you was a thousand miles away, and studying how I could make your life a misery to you some way or another."

Eileen, half smiling, had been gliding toward him like a young panther, and she was now close enough to make her spring. It landed her in her great-uncle's lap and she proceeded to repeat the Box Elder offense.

"But you were mean to me just now, and you know it, U. S.," she said. "I thought for a moment that you had seen Joe and had asked him out here to surprise me." She continued more cheerfully: "But it can't possibly be long now before he does come, and then you will invite him here, won't you?"

Mr. Stegg said he'd have to find out what kind of a young man Joe was, before he made any promises. "Do you think it would break your heart if you didn't never see him again?" he asked. "Is this here serious, honey?"

Eileen put the end of her thumb into her mouth and appeared to consider. "How can I tell?" she said at last. "I've told Joe time and again that I didn't know. But you're sure to like him, U. S., and I do want to see him awful much. Am I too heavy on you, darling?"

"Well, mabbe if you was to set in that chair you'd feel more comf'table," Mr. Stegg replied. "A hundred and twenty pounds ain't much, but all said and done, it's a hundred and twenty pounds."

Eileen said she would have to go upstairs and primp a little if there really was a young cattle king coming to see her, but Mr. Stegg assured her that Mr. Jorgenson would not be along before noon, if then.

"I look for him in time for dinner though, sposen he comes. Bill's the kind that coppers his bets, and if you turn out to be a disappointment to him he'll break even on the change of grub. Set down and I'll tell you a little story that come to my mind a while ago. It's about Amelia Jennings, and if you ask me who she was I'll tell you; but you mustn't not on no account tell your mother. Come right in and look out, Bessie."

Mrs. Kane, from the doorway, said she hoped she wasn't interrupting no private conversation, but if agreeable, she would set down and cool off until it was time to put on the taters. Accordingly, she plumped down in her rocker with a sigh of relief.

Eileen said, "Now for the thrilling adventures of Amelia Jennings, otherwise known as Poker Amy, the notorious lady gambler and queen of adventuresses. All ready, U. S."

Anything but—said Mr. Stegg. Amelia Jennings was a good, sensible girl, highly respected by all who knowed her, as was her two parents by all who knowed them, and before she was married she was in her secont year of teaching school. She didn't have to teach school either. Dick Jennings, her pa, was more than willing to keep her at home, and able so to do, and there was two-three other men around town that wouldn't have deemed it no hardship to s'port her in sickness or in health and for better or worse as the case might be, Amelia being good-looking and not more'n eighteen or nineteen at the time I mention, which was maybe ten or twelve years ago. One of them men was Wade Graham, who owned most of the stock in the Drovers' National and had a couple of sawmills near Custer, besides a right smart of town property. Wade was a rustler, all right, and not any over thirty, if that, and the worst anybody could say of him was that he had a wen on his forehead and two fingers missing off his left hand; but nobody held that against him, unless maybe it was Amelia.

The feller that Amelia favored was Eddie Cline. Eddie had all his fingers, besides black, curly hair and large, dark eyes and a graceful figger. He didn't have no wen, but he didn't have no bank stock neither—nor sawmills nor nothing. He was the one that her parents disapproved of strong, and wanted her to shake.

"Of course they did," said Eileen. "Enough to make them, wasn't it?"

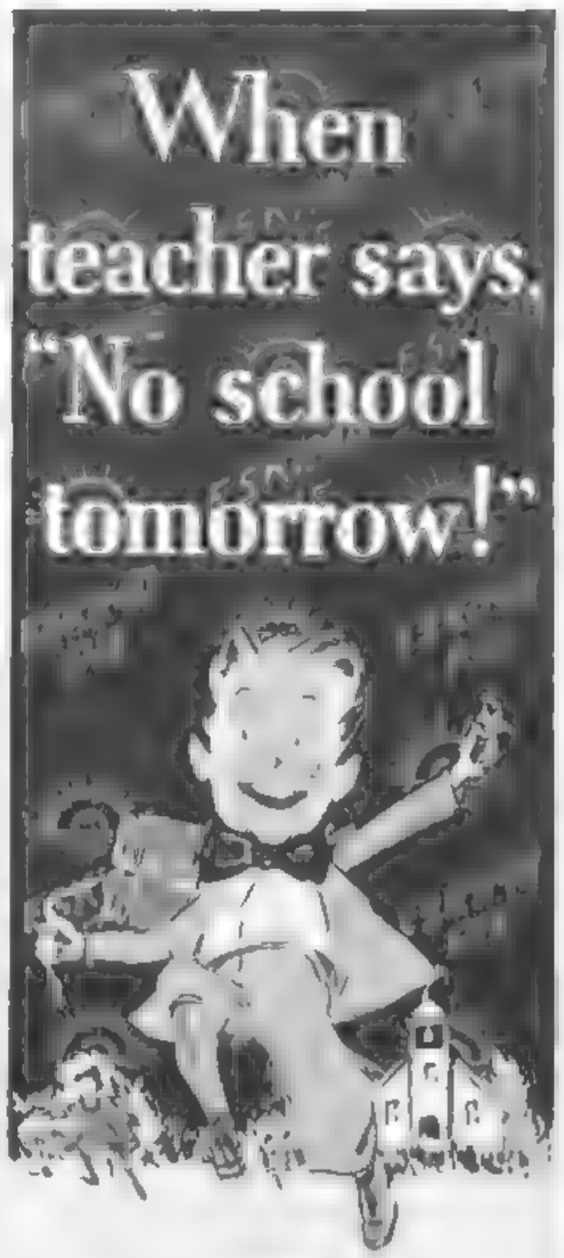
Bessie said, tartly, that there was prob'ly other reasons. "Anyways, I never knew it was any special recommend for a young man not to own anything."

In this here instance there was some other reasons that was mighty good ones, Mr. Stegg told them. Eddie Cline didn't have nothing because he was too dog-gone ornery and no-account to rustle for it himself, and his mother couldn't earn more'n enough by her sewing than paid for what they et and Eddie's clothes and the rent to keep a roof over his head. Of course, if there was anything left over, Eddie got it, and spent it like a royal prince, but he had to depend a good deal on what he could pick up around town. Sometimes he'd pick up in one of the saloons, sometimes in Ben Gurney's pool and billiard parlor, sometimes he'd get a loan from a stranger; but all the pickings that he ever saved wouldn't have bought a small-size coffee mill the next morning, let alone a sawmill.

Bessie smiled grimly, as who should say "I know the type." Eileen asked if this was going to be a story with a moral. She seemed to suspect that it was and to intimate that in that case she would not be greatly entertained. Mr. Stegg replied that that was as might be and that she would be able to judge when he had got through.

The thing is that Eddie didn't look like he was. You wouldn't never have took him for a loafer and a liar and a bilk and a dirty sponge. You'd sort of figger that he wouldn't have walked the street in daylight with his head up like he done if he hadn't been halfway decent or had some decent streak in him somewheres. Maybe he had. They claim the worst has, and he was sure that. Still, you wouldn't have b'lieved it. He looked you too straight in the eye to make it seem reasonable that he was lying, and it looked like the Almighty would have marked him up somehow if he hadn't been fit to mix with human beings. I reckon that's how-come he was let to what dances and sociables there was. He was always smart enough not to make no bad breaks in public and he was an elegant dancer and smooth-spoken. It wasn't no wonder that Amelia took to him. She was sensible enough, and she knew that Eddie had his faults, but she got the idee that it was because he'd never had a nice girl to correct 'em. Most of the nice girls was fighting shy of Eddie Cline when she got acquainted with him. All Eddie needed was reforming, and then, gosh, what a prize winner he'd be!

Fin'ly it got so that Amelia's pa thought it was about time he took a hand, and he stopped Eddie on the street and took him aside and told him that he'd got to keep away from his daughter. He didn't make no bones of saying that there would be trouble if he didn't. Of course that was all foolishness, and Eddie knew it. Old Dick Jennings was a good citizen and he had been a good millwright before he quit working account of having enough laid by to retire, but he wasn't no trouble-maker, whatever he had been in his young days. He wasn't built right for it and he hadn't



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the disposition. But Eddie had an idee. He had been playing in hard luck for quite a spell and he seen a chance to make a good play, I reckon. I reckon the time and attention he'd give to Amelia Jennings was part because he hated Wade Graham because Wade had kicked him one time for good and sufficient reasons which I won't go into, and part because it tickled his vanity to have a good, sensible girl stuck on him and it was kind of interesting.

"I'm sorry you feel thisaway about it, Mr. Jennings," he says to the old man. "I think maybe you're mistook about me, but you're 'Melia's father and I know that you're looking out for her happiness. Mabbe I hadn't ought to see her no more, and anyway, you've got the right to tell me not to, but as long as I'm a-living in the same town with her it's a-going to be mighty nigh impossible. If I wasn't financially embarrassed at this here moment I'd leave town and there wouldn't be no chance of trouble by meeting up with her accidental. If I knew somebody that would loan me, say, fifty dollars, I'd light out for the upper hills right away."

Jennings went down into his rear pocket and hauled out his wallet. Eddie was glad to notice that it was good and fat, but he wondered why. Hows'ever, the old man skinned fifty off'n the wad and handed it to him.

"There it is," says he. "Take it and light out, and it's cheap at the price to get shet of you."

Eddie give him a sweet, grateful smile and shoved the bills in his pants pocket.

"I thank you kindly for your gen'rous confidence in me, Mr. Jennings," he says. "I'll consider this as a loan and repay you at the earliest opportunity, with interest from the present date, and I will now go and pack my grip. If you'll tell Miss Amelia good-by for me and give her my best wishes for her future happiness, I'll take it as a favor."

Jennings watched him heading for his mother's cottage and then he give a grunt of satisfaction and went home and told his wife about it.

"Well," says Mis' Jennings, "I know 'Melia's a-going to feel mighty bad about this, but after all, she's a sensible girl and she'll realize that it's all for the best a month from now, and maybe sooner."

Hows'ever, Eddie didn't leave town right away; he got into some bad comp'ny along on the outskirts and led 'em astray a whole lot to the full extent of the fifty dollars. When Jennings heard about it a couple of days later, he was a considerable peeved. Eddie was some hard to locate, but by persevering, Jennings found him and asked him how-come. Didn't make no fuss, you understand. He wasn't a young man and he'd always been peaceable and law-abiding. He just asked how-come.

"It's like this, Mr. Jennings," says Eddie: "I was all fixed to go when there come a sudden and unexpected demand on me for some money that I was obliged to pay, so there wasn't nothing for it but to use what you so kindly loaned me, and that put it out of my power to leave town like I'd planned to. But I want to tell you, Mr. Jennings, that your money is just as safe as if it was in the bank, and it will draw int'rust the same 'sif I'd give you my note. My word's as good as my bond, if I do say it. It may be that I can skirmish around and get another loan. If I do, I'll give you my solemn word of honor I'll take the next stage north. I don't spose you would like to loan me another fifty and make it an even hundred? I'd give you my note, and you'd have that for security. Mind you," says he, "I don't want to leave my dear old mother and all my friends, nor yet to give up Amelia. It's as a favor to you I'd be doing it." He smiled at Jennings in the sad, sweet way he had, looking him in the eye, straight and steady.

"I don't reckon it's a-going to be nes'ry," says Jennings. "You see, 'Melia's heard about your doings the other night, and she's a sensible girl. Her mother and me has been talking to her and putting the case, and she sees it about the same way we do. I wouldn't begrudge another fifty, if it was otherwise, to get shet of you, but 's far's she's concerned, and us, too, you might as well be here as in the Sahara Desert with your back broke, which I wish myself that you was, and a-waiting for me to bring you a drink. But I ain't a-going to pay your fare out there."

"Maybe, if I put the case to her, she'd see it about the way I do," Eddie s'gests, ca'm and pleasant. "Me staying here, we'd be mighty apt to meet up by happen-chance, and if we done so, I'd be apt to put my side of the case to her. But it's your say-so, Mr. Jennings."

Jennings went down into his rear pocket, and Eddie smiled broader than ever as he opened it up. There was a fifty-dollar bill in it, no more and no less. But the smile kind of died out when Jennings folded up the bill and tucked it into his own vest pocket.

"That's just to have it handy in case I need it, but I've a heap of confidence that I won't," he says. "And now I'm going to tell you what I will do. I'll take you up to the house right now and give you a chance to put your case to 'Melia. If you can make her see it like you want her to, I'll give you that bill, but you'll light out pronto, understand. But if she's the sensible girl I take her for, you can stay here until you fall to pieces with your rottenness, for all I care. Is it a whack?"

"If you and Mis' Jennings stand over her, she'll prob'ly say what you want her to say, and, being I'm unaccustomed to public speaking, I won't be able to say what I want to say the way I want to say it," Eddie objects.

"We'll let you talk to her alone," says Jennings.

"All right then; it's a whack," says Eddie. "We'll shake hands on it."

"We won't do that, but we'll go up to the house," says Jennings.

So they went up to the house and Jennings showed Eddie into the setting room and told him to wait, and shut the door. He waited quite a spell and then rolled him a cigarette and smoked it. He was dropping the butt of it into the base-burner stove when the door opened and Amelia come in. She was mighty pale and her eyes was red around the lids, and puffy, which Eddie was glad to see, as he figgered it was fifty dollars in his pocket—for a moment. Then he seen that her lips was closed tight, stid of smiling in welcome, and when he started for her, calculating to fold her in a loving embrace, she motioned him back, and there was something in the way she done it that stopped him right in his tracks.

"No!" she says, and her voice was firm. None of the get-away-closer in it, nor in her look.

"Sit down there, please," she says, pointing to a chair about ten foot away. "Or stand, if you'd sooner, but don't come no nearer to me. I'm sorry to have to speak to you thisaway, Eddie—you don't know how sorry I am—but you seem to make it nes'ry for me to tell you that I don't want to have nothing more to do with you, and I hope you'll respect my wishes and not try ever to see me or speak to me again. And you may be sure and certain that I mean what I say."

It come to Eddie that maybe she did mean it. It didn't seem reasonable, but she sure acted like it. It made him a little hot under the collar and throwed him out on his stride.

"I see what's the trouble," he says, a-sneering. "I'm not well-enough fixed for you. What you want is somebody like Wade Graham, who can give you jewels rare and luxuries that I couldn't never afford. Love ain't nothing to you compared with riches. Oh, I see, all right, all right. I'm poor and your father and mother don't like me. Filthy lucre is what they're after for you, and Wade Graham has been sneaking around ——"

"I wonder at you!" she says to him. "No, I don't, neither, when I think what

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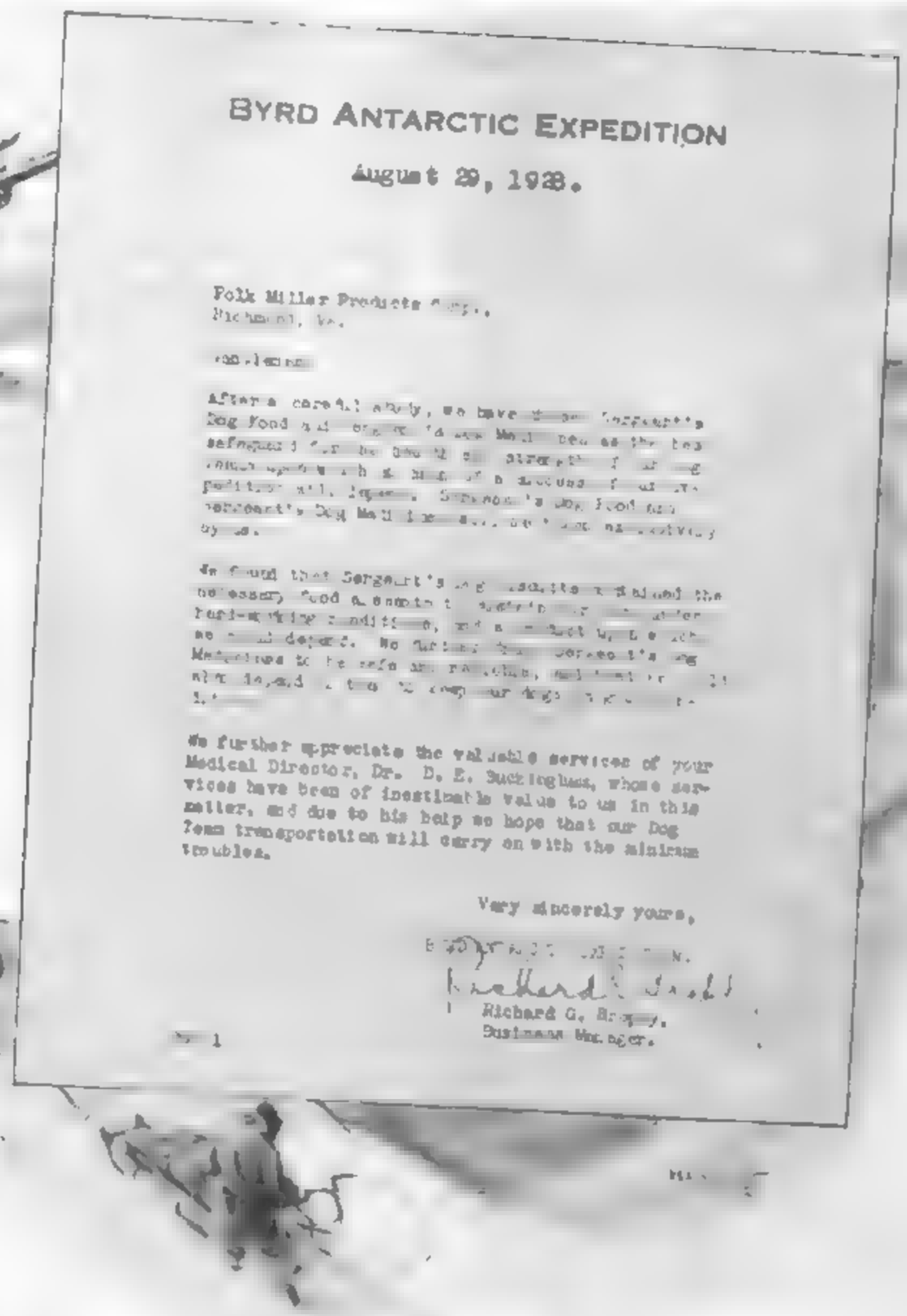

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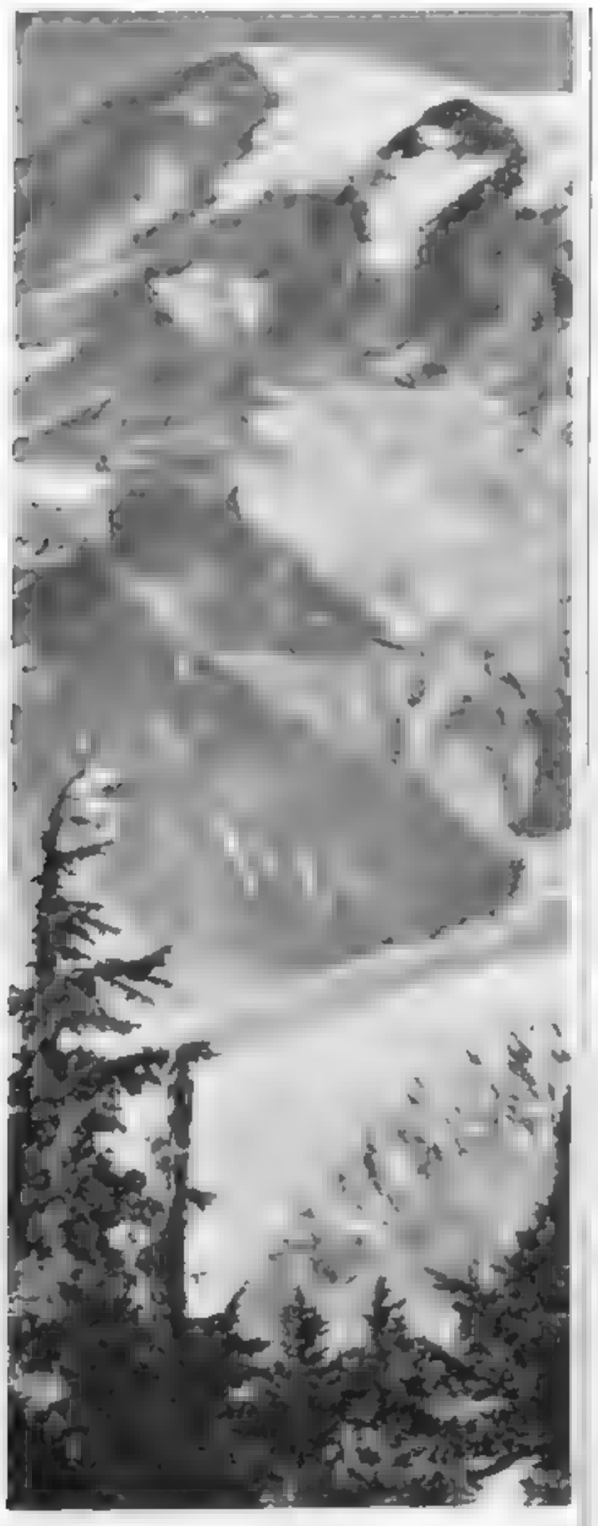

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(Continued from Page 122)

you are. I was foolish enough to b'lieve you when you promised to reform, and I thought I had some influence with you, but after what you've said and done, I'm through. Wade doesn't sneak around. He's a square man and I respect him and like him a heap. As far's you being poor is concerned, I'll admit it makes some difference when I think of what you could do if you wasn't so worthless. I didn't want to get angry with you, but I might as well tell you the truth, much as it hurts me."

"It seems to hurt you a heap," says Eddie. "Go on and hurt yourself some more. It don't matter about me being hurt."

"And when you talk about my father and mother not liking you, I'll tell you plain that that counts with me too. I've stood out against them too long on your account, but I see clear that they was right about you. They had had experience enough to see through you from the first. It wasn't because you hadn't got no money, but because you was willing to take money from your poor, hard-working mother that you ought to have been s'porting. And then to take money from my own father to leave me!"

"That was for your sake," says Eddie. "The thought of going away from you come nigh to breaking my heart, but I wouldn't make trouble between you and your father, and I thought if you loved me you'd be true anyway, and wait till I'd proved myself worthy of you. I knowed you didn't love Wade and I know even now that you do love me. You can't deny it. Amelia, darling."

"Oh, hush!" she says, her eyes a-sparkling and the color a-coming into her cheeks with the disgust she was a-feeling. "Do you think I'm a fool?" she says. "Do you think I don't know where you was the other night and who it was you was a-spending my father's money on? You better go before I say something that ain't ladylike. Go!" she says.

"I'll go," says Eddie, mournful and husky.

Mr. Stegg stopped. "What did you say, Bessie?"

"I said she certainly did have some sense, after all," Mrs. Kane replied. "I spose you don't think so, Eileen."

Eileen smiled cryptically. "Go on, U. S.," she requested.

Mr. Stegg resumed—Eddie says, "I'll go." He put a powerful lot of feeling and huskiness into them two words. "I see that base slanderers has been attacting me," he goes on. "You won't b'lieve me, so I won't make no defense or denials; I'll just ast you to forgive me any unkind words I may have said in my misery, and I'll go far, far away and never trouble you no more—never, never no more. Good-by, Amelia, and may you be happy."

He stood straight and graceful and handsome and noble for a moment, looking at her with longing. Then he gave a groan, slapped his hand on his forehead and sort of staggered to the door. He was a-groping blindly for the knob to let himself out into a cold, unfeeling world of darkness and gloom, when Amelia called to him to stop.

"Eddie, don't leave me thataway," she cries. "Eddie, I didn't reelly mean—oh, Eddie, come back! If you're sure—quite sure ——" She throwed out her arms and Eddie went back to her, and the next moment them arms was around his neck and she was a-sobbing on his manly bosom.

Mrs. Kane got up—or bounced up—her face red and indignant. "I might have known!" she said. "Eileen, there's nothing to giggle about, I can tell you that, young lady. It's just about the way some fool girls act, and suffer for it all their lives long. Uncle Samuel, I must say I'm s'prised at you!"

"Why?" inquired Mr. Stegg innocently. But Bessie only vouchsafed a "Because," and flounced into the kitchen and made noises with the stove and saucepans. Eileen was still laughing and her mirth seemed rather to increase than decrease at her great-uncle's reproving look.

"A s-story w-with a m-moral!" she bubbled.

"There ain't nothing to giggle at," Mr. Stegg told her, repeating Bessie. "You ain't heard the finish yet."

"She married him and lived unhappy ever after," Eileen suggested.

"She did not," said Mr. Stegg.

"Don't you see you're encouraging me?"

"Wait."

So Eddie stood there with his arms around Amelia and Amelia's arms around him, and wondering what he'd do next, when Jennings settled it for him by opening the door and beckoning him out. At the same time Mis' Jennings went in and took charge of daughter. The old man took Eddie by the arm with a mighty hard grip and led him to the front door without saying a word. Then he put his finger and thumb in his vest pocket and took out the fifty-dollar bill and gave it to him.

"Now git!" he says.

Eddie looked him straight in the face and laughed. "Didn't take long, did it?" he says. "I thank you kindly."

Jennings didn't say nothing to that, but Eddie didn't like the way he looked. Seemed like the old fool had a notion to start something. He moved back a step or two, Eddie did. But, after all, Jennings didn't foller him up. Looks don't hurt none, though sticks and stones may break your bones, as the saying is.

"I ain't right sure that I can get away just yet," says Eddie, smiling again. "Not right away on the dot. I don't spose you meant that except in a manner of speaking. I've got to say good-by to my friends and I got a little business that may take a day or two. You know how that is."

"I'll give you ten minutes," says Jennings, and turned and went back into the house and shut the door.

Eddie laughed as he walked down the street. I reckon he thought that was a good joke of the old man's. Maybe he was thinking what an easy old sucker he was and that this wasn't the last fifty he'd screw out of him. Hard to tell what he was thinking of when he laughed, or what he was thinking of when Ben Gurney met him. Ben said that he looked 'sif he'd found a dollar bill and lost a ten-spot—sort of worried. He told Eddie that and asked him where he'd been. Eddie said he'd been to see his best girl and that it wasn't no dollar bill he'd found. They stood and talked a while, Ben said, and then Big Ethel, a lady acquaintance, come along and stopped a minute or two. Eddie told her to beat it and maybe he'd be around to see her tonight. Then Ben and Eddie went into Dacy's and had a drink. Eddie poured him a good stiff one, and when he'd downed it he stepped to the door and looked up the street.

Old Man Jennings was a-coming down the street, and Old Man Jennings was carrying a rifle. Right then Eddie decided that he'd humor the old fool and leave town without stopping to say good-by to his friends. He didn't even go back into the saloon to pay for the drinks. He went north—and lively. About a hundred yards from where the road went through the pines, he looked back over his shoulder and then started to run.

About sundown, Jennings got home right leg weary. He hadn't had no luck. Plenty of deer tracks, but no deer.

"I reckon you'll have to trot down to Shann's market and get a steak, ma," he says to Mis' Jennings. "How's Amelia a-feeling by this time?"

"She's feeling mighty bad, of course," says Mis' Jennings. "But I told her this latest, and she's a sensible girl, and if Eddie leaves town ——"

"He's left," says Jennings.

"You don't say! Well, I hope he never comes back."

"He won't," says Jennings. And Eddie never did.

"Well, I expect you're 'most starved, and I didn't eat no dinner to speak of, and as for 'Melia, she wouldn't touch a bite," says Mis' Jennings. "Maybe if I fix a little bit of the steak nice and take it up to her, I can coax her to eat a few mouthfuls. But I'm all out of change, Dick. I'll have to have some money."

The old man put his finger and thumb into his vest pocket and pulled out a folded fifty-dollar bill. "Have Shann break this," he says. "I'll be glad to get shut of it."

Eileen's blue eyes were round with horror. "Do you mean to say that he murdered Eddie?" she cried.

"I wouldn't call it murdering," Mr. Stegg answered soberly. "But nobody ever accused him of it. But I know that he thought the world of his girl and he'd have resked his neck cheerful and willing to save her from a life of misery, same as any man would to protect his womenfolks, seems to me. When you're a-getting on in life, it's great to have a daughter—or grandniece, for that matter—around the house, brightening it up, and Jennings would have liked to have kept Amelia with him as long as he lived; but he reelized that she had a right to a home of her own and a man of her own, and if Eddie had been halfway decent he'd have give her up to him and done the best he could to give the young couple a start in life. As it was, she married Wade Graham, and if she wasn't happy with him and her four young ones, no woman ever was happy."

Again Eileen broke out into unexpected laughter.

"There's the moral!" she cried. "Oh, why didn't ma stop to hear that? I'll have to tell her." She wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron and got up and kissed Mr. Stegg. "Is that true, U. S., on your sacred word of honor?"

"Middling true," replied Mr. Stegg.

"You old fraud! And you think Joe is like that? Oh, this is too good! I spose you're getting ready to clean up that old rifle in your room and lay-way my poor Joe. Oh, me—oh, my! You don't mind me laughing at you, do you, darling?"

"Have your sport; have your sport," said Mr. Stegg, picking up his paper.

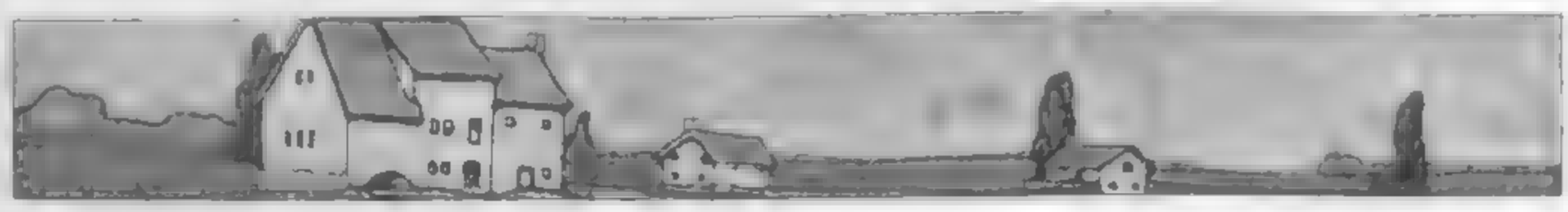
"Has this Mr. Bill Jorgenson you're expecting, got any sawmills besides his three cows and yearlings?" she teased.

"Run away. I want to read my paper," said her great-uncle.

"Well, I'll run away and primp for him," she laughed, and bent again to peck at his forehead and tweak his ear before she ran upstairs. In a moment or two, Mr. Stegg heard her singing:

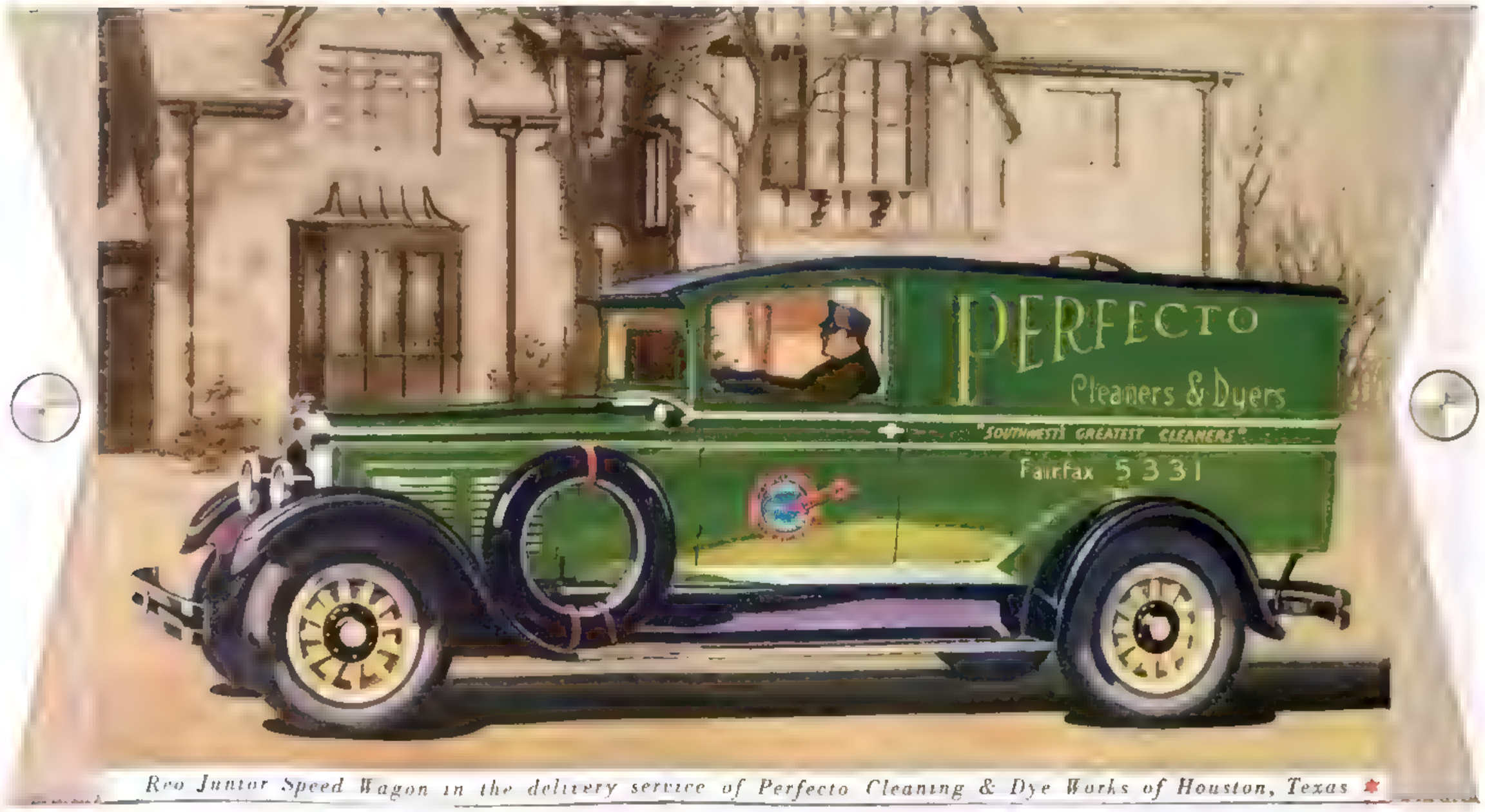
"Come o'er the hills with me.
These hands shall toil for thee,
This heart shall faithful be,
Eileen aroon."

Mr. Stegg apostrophized the absent Joe Lenning: "Them hands and heart of yours had better act up according to contract, or there'll be blood on the moon," he muttered grimly.



Every Woman Likes to See Smart Delivery Service Stopping at Her Door

Just remember this if you're in a business that caters to women



Reo Junior Speed Wagon in the delivery service of Perfecto Cleaning & Dye Works of Houston, Texas ★

High Class Delivery Means A High Class Store In The Public Mind; Second Class Delivery, A Second Class Store

BIG things often hinge on small things, as every successful retail merchant knows.

For instance, every woman likes to see *smart delivery service* coming to her door.

The great department stores learned this long ago. And acted upon it. The specialty shops soon followed. Now, *high class delivery* is judged a tremendous factor in advertising by stores throughout all of America.

Your delivery service is ONE thing about your business everybody in town knows, sees and judges you by.

High class delivery, in the Public Mind, means a High Class Institution behind it. Shoddy delivery bespeaks a second-class business.

Think it over.

SPEED WAGON JUNIOR—½-Ton
Four-Wheel Hydraulic (2-shoe) Brakes. 6-cylinder, 1-Bearing Crankshaft Motor. Passenger Car Speed, Pickup and Parking—any Traffic. Chassis $895.

MODELS FOR EVERY NEED
Reo Speed Wagons are built in 13 Wheelbase sizes—and in tonnage capacities of ½ ton—1 ton—1½ tons 2 tons and 3 tons, in wide variety of body styles.

High Speed, High Power Trucks That Pay For Themselves In Advertising

Cognizant of the tremendous advertising importance of High Class Delivery Service—Service that *looks* high class and that *is* high class—Reo, world leader in high speed, high power and low upkeep commercial transportation, offers American Business a new era in the haulage field. An era combining *utility, flexibility* and almost unbelievable endurance with low upkeep and the great factor of *favorable publicity*.

Pick up your telephone book, and call the nearest Reo dealer or distributor—they are everywhere—and a Reo Transportation Engineer will call and discuss with you your transportation needs without obligation.

★ The Junior Speed Wagon is particularly adapted to service in the department and specialty store, meat markets, bakeries, food, florist, laundry, cleaning and dyeing, and general merchandise fields.

REO

SPEED WAGON

World Leader in High Speed, Low Upkeep Commercial Transportation

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PENCILS
THE LARGEST SELLING QUALITY PENCIL IN THE WORLD
SUPREME in quality, VENUS is the choice of discriminating pencil users the world over. For general purposes, for drawing, for the most exacting technical needs
None better—None as good
17 black degrees—3 copying
Plain ends - $1.00 per doz.
Rubber ends 1.20 per doz.
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300 Fifth St., Hoboken, New Jersey
Makers of UNIQUE Thin Lead Colored Pencils. 20 colors - $1.00 per dozen
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PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Continued from Page 19

"Who be ye?"

"I'm Doctor Perkins."

"I hain't sick."

"I bet," said the doctor, "you got stomach ache or something."

"I hain't," said the voice. "Go 'way."

"But I didn't want to see you about stomach ache. I wanted to talk about a black dog, or who's going to be president, or rotation of crops, or where to catch trout—and it's important."

"I don't want to see nobuddy. Who fetched ye here?"

"Your father," said the doctor.

"Git him to take ye away ag'in."

Brant laughed boyishly. "It's not so easy as that. I wish you would open the door."

"I shan't," said Peter.

"A little hesitation is a dangerous thing," Brant said, "and iron bars do not a prison make. So stand away from the door if you happen to be near it."

He stepped as far back as the narrow hall permitted and lunged with his shoulder against the door, which crashed open with astonishing promptness.

"I generally enter rooms that way," he said as he stepped into the bedroom and smiled at the young man, who had leaped to his feet at this incursion. He saw a boy of twenty two or three, unkempt, unshaven, eyes bloodshot from sleeplessness. Rather a nice-looking boy, thought the doctor, given a comb and a washbasin. It was the face of one in agony of mind, of one torn by storm, but not, Doctor Perkins thought, of one deranged.

"Now," he said, "we'll talk it over friendly."

"What do you want?" demanded Peter.

"To ease your mother's mind," said Brant.

"It's her that's holdin' me back—nothin' else. It's jest bringin' trouble to her and pa that's held me back this long."

"Held you back from what?"

"From doin' what I got to do."

"Have you got to do it with that gun?" asked Brant.

"I hain't a-goin' to talk. You seen me now. You see I hain't sick. Go on away."

The Peddy Orphan advanced a step. "But, Peter, your mother is so worried. You must talk with the doctor."

Peter looked at her oddly. "You're the last person that's got a call to meddle with this," he said somberly. "You ought to be eggin' me on."

"Why, Peter?"

"Be ye forgittin' your pa was sheriff of this here caounty? Be ye forgittin' how he got shot down and nobuddy ever answered fur it?"

"I'm not forgetting, Peter."

Doctor Perkins intervened, his eyes twinkling, though his face was grave. "Put out your tongue," he said suddenly.

Peter stared at him an instant, taken between wind and water by this, to him, absurd command. He thrust out his tongue.

"Um ——" Brant regarded it with interest. "Now you can put it back again. How's your pulse?"

He took the boy's wrist and held it long in his cool hand before he dropped it, and again he smiled into Peter's smoldering eyes.

"Let's sit down on the bed and chin," he said. "What's this all about? Your mother and father thought you had gone suddenly whango in the dome. And no parents want to have a son do that. You wouldn't."

"I'm not crazy," said Peter.

"You're not crazy," Brant said, "but I'm not sure you've got much sense. What's all the alarming conversation about killing sheriffs? It's not open season for sheriffs. Why the cleaning rod and the gun? Why the warpath and the tomahawk?"

"'Tain't so," said Peter.

"Naturally. A fellow with a fad for popping sheriffs isn't likely to sing songs about it ahead of time. But if you did want to separate Mr. Kay from his immortal soul, what reason would you have?"

"Hain't got no reason," said Peter.

"If any, how much did you sleep last night?"

"Not none."

"And eat yesterday?"

"Couldn't eat."

"Grand!" exclaimed Doctor Perkins admiringly. "Well, you're going to sleep today, so if the Peddy Orphan will clear out we'll slip off your panties and slide into bed."

"No," said Peter.

"The proper answer is yes," contradicted Brant. "And I'll administer a bucket of soothing sirup so you won't have nasty dreams. And that's that. Don't argue with the doctor, because he is big and his biceps are developed and he's set in his ways."

"Peter," said the Peddy Orphan, "behave yourself."

"He's going to," said Brant.

"I won't take no drugs. Nobuddy kin make me take drugs."

"Ah," said Brant, rather elongating the syllable. "And whence the exasperation against drugs? Out with you, Peddy Orphan. Peter's about to retire—and Peter's about to take a dose. And if Peter isn't docile I'm going to undress him and hold his nose while he takes his medicine." He fixed Peter with his eye. "And I mean it, young fellow. I mean it!"

Peter became strangely acquiescent. He undressed, allowed Doctor Perkins to prepare a sleeping draft and swallowed it without protest.

"I'll be back to see you in the morning," said Brant.

"I hain't sick," protested Peter.

"And you're not going to be if I can help it," said the doctor. "Lie comfortably now and think of birds singing in beautiful bosky dells."

He went out, closing after him what was left of the door, and descended to the ground floor.

"Your son is all right," he said to Mrs. Ladd. "He has allowed himself to get excited about something. He's not even remotely insane. When he gets a good sleep I think he'll be himself again."

But he motioned the Peddy Orphan to follow him to his car. "Urchin," he said, "what do you know about this? Why does a nice boy come out in a rash to murder fat sheriffs?"

"He means it," said the Peddy Orphan.

"I gathered as much. But why? What thing has Mr. Kay done to whet Peter's appetite for blood?"

"I wish I knew," she said.

"Girl in it, d'ye think? Sometimes guns and girls go together."

"His girl died ten days ago," said the Peddy Orphan.

"Of what?"

"I don't know."

"Huh! His sweetheart dies, and ten days later he's polishing his rifle. I wonder, just a very little I wonder, if there can be a connection."

"How can there be?" asked the Peddy Orphan.

"How can there, indeed? Nevertheless, one must investigate symptoms. And anything may be a symptom in such cases. I think I shall read prayerfully this girl's death certificate. What was her name?"

"Belle Harper," said the Peddy Orphan.

"Did you know her?"

"Of course. But I saw her only once or twice during the last few months. She wouldn't see people. Her parents didn't want her to see people."

"So? Well, the young man will sleep, probably, around the clock. I'll be back in the morning."

"He mustn't be allowed to do it," said the Peddy Orphan.

"My idea exactly. When he wakes he may not want to."

"You don't know him," said the Peddy Orphan. "He'll do what he says."

"How uneventful a country doctor's life can be," said Brant cheerfully. "How old are you, anyhow? And what would you look like dressed as a lady of fashion?"

"I'm not so old," she said, "and I'm not so beautiful, but, young man, I'm terribly smart. You start your car by putting your foot on that what-d'ye-call-it."

"Good-by," said the doctor.

III

DOCTOR PERKINS drove with his usual abandon to the county seat, where the vital statistics of that political subdivision of the state were maintained, and after some slight trouble found in his hands the death certificate of Belle Harper. It gave her age as twenty-two. Any layman could comprehend this, but from the professional verbiage stating the cause of death a layman would have derived nothing but bewilderment.

Even to Doctor Perkins it was a trifle ambiguous, but from the terms and technicalities, he arrived at the conclusion that the certifying physician meant to convey that Belle Harper died as the result of what is called a nervous breakdown ending in heart collapse.

Nothing there, thought Brant, to cause suspicion. Nothing there to set even a lover gunning revengefully for anybody, let alone the sheriff of the county.

He made one or two calls on his way home, and Mrs. Widget, his housekeeper, was exceedingly vocal over his lateness for the midday meal. After his office hours in the afternoon he drove away to make what calls had accumulated during the morning, and as he turned into the Churchills' farmyard in quest of measles, he noticed across the road a mail box bearing the name of Harper.

After little Bobbie Churchill had been viewed as properly spotted and the proper measures taken, Brant lingered a few minutes in the parlor with the parents.

"Your neighbors," he said presently, "lost a daughter some time ago, did they not?"

"Better so," said Mrs. Churchill shrewishly.

"Now, mother!" expostulated her husband.

"It's so, and ye know it's so," she said. "Better off in her grave, that's what I say."

"She suffered then?" asked Brant, deliberately misunderstanding.

"She stole," said Mrs. Churchill. "Right out of my reticule layin' on that table she stole a ten-dollar bill. But pa he wouldn't let me do nothin'. And she stole five dollars of Mis' Breen's chicken money, and I guess the' wan't a house in this neighborhood she went into that she didn't steal out of."

"She was ailin'," said Mr. Churchill. "It was her sickness done it. Belle was as sweet a girl as they was 'fore she took sick."

"And what's more," said Mrs. Churchill, "I don't b'lieve she died a natural death."

"Hush, ma."

"I shan't neither hush."

"Poor gal," said Mr. Churchill, "she wan't but a shadder of herself to'ards the end, and awful pitiful to see. Thin and kind of flabby lookin' for all that. Some days she was as bright as could be and next day she'd be all tremblin' and shiftin' and dreadful to look at."

"I couldn't bear her near me, what with her sniffin' of her nose and them boils she kep' havin', and her finger nails."

"Finger nails?" asked the doctor.

Mrs. Churchill described them and Brant's eyes grew expressionless as he listened. Disfiguration of the nails, boils, extreme emaciation, loss of moral sense! He tabulated these symptoms in the filing cabinet of his mind as not indicative of the

(Continued on Page 129)

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THE BATTERING RAM OF TIME..

FOR a hundred years . . . for two hundred years . . . in older America the battering ram of Time has been beating relentlessly against homes built throughout of Long Leaf and Short Leaf Southern Pine. Yet today . . . sturdy and staunch . . . they stand, still housing new generations of proud owners. By nature strong, this wonderful lumber from the old South is better today than it ever was . . . because the modern methods of Southern Pine Association mills have kept advancing pace with Time.

Cut true and square, seasoned dry to meet every requirement, graded more exacting than ever, conforming to American Lumber Standards . . . and, so every user may know positively he obtains the grade he wants, the piece bears indelibly the mark of the expert grader and the trade-mark of the mill which manufactured it . . . and back of it all, the certification of grades of the Southern Pine Association.

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*Long Leaf Southern Pine gives maximum strength, rigidity and durability to construction. Short Leaf Southern Pine is unsurpassed in beauty of grain, workability and soft texture.

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The Fairbanks homestead at Dedham, Massachusetts, was built in 1641. It is one of the oldest Colonial houses in the United States. The nails used in its construction were of pure iron—almost identical in chemical analysis with ARMCO *Ingot Iron. That is why they are still in almost perfect condition after 288 years' exposure to the elements.*

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NEARLY three centuries of exposure have left these nails from the old Fairbanks house in Dedham, Massachusetts, in almost perfect condition!

And they are but one example of the long service of old-fashioned hand-wrought iron. Remember the iron roofs and fences put up in our grandfathers' time. Many of them are still in service today, uninjured by rust and corrosion.

That is because the old-time iron was *pure*... practically free from the foreign elements that hasten rust in steels!

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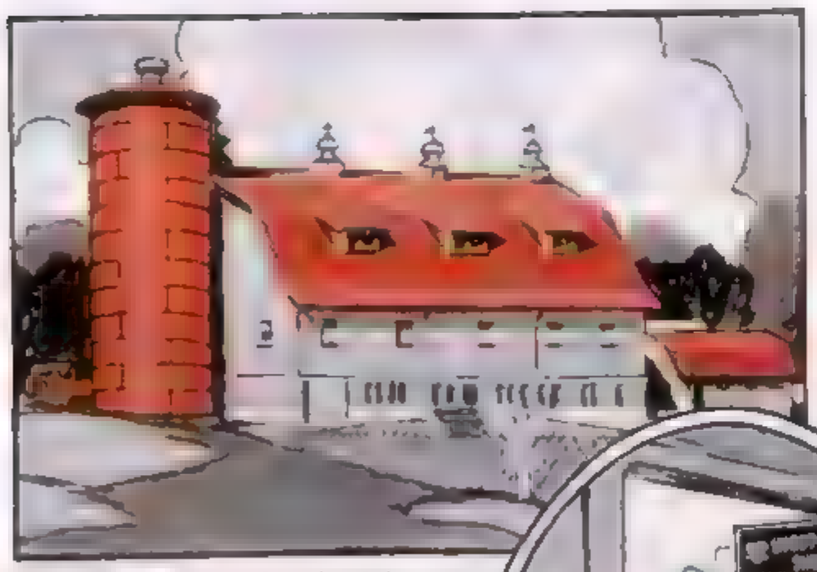
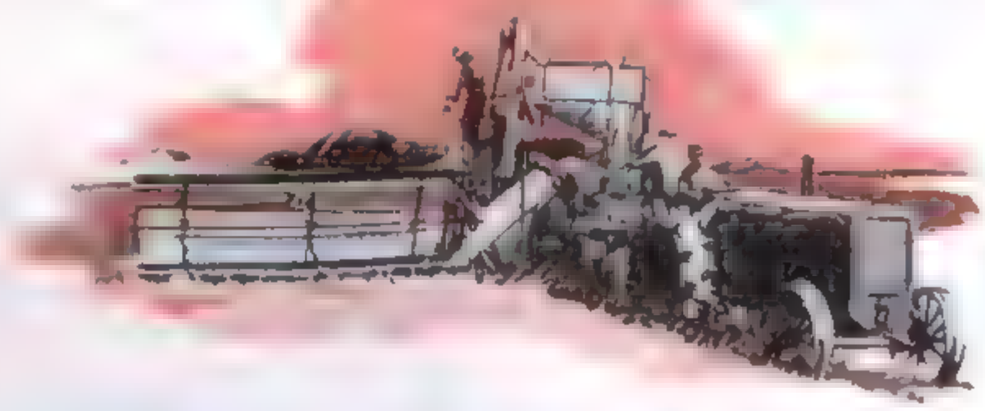


Farm buildings roofed and sided with ARMCO *Ingot Iron are safe from fire, hail and lightning.*

Avoid the trouble and expense of leaking gutters and downspouts by using rust-resisting ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

Cut nails of ARMCO *Ingot Iron manufactured by Tremont Nail Co., Wareham, Mass., are now available. Ask your hardware dealer for them*

Leading manufacturers of combines, threshers and other farm equipment are making all sheet metal parts of ARMCO *Ingot Iron, to make their products give longer service.*



ARMCO

ARMCO INGOT IRON RESISTS RUST

(Continued from Page 126)

nervous breakdown indicated on the death certificate.

"But what I couldn't stomach," said Mrs. Churchill, "was that there hunchback comin' around and meetin' her sly—and her promised to Peter Ladd. I seen her meetin' him in the dusk down by the bridge more'n once."

"Don't stand to reason, mother," said her husband.

"I seen what I seen," she said snappishly.

Doctor Perkins moved to the door. "Bobbie'll be all right," he said. "But be careful of his eyes. I'll drop in again tomorrow."

He drove on his rounds more slowly than was his custom, considering the things he had heard, drawing from them certain conclusions and arguing with himself as to his duty in the premises. That question was not one easy to decide.

Next morning his telephone rang early and he rose drowsily to answer. A girl's voice spoke to him. "Peter's gone," she said.

"This you, Peddy Orphan?"

"Yes. But do you hear? Peter Ladd is gone. And his rifle is gone with him."

"When?" asked Brant succinctly.

"Within an hour." There was a tiny pause. "You must do something. You mustn't let this happen."

"Do you," asked Brant, "know a hunchback in this vicinage?"

"A hunchback?" Again a little pause—a significant little pause. "Yes," she said slowly, "I know a hunchback. But you're wasting precious time."

"What's his name and what are his visible means of support?"

"He's got a job in the jury commissioner's office, and his name's Lant Short."

"An admirable character or otherwise?"

"Otherwise—very otherwise! But hurry! Hurry! It may be happening this very minute. Oh, if you let it happen I shall hate you!"

"I could hardly bear that," Brant said; "but if this comes under the head of practicing medicine, then aviation is agriculture. . . . Good-by, brat."

He jiggled the hook to attract the wandering attention of Central and asked to be connected with the house of Sheriff Kay. A woman's voice answered.

"Sheriff in?" asked Brant.

"Eatin' his breakfast."

"Go very quietly," said Brant, "and draw the window shades or he may fall short of his quota of flapjacks. Do as I say. Then send him to the phone. But draw the shades!"

In two minutes the sheriff's hearty voice, a bit querulous now, came over the wire: "What's this here rigmarole? Who be ye, anyhow?"

"This is Doctor Perkins. I am on my way out. Stay in the house and keep away from windows. If you can find something to interest you in the cellar, so much the better."

"Say, what's eatin' ye, anyhow?"

"Did you ever notice what a soft-nosed bullet can do to a man?"

"I have."

"Then paint yourself a mental picture of it. It will make the cellar seem very, very eligible. Better recline among the potatoes and the cabbages than among the lilies. Draw a deep breath, keep your head down and all may yet be well."

Brant sat at his desk and wrote a letter—a rather lengthy communication—which he signed, inclosed in an envelope and stamped. This he carried to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Widget," he asked, "do your duties include precautionary measures?"

"Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't," she said testily.

"On this occasion they do," he said. "Here is a letter with a genuine stamp on it. I want you to fold it to your bosom. Surrender it to no man, woman, child, cat or dog but myself. But if you have not seen me enter this house in my proper person, erect, under my own power, before seven o'clock this evening, you will thrust it in the mails. Am I clear?"

"Ye be; but what's the meanin' of it?"

"Yours not to reason why, yours but to do or die," said Brant. "And if the Peddy Orphan comes projecting around, tell her I am looking after the health of the community."

"The's times when you exasperate me," said Mrs. Widget. "I can't make no head nor tail to ye."

"Cryptic—that's my strong point. First I bewilder them, then I bite. Good morning, Mrs. Widget, and I hope you keep well this hot weather."

Thereupon he drove to the county seat, but not directly to the home of Sheriff Kay. Rather, he stopped at the courthouse and found his way to the office of the jury commissioner, where, behind the counter, stood a tiny man with wry back whose head was just visible above the barricade.

"Lant Short?" asked Doctor Perkins.

"That's my name," replied a shrill voice, and a wizened face, with narrow eyes that shifted and could not meet his gaze, turned toward him interrogatively.

"Alone?" asked Brant, dropping his voice.

"Cal'late so."

"You're to come with me to the sheriff's house—right away."

"What fur? Who said so?"

"Did anybody," asked Brant loftily, "give you permission to ask a question—let alone two questions in a row? Unquestionably not." He leaned across the counter and whispered, "And you're to bring what stock you got with you."

"Eh? What?"

"You heard. And, friend, conduct yourself as if you were on your way to a fire. Not headlong, you understand, but more than a trace of speed. Or the fat, which you may have heard spoken of, will be in the fire, which nobody will enjoy. Not presently, but now—and with all you've got in stock."

"What's up?" demanded the hunchback, his eyes glittering with sudden apprehension.

"The sheriff will disclose the lamentable facts," said Brant.

"I'll git it," said the hunchback, and opening the office safe, he drew from it a small parcel of guileless aspect. "'Tain't Washington, is it?"

"Who knows?" asked Brant, leading the way to his car.

They drove up the hill and to the edge of town, where Sheriff Kay lived in a sprawling white house which squatted on a roomy lot much given to lilac bushes and other forms of flowering shrubbery. No other dwelling was within a hundred yards, and there was ample concealment for a company of young men armed with rifles, had they desired to lurk there.

The probabilities, thought Doctor Perkins, were that young Mr. Peter Ladd, though exceedingly invisible, was also highly present and waiting eagerly. It occurred to Brant that Peter might feel a sudden urge to try his marksmanship on the hunchback, which would be embarrassing; but he hoped the young man was out for big game only.

The car stopped at Sheriff Kay's hitching block.

"I'll take it in," said Brant, reaching for the parcel.

"No, you don't," said the hunchback.

"Perhaps," said Brant, "I wasn't clear. I said I would take it in. All one-syllable words suited to the meanest understanding. And you will remain here quiescent—or immobile, if you prefer. I might tell you for your comfort that young Peter Ladd, an excellent marksman, is behind one of yon bushes with a rifle and an itching finger. He doesn't like you. My impression is that any large or careless movement on your part will result in a fresh arrival in the happy hunting grounds. Pass it over."

Lant Short, cowering low in the seat, made no further expostulation, and Brant walked leisurely to the sheriff's front door. Mrs. Kay answered his ring.

"I hope," he said affably, "the cellar is not damp. Is your husband among the vegetables?"

"He hain't, but he's in the kitchen peerin' through a crack in the shutters with a loaded gun."

"Evidently," said Brant, "a word to the wise is not wasted. . . . Ah, I see his ample person. Good morning, sheriff."

"How be ye, doc, and what kind of a caper is this here?"

"This," said Brant, "is an example of modern preventive medicine. I am preserving the health of the community."

"Yeah? As how?"

"You wouldn't say a man with a rifle ball through him was in a state of perfect health, would you?"

"Cal'late he'd be ailin' a mite."

"And you wouldn't be one to argue that a boy at the end of a rope just as the drop was sprung was robust?"

"Sca'cely," said the sheriff.

"Well," said Brant, "one patient of mine is apt to come down with an attack of rifle bullet and another is threatened with an epidemic of hemp rope if he fires it. Modern medicine teaches it is better to prevent disease than to cure it. Therefore the family physician is present."

"Ye hain't exactly clear," said the sheriff.

"Can you imagine," asked Brant, "why a real nice boy should be thirsting for your gore?"

"No idee."

"His girl's dead," said Brant.

"What's that got to do with how big my shoes is?"

"That," said Brant, "is what I am asking. And echo answers nothing intelligible. Sheriff, I told you my business was practicing medicine. I told you that matters which did not affect the health of the community were none of my business. Well, something is affecting the health of the community in spots. I don't know how many spots. I've stumbled over a straw that shows which way the wind blows."

"Involvin' me?" asked the sheriff.

"Blowing in your general direction," said Brant. "But this time my immediate interest is not in that; it is in preserving you to a grateful country unpunctured and in saving an excited young man from the consequences of his excitement. Those things must come first and foremost. I'm inclined to think, sheriff, I would accept your pledged word. You look like that kind of an egg."

"Obleeged," said the sheriff.

"So, presently, I'm going to ask you for a promise."

"I hope I kin accommodate ye."

"Meantime," said Brant, "you might glance at this. A friend of yours who awaits without sent it in."

He tossed the hunchback's parcel upon the sheriff's knees.

Mr. Kay opened the paper covering, found within a tin box, and inside the tin box a quantity of white powder. His eyes grew hard and wary.

"What friend?" he asked.

"The same one who supplied Belle Harper," said Brant. "Poor girl, she stole from the neighbors to pay for it. She would have stolen from the collection plate. She would have done anything to get it. A lovely girl once, I'm told. You can't much blame her sweetheart for wanting to kill the man who supplied her with the drug. I'd feel rather that way myself. But why does he want your life instead of Lant Short's, eh? Can you imagine?"

"I can't imagine."

"I can," said Brant. "It's because the boy's got brains and a sense of justice." He eyed the sheriff for a moment. "Do you know, I rather thought your vice was bootlegging. Being so near the border and all, I figured liquor was the game, and I'm not an excise officer. But cocaine, sheriff—that's something else again. Even at that, I can't have you shot."

"Speak your piece," said Sheriff Kay.

"Why, after I get you out of this fix, I guess it'll have to be war. I'm going to save your life, as is my duty as a physician;

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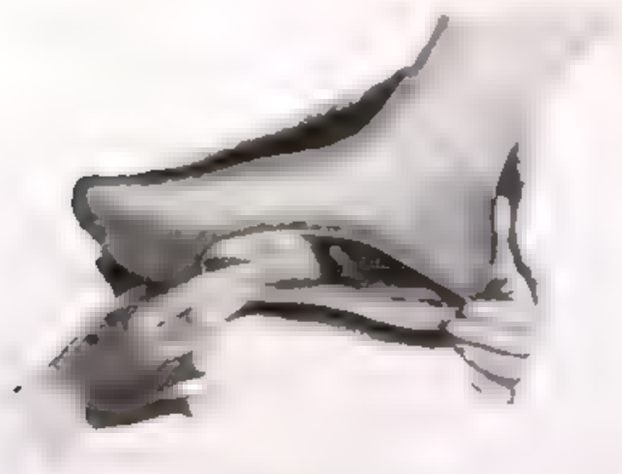

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but when that's done I'm going to do my best to abolish you."

"Kind of ambitious, hain't ye? You're here, and what evidence ye got 's here too. Not that it p'ints to or damages me any, as I kin see. But if it did, d'ye think I'd let ye go away with it?"

"Why, no; so I'm not going to try. I just brought Lant and his stock along as a sort of present, to show you I was justified in putting on the war paint." He shrugged his shoulders. "I have no evidence against you—not that would go in court. But I'm satisfied in my own mind. And, by the way, I put all I know in a letter which will go where it will excite interest if I am not at home this evening."

"I wouldn't be that crude," said Mr. Kay.

"I wish it was rum-running," said Brant. "I kind of like you."

"Same here," said the sheriff.

"Now for the promise," said Brant. "I want you to give me your word that no harm shall come to Peter Ladd."

"What? Let him git away with this idee of hisn of goin' gunnin' fur me?"

"That and what is more dangerous for him—his knowledge, whatever it is, of the drug traffic. Men have died suddenly of too much knowledge."

"What if I agree?"

"On my part I promise not to use him or what he knows. I'll hoe my own row. I think it will be best for his peace of mind if he sees other parts of the country. Belle Harper's grave is not a pleasant spot to contemplate. I'll trade you the hunchback and the box of cocaine—and your life, sheriff—for immunity for the boy. After all, I've saved your life, you know. I could have sat back and let Nature take its course. Is it a swap, and you and I start from scratch tomorrow?"

"Doc," said the sheriff, "you're a white man. I'll go ye, even if I live to regret it." He frowned ruefully. "Don't s'pose the's any way you 'n' me kin be friends."

"Sure! Give me your word the drug traffic stops—I'll take it."

"Sorry, doc. I don't know nothin' about no drugs or no traffic."

"And that," said the doctor, "is that. Today I'm your preserver, tomorrow your destroyer. Such is life."

"I never knowed a feller I hated so bad to have to smash," said the sheriff.

Brant moved toward the door. "I go," he said, "to preserve the smooth, pleasing surface of your epidermis. Just how, I don't know. But keep to the cellar until I telephone you the all-clear. You can operate for appendicitis, you can give castor oil for colic, but just what I'll prescribe for a young man down with the murder fever, I don't know at this minute of writing. But I'll try, sheriff, I'll try."

"Good luck to ye—till tomorrow," said Mr. Kay.

Doctor Perkins took but one step toward the closed door when it burst open so violently it crashed against the wall, and Peter Ladd stood crouching in the opening. He crouched, his rifle at his hip, eyes glaring and teeth bared.

"Git out of the way!" he said gratingly.

"The fever," said Brant, "seems to have reached its crisis."

"Jest move to one side about a foot," said the sheriff tranquilly. "I cal'late I'll be all right."

Brant advanced toward Peter, speaking to Kay as he moved. "I've got your promise, sheriff," he said, and moved suddenly sidewise as the boy sought to step around him.

"I don't want to hurt ye, doc. Ye mean well," Peter said in a voice tight and quivering as a fiddle string, "but I come to git him, and I'm a-goin' to."

"Why, Peter?" Brant well knew the value of delaying conversation in an acute moment. "Why the sheriff, Peter? Why not Lant Short?" He heard Kay move cautiously. "Mr. Kay," he said over his shoulder, "if you shoot, get both of us. Don't leave me among the present. It's a warning. . . . Now, Peter, why not Short?"

"The humpback wan't nothin' but a go-between. I want the feller that's to blame." His voice broke. "You didn't see her—you never seen her like I did. You didn't watch her slippin' downhill and wonder what was wrong. You—you didn't set on the sofy beside her, lovin' her so's your heart was like to bust, and feel her steal your week's wages out of your pocket. If you'd 'a' done that, doc, you'd 'a' killed the man that was to blame fur it. 'Twan't Belle stole my money—she was gone."

"Will it help her, Peter, for you to get yourself hanged? I'm just a fellow that tinkers up bodies, so I don't know much about the other part of people, but isn't it possible Belle is clean and sweet again where she is now—and worried about what you're up to?"

"It was Belle's soul he killed more'n he did her body," said the boy.

"Don't sound sensible to me," said Brant. "I don't believe cocaine reaches that far. It can work on nerves and muscles and suchlike, and the sick body can hide and fog up the other thing so it don't show through. But when that ailing body goes, Pete, I've a notion the soul kind of rubs its eyes and shakes its shoulders and heaves a sigh of relief and goes along about its business pretty much as any other soul. . . . No, young fellow, your metaphysics is all cockeyed."

"I know what I got to do," said Peter dully.

"Let's have the gun, Pete. It might go off and make a noise and scare the canary." He had drawn another step nearer the boy—this boy driven half mad by the blackness of his broodings. "Sheriff," he said without raising his voice, "skedaddle through that back door. And keep your promise or papa spank. Git!"

As he spoke his hand darted out to twitch the rifle from Peter's grasp; he heard a movement behind him, the swift opening and closing of a door, and the boy sprang upon him fiercely. Doctor Perkins' long, powerful arms closed about him, pinioning him close, holding him secure until his struggles abated.

"There, Pete," he said softly, "that'll be all of that." His broad hand patted gently the boy's back. "It'll pass, fellow, it'll pass. Everything does. Which is scant comfort at this minute, but the best I've got in stock."

The boy quivered, trembled, muttered, and then his young shoulders heaved under the pressure of a great wrenching sob.

"At-a-boy!" said Brant, still holding him close, not as a prisoner now, but as some huge friend would hold a stricken child. The hand that had patted Peter's back stroked the boy's hair and the doctor's voice went on and on, softly, monotonously, soothingly: "I prescribe travel and change and fresh faces and new thoughts. That'll be the ticket. I know where there's a slick job, and we're going to drive home and pack and say good-by to the folks. And then you're going—and leave this thing to me."

"I got to do suthin' about it. I can't leave it rest."

"I'll do the something, Pete. I'm going to step out and remold a number of things nearer to the heart's desire, if you follow me. And the result'll be ample, and you won't hang for any of 'em. Said the walrus to the carpenter, Let's be stepping along to lift the worry off of Ma Ladd's shoulders. Here we go! Hep! Hep! Hep!"

A half hour later Mother Ladd came rushing down to the gate as the car stopped.

"Is—is everythin' all right?" she cried frantically. "Did he do it? Did ye stop him?"

"Ma Ladd," said Brant, grinning amiably, "I gave a whopping dose of preventive medicine, and it seen its duty and done it noble. Let's go in and pack Pete's Sunday pants. He's going away for the good of the order."

The Peddy Orphan stood aside from the doorway to let them pass. "Doctor," she said, looking up at him impishly, "I'd rather have my men dependable than handsome."

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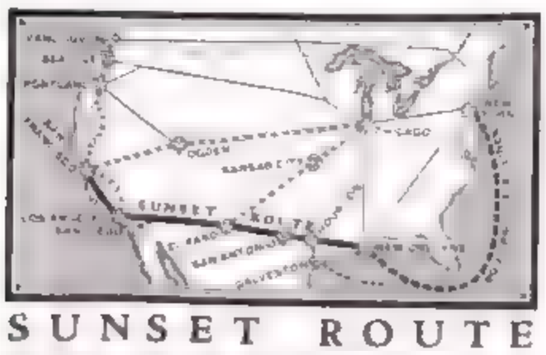

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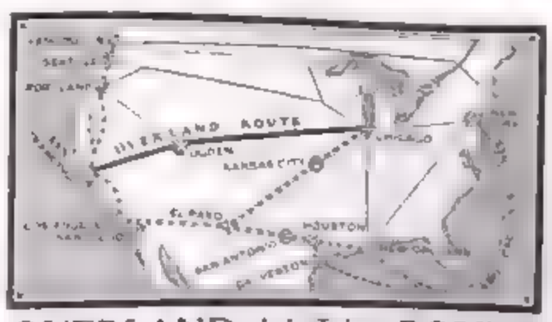

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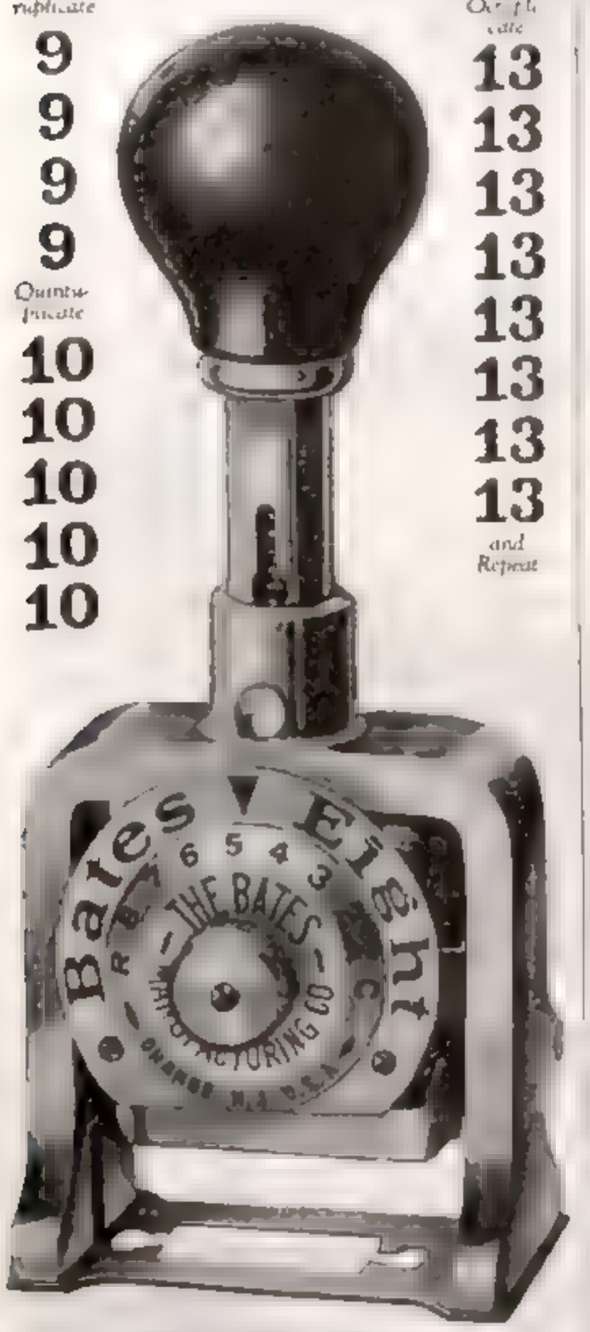

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DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

(Continued from Page 7)

inspector and Doctor Gero at the appointed corner and go on with them.

He stumbled down the Subway stairs, and he was asleep on his feet when a train presently rumbled into the station. Charlie had been working under high pressure for weeks past, and he lacked the physique to endure long exertion without fatigue. He was a tall youngster, and twenty pounds more weight would have been a boon to him; he had a slow, friendly smile and he spoke in tones at once alert and easy. Most people liked him.

He thought during the three or four minute run to his station that the part of town ahead was strange to him. He had some familiarity with the North End, where, during the past few weeks, in the winding streets and narrow alleys, a sort of guerrilla warfare had been waged. He had made this condition of affairs his concern, and he knew the lay of the city there. But this was new territory he approached. Scurvy Street! He had scarce even heard the name, and he wondered at it, and tried to guess what manner of thoroughfare it must denominate. It was probably an old street, he thought; it must date back to the days of sailing ships. Sailors, perhaps, had used to lodge there.

The train ground to a stop and he alighted and climbed the stairs. The drizzle of rain which had forced Phœbe to return to the office for her umbrella was still falling when he came up to the level again, but an Elevated track overhead somewhat sheltered him. He paused in the lee of the kiosk to look around, expecting to discover the figure of Inspector Tope already here. But save for an occasional pedestrian huddling in his collar, there was no one in sight. This was a region of cheap moving-picture houses and small stores, and these establishments were now for the most part dark: but there was a pharmacy on the opposite corner, obviously still open for business, and Charlie saw a patrolman in uniform in the open doorway there, talking to someone inside. So he crossed in that direction. A taxicab rattled past under the Elevated, riding the rails to avoid the unequal cobblestones.

He came to the drug store and stepped into the entrance out of the rain. The patrolman turned to look at him, and Charlie nodded and said it was a wet night. The officer made no comment. There was a drug clerk behind the counter, an undersized, undernourished individual with black hair and a sallow, blurred complexion. His white apron had seen too much service. He looked at Charlie suspiciously; and when Charlie made no move to step inside, but stood by the policeman in the entrance, the clerk's suspicions increased. Neither he nor the officer said anything, and after a moment Charlie grinned with amusement at their silence.

"It's all right," he said cheerfully. "I'm your friend." He looked at the patrolman. "My name's Harquail, of the Journal," he explained. "Inspector Tope telephoned me. That's why I'm here."

"Yeah?" the bluecoat commented. "Well, who asked you?"

Harquail chuckled. "Thought I'd better explain, before you moved me on," he returned.

The policeman jerked his head warningly toward the goggle-eyed clerk inside and the reporter nodded. But before the silence that followed could endure too long, a taxicab came rocketing along the street under the Elevated and wheeled at an angle, to stop by the curb in front of the door where they stood. Inspector Tope descended and turned to pay the driver of the cab.

Inspector Tope was a round pudgy man who looked less than his height and who seemed younger than his years. His hair was snow white, but his cheeks were like apples, and his eyes were a youthful blue, and his step was alert and strong. When he walked, his hands swung a little out from his sides, the palms turned forward, the fingers curled; and his head was apt to wag from side to side with each stride, as though he smelled some interesting odor and sought to discover its source. He was in charge of the homicide bureau at headquarters and had been so for many years—too many, some suggested. There was a suspicion that he was past the retirement age; but he did not wish to quit his work, and headquarters did not wish him to retire, so no one brought up this matter of his age at all.

Inspector Tope had no superhuman qualities. He was simply a sensible man, not easily diverted from his course, not easily confused. If he had a gift, it was the ability to accept facts as facts, not seeking to evade or disprove them, but bound rather on finding behind them a fit and consistent meaning. If he dropped a collar button, Inspector Tope never gave up the search for it. It would not occur to him that the collar button had dematerialized or had taken wings and flown out the window, especially if the window was closed or screened. He would search the floor, look under the rugs, feel or examine the under parts of the furniture as high as a collar button might be expected to bounce—and he was likely to find the thing he sought in the end.

There was coupled with this ability to select facts, recognize them as facts and work forward from these facts, another capacity: He was able not only to arrive at the truth—he could also prove it, or by some audacious stroke expose it to the light of day. In short, a valuable man—or a dangerous one, depending on your point of view. And he liked Charlie Harquail.

The inspector came across the sidewalk now toward where Charlie and the patrolman stood, and he smiled in the rain, nodded to the two men.

"You're Tyler?" he asked the officer, by way of greeting. "Hello, Charlie. You two know each other?"

"I introduced myself," the reporter explained, and the policeman assented with an unintelligible sound.

"Covered, are you?" the inspector asked the officer.

"Mea's there," Tyler told him. "Want to go along?"

"We'll wait for Doctor Gero," Tope replied. He glanced inside the drug store. "It's a wet night. Not much stirring."

No one spoke for a moment. Then the policeman said slowly, "Car knocked a man down here a while ago. The boy was telling me." He jerked his head toward the drug clerk, and the sallow youngster, thus encouraged, came babbling toward them.

"Over there by the Elevated stairs," he amended.

"Hurt much?" the inspector asked casually.

"He said he wasn't," the clerk asserted. "I happened to see it. He was crossing the street, and a big limousine came along from up this way. I guess it kind of skidded, because it swerved in toward him, and either it hit him or he jumped. Anyway, he took a good fall."

"Car stop?" Inspector Tope inquired.

"I'll say it didn't!" the boy replied. "It run like a scared cat, down the street and around the corner. It was one of these English cars. I saw the radiator cap when it went by. I noticed, because they ain't many that come by here."

No one was particularly interested, but he required no prompting. "I ran right over to help him up," the clerk explained. "I ran over, and he was kind of lying there, kind of turning over. He'd got pretty well covered with mud in the gutter, and I guess he'd banged his head. His hat was mashed in. But he told me to get out. Three or four came along, but he wouldn't have any help. He went off, walking all right—down that way."

He jerked his thumb toward the street which ran at right angles to the Elevated, and Inspector Tope said slowly: "Hit and run. The old army game! A man like that ought to go to jail for a stretch." His tone was curiously stern, but he looked at Charlie and nodded. "Your paper's been doing a good job, playing up those cases," he said approvingly. "It will throw a scare into them."

"Boetius is down on them," Charlie explained. "And Mr. Bellmer too. You saw our editorial Wednesday?"

"A good one," Inspector Tope agreed. The drug clerk was at his elbow and the inspector said to him quietly, "You better stay inside, son." The boy withdrew in haste and Tope nodded to the officer and to Charlie. They stepped down to the pavement, out of easy hearing, and the inspector asked Tyler, "You found the body, didn't you?"

The patrolman assented. "I went into the house when the woman yelled," he explained.

Charlie had half forgotten their errand here, the inspector took it so casually. His interest revived now. "A woman?" he echoed.

"That's right," Inspector Tope remembered. "You did say there was a woman with him."

"I heard her yell," the officer repeated. "This house is on the corner of Scurvy Street and Dean. I was coming along Dean. There was a drunk in the alley there and I stopped to look him over, but he could navigate all right, so I let him go. Then just as I went on I heard this yell, and I ran around to the front of the house and in."

"Door open?" the inspector asked.

"It wasn't locked," Tyler replied. "I think it was shut. I didn't stop to notice. She was tearing them off at a great rate, so I ran up the stairs and into this room. She was running around in circles and the man was lying on the bed, dead."

"Dressed?" the inspector prompted.

"Yes, he was. She wasn't—nothing but a wrapper or something—silk. It was half off her. She kept yelling like she was crazy. I saw he was dead enough. She kept yelling, 'They got him! They got him!' So I opened the window and blew my whistle and Mea came along. I left him there and came out to telephone."

"No telephone in the house?"

"I couldn't find one, and I couldn't raise the landlady. It's a tough neighborhood. There was a woman in the next room, but she slammed the door on me."

"Shot, was he?" Inspector Tope inquired, and the policeman said virtuously:

"I didn't look. That's up to the doctor. But he's dead."

"What time was this?"

"It was 11:42 when I whistled—five or six minutes before that."

"When you heard her?"

"Yes."

"How near the house were you? Hear her plain?"

"Yes, plain. I was right at the end of the alley."

"Talking to this drunk man?"

"He came out of the alley as I came along," the patrolman explained, and he grinned. "He was feeling pretty rocky, I should judge. He barged into me and knocked his hat over on one side, and I got a whiff of his breath. But he went on, steady enough. He had a kind of limp, but I saw he could navigate all right. Then I heard her yell and I didn't pay any more attention to him."

"How big a man was he?" Tope inquired.

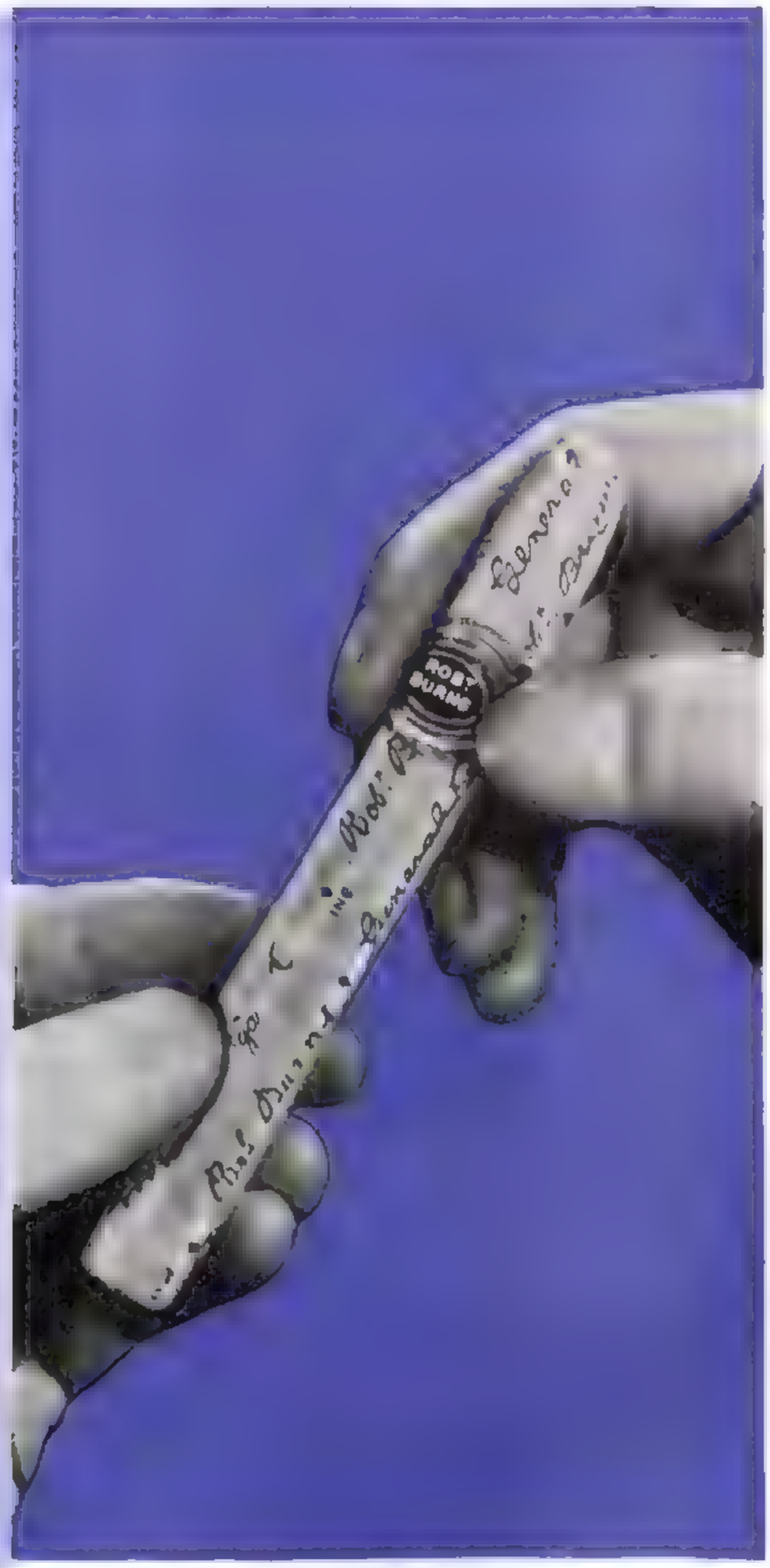
"Well," the other said uncertainly, "he was kind of stooped over—hard to say."

"What did he look like?"

"Gray hat and an overcoat. There's no street light right there. I didn't see his face."

"You said his hat fell off?"

(Continued on Page 134)



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(Continued from Page 132)

"No," the patrolman corrected; "just got knocked on one side when he ran into me."

"He say anything?"

"He grunted something and straightened his hat and went on away."

The inspector nodded amiably. "That's a pretty shabby neighborhood, isn't it?"

"Cheap lodging houses and warehouses," the other assented. "It's only about a block and a half through from there to the South Basin. Wharves and shipyards and so on. They dock some tramp steamers in there. Sailors' boarding houses and outfitters and all."

"Liquor?" the older man asked.

"Not unless you can speak enough English to ask for it," the policeman grinned.

"You bother them any?"

"I could take in a hundred a day—jam the courts from now to Christmas. But what good is it?" He added: "There's a warehouse across the street, down this way from the house, and a good many trucks stop there at night. We've been watching them lately. Got two extra men in the district."

A car pulled up at the curb and the inspector turned. "Here's the doctor," he remarked. "Tyler, tell him where to go."

And with no further word, he himself climbed into the rear seat and Charlie followed him. Tyler sat with the medical examiner. Doctor Gero was one of those fair men whose hair, as it turns gray, seems to become more fair, so that the appearance of youth remains with them. He apologized for the delay, and Inspector Tope said there was time enough; and Charlie looked at his watch and realized that unless something particularly sensational lay at the end of this adventure, there would be no need to call the office.

It was only two or three blocks from the drug store to the house on Scurvy Street—or, to be exact, two short blocks and two long ones. The rain was falling with a steady insistence and the occasional street lamps had a sad futility. They went at first at right angles to the Elevated, then turned into Dean Street and passed between huge black warehouses five or six stories high, like dark canyon walls. Charlie saw the black arch of the entrances, and Tyler spoke over the back of the seat to Inspector Tope.

"The one on the right is the one we're watching," he explained.

"Where's the alley?" the inspector asked.

"Beyond," said Tyler. "Here's the house—on the corner."

They had turned to the left as he spoke and pulled in at the right-hand curb. Doctor Gero locked his car and they alighted. Charlie looked quickly to right and left, appraising the neighborhood.

Scurvy Street, he thought, was well named. Even in the night and in the rain, its shabbiness was shamelessly apparent. Behind them, two blocks away, he could see the Elevated, and a train went rumbling by. In the other direction, not quite so far, the street ended in shadows where lights hung in the air with no support visible, at great and greater distances. The harbor lay there, he remembered—South Basin. Those were riding lights on craft at their moorings.

But between the Elevated and the water front lay some four blocks of this squalid thoroughfare. There were ash cans along the curb and sodden paper in the gutters and the wreck of a pushcart against a fire hydrant by the nearest street lamp, and Charlie saw a cat skulk among the ash cans. The lodging houses, four or five stories high, reared gloomily against the dark sky, and upon their blank and unlighted fronts a sinister shadow lay. A street, he thought, fit to house dull sins, and vice stripped of every shred of glamour; a street whose very air could stifle healthy lungs. He blinked stupidly and coughed as though his throat were clogged.

They had alighted at the foot of a flight of half a dozen steps, which led up to the first-floor level of the house on the corner, and a moment after they stopped, the front door opened. Charlie saw a policeman in the rectangle of light there. Above his head and behind him a gas jet burned, and beyond, dim stairs ascended.

The policeman touched his cap and he said quietly: "'Evening, inspector." And they went up the steps into the hall. The policeman closed the door behind them.

Inspector Tope returned his greeting and asked, "Upstairs, Mea?"

"The woman's dressing," Patrolman Mea explained. "She's quieted down. Wanted to get dressed. I've got her in another room."

"Were you around tonight?" the inspector inquired.

"I'd been past here not three minutes before," Mea declared. "Or five, maybe." He looked toward the other patrolman. "We'd been keeping an eye on the warehouse over there last two-three nights, and a couple of trucks stopped there tonight. So I was watching."

"Were you two together?" Tope inquired.

"No," Mea explained. "Tyler was down Dean Street, the other way. I was coming along Scurvy Street from the Elevated. I heard a couple of bangs and I figured it was these trucks back-firing when they started up. But it might be shots. Anyway, I came along quick, and when I rounded the corner, there was a man running across the street from the warehouse and away along Dean Street. The trucks were still there, so I yelled at him and put after him and chased him down Dean Street. He ducked into an alley and I lost him, and then I heard Tyler whistle. I wasn't gone five minutes, hardly."

Tope nodded. It occurred to Charlie that the running might have been devised to draw the patrolman away, but if this was in the inspector's mind, he did not say so. Inspector Tope was not apt to guess aloud.

"See the trucks when you came back?" he asked.

"They'd gone," Mea confessed.

"Anybody else around?"

"I think there was a man coming along Dean Street past the warehouse, on the other side. I didn't notice much."

Tope nodded again. He seemed to weigh these matters. The gas jet hissed above his head. The house was silent all about them—a silence somehow listening and attentive. And after a moment the inspector moved.

"Well," he decided, "I guess we can go upstairs."

III

A WORN carpet on the stair muffled their footsteps, so that they ascended silently. Inspector Tope went first and Doctor Gero was on his heels, and Charlie followed just behind. The two patrolmen brought up the rear. The gas jet hissed above their heads; and Charlie heard somewhere in the silent house the stir of a foot, and he was suddenly conscious that all about him there were furtively curious ears. It was as though someone pressed against every closed door, following their movements warily. It occurred to Charlie that at any loud sound those who skulked in hiding here would pour out of the house like rabbits from a woodpile when a ferret sniffs along their winding ways, and he grinned in faint amusement at the picture of that exodus.

At the head of the stairs, they stopped for a moment in the narrow hall. Here another gas jet burned, this time in a wall bracket. Charlie looked about him appraisingly. The hall in which they stood was L-shaped and the rectangular stair well lay in the longer arm of the L. A window looked upon the street in front, and Charlie saw the glint of raindrops on the pane. Into this hall five doors opened; but as a matter of fact, only one of them, the one directly facing the head of the stairs, was open just now. There were two doors on their left, at right angles to each other; there was another at their right, and still another along the hall toward the window, beside the stair well. The floor was carpeted, the carpet tacked down close against the baseboard. A dusty old rug hung over the railing around the stairs.

Mea, the patrolman, made some low-voiced explanation. "The woman's in there dressing," he said, and pointed to the door beside the stairs, opposite where this rug was hung. "That room was open—nobody in it—so I sent her in there. The body's in here on the left."

Doctor Gero turned that way and he laid his hand on the knob and opened the door. The room, Charlie saw as he looked over Inspector Tope's shoulder, was lighted; gas jets burned in the chandelier. But the windows were curtained so that no ray escaped to the street. His glance embraced the chest of drawers at one side, the bureau opposite the door, the table in the middle of the room, a couch yonder in the corner. There was something dark on the floor, and Charlie at first thought this was the body of a man, but after a moment he realized it was merely an overcoat tumbled there. The body, he saw a moment later, lay sprawled across the bed in the corner, somewhat behind the door.

Doctor Gero set his bag on the table in the middle of the room and turned toward the bed.

But at the same time Patrolman Tyler, in the hall outside, said huskily, "Here's the woman, inspector."

So Inspector Tope turned back that way and Charlie followed him. Mea and Doctor Gero stayed where they were.

When Charlie came into the hall, he saw the woman standing in the door beyond the stair well, and he looked at her in quick, appraising scrutiny. In the moment before Inspector Tope, advancing toward her, came between them, Charlie caught a picture of her that was complete and unforgettable.

She was dressed in street clothes, and he thought her garments bore the marks of quality. Yet they were all askew. Her skirt hung crookedly; the buttons of her coat were in the wrong buttonholes; her whole attire bespoke disorder. It was as though she had been tossed and rumpled by some force too violent to be opposed.

And this tempest had left other marks upon her too. Just as her clothes were disarranged, so was her countenance seamed and lined and scarred as though it had been raked by steel tines. She was very white, and her eyes were red as coals; and her hair—her head was bare—was also red. Her hair was like a heap of dull smoldering coals over which ashes have fallen; it had a dusty look, was faintly gray. Yet the red burned through.

And in this first moment she seemed to hiccup, and Charlie did not at once understand that this convulsive sound was the echo of a racking sob.

She stood in the open door and the gas light fell pitilessly across her countenance, and Inspector Tope approached her and spoke to her.

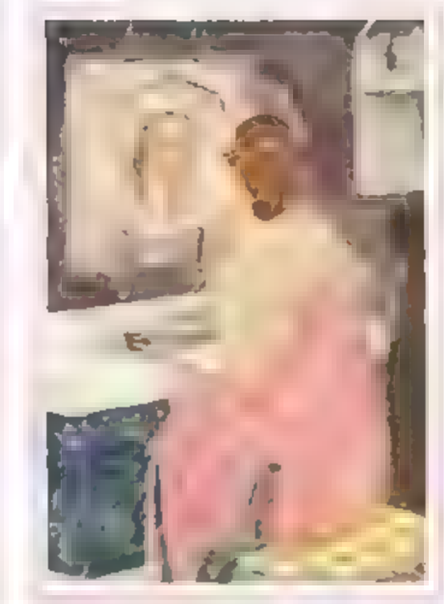
"I am sorry to bother you," he said gently.

She seemed, without movement, to shake her head; there was negation, a dismissal of this sympathy in her eyes and in her attitude.

"Let me talk to you," the inspector directed, "in the room behind you." She looked past him at Tyler, then at Tope again. "I'm a police inspector," he explained.

So she moved, withdrawing into the room as though to invite his entrance. And Inspector Tope and the policeman and Charlie followed her, moving quietly, like attendants at a funeral. Tyler shut the door behind them and Inspector Tope bade the woman sit down. She chose the edge of the bed.

Inspector Tope drew a straight chair in front of her and seated himself. Tyler stayed by the door, and Charlie, a little at one side, leaned against the wall. At first he observed the scars of turbulent emotion which the woman bore with neither sympathy nor horror. His was the disinterested attention of the reporter—nothing more. (Continued on Page 136)



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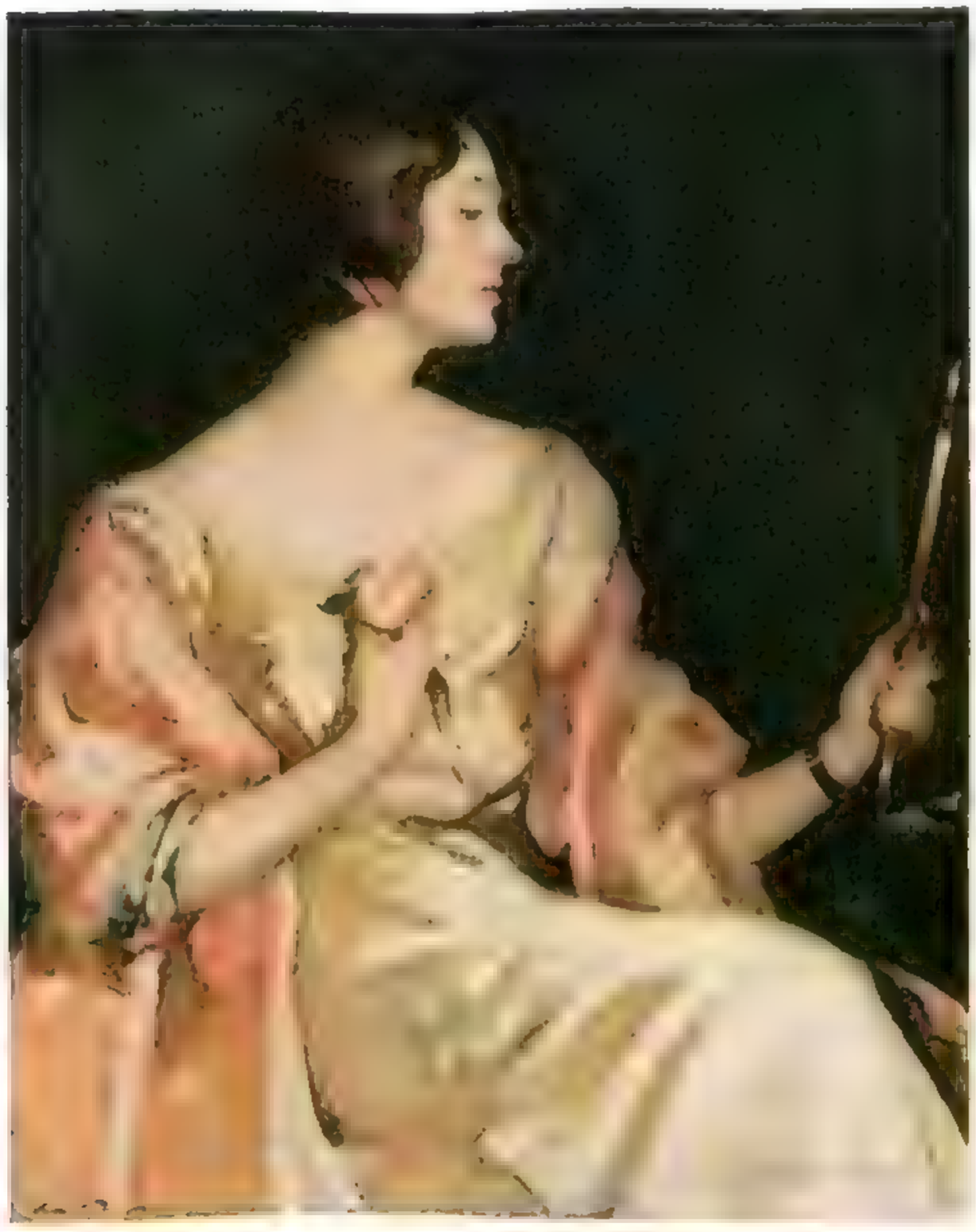

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(Continued from Page 134)

The woman had uttered no word and he wondered what her voice would be. She sat on the edge of the bed, leaning a little to one side, her weight upon her hands, and she watched Inspector Tope, and after a moment she spoke.

"Will you get them?" she asked. Her tones were husky; it was as though speech were torment to her, as though her throat were raw.

"I think you'd better tell me all about it," the inspector suggested, "if you're not too tired." His tone was utterly kind.

"They got him," she muttered. "There's no more than that."

"Who did it?" the inspector suggested.

"Rad Huginn," she answered. "Or Reevil, or Spero, or some of them."

Charlie felt Tyler, beside him, stir and stiffen in a quick attention. If Inspector Tope also found something familiar in these names, he made no sign, but Charlie needed no explanation. He knew who Reevil was, and he knew Huginn. Gangsters both, they were.

Inspector Tope merely nodded. "Who's that in there?" he asked.

She tried to speak, but her lips were dry and she wetted them with her tongue. "Bull Fowle," she said at last.

"I don't know him," the inspector confessed. He looked toward Tyler, but the patrolman shook his head. "What is your name?" Tope inquired.

She said readily, "Molly Bell."

The inspector had laid his hat on the floor, and his white head shone. His pudgy hands clasped his knees and he looked at them thoughtfully.

"Suppose you just tell me," he suggested.

And the woman seemed to gather herself, very slowly, like a person lifting a tremendous weight. Abruptly and surprisingly, she laughed.

"You'll not do anything about it if I do," she said grimly.

"Well," the old man assured her, "it's my business to—when a man's killed—to do something."

She was silent a moment longer, and she ceased to look at them. She sat faintly leaning to one side, and now and then her shoulders moved in a wrenching fashion, like a hiccup. At such times her voice failed her, so that she had to swallow before she could go on again. Stark and hopeless despair dwelt in her haggard eyes, in the very posture of her body.

"He was late," she said at last. "I was wild, because he was late, long before he came." And she added: "He was never late. He was always on time." And again, when the inspector still refrained from questioning: "They got him! They'd said they would, and they did. I was afraid. I've been afraid for so long."

And after another interval, the words began to flow from her more readily.

"I hired the room," she said—"the one in there. Nobody knew where it was. Nobody followed me. Nobody saw me except the woman who rented it, and she's almost blind. There was a man in the hall, but my veil was down. I didn't know who he was, but he wasn't one of them. So nobody knew where we were. . . .

"I made him come here!" she cried. "I was afraid—where we were. They knew we came there whenever he was—in town. They knew he would be coming soon. So I moved and hired this room and sent him word. Nobody else knew. He laughed at me because I was afraid, but he humored me too. He was not afraid. He was never afraid. He had fought them and whipped them, and he was never afraid." Her tones lifted, a shrill note shot through them. "He fought them with his hands, again and again—against their guns—and beat them and whipped them again and again."

She sobbed, with that convulsion like a hiccup.

"So you moved," the inspector prompted her.

"They told him they would kill him," she said. "They warned him if he came back they would kill him. A man brought him the warning the last time he was here, three weeks ago, and he hit the man and broke his nose and laughed at the warning. He was never afraid. And he burned up their notes warning him, and laughed at me for being afraid. But he let me hire this room instead of the old one."

She was, Charlie saw, as rigid as an athlete, like a wrestler who, though he is motionless, strains every muscle against the muscles of his opponent. It was herself, her own hysteria, which she sought to hold and to control.

"I told him to come here at half-past ten," she declared. "I was here at dark, ahead of him, waiting for him. I was afraid he would not come, and I was afraid of what might happen if he did. But when the time came, I forgot to be afraid, because he would soon be here. And I was ready for him, so eager for him, waiting for him." She hesitated, and her body seemed to stiffen and bend like a bow and then drew taut again. "Oh," she whispered, "I wanted him safe in my arms!"

And when no one moved, she looked at them and sighed wearily, as though before the hopelessness of making them understand.

Charlie's eyes were stinging. For all the shabbiness of the surroundings and the shabby tale she told, there was the splendor of great tragedy about this woman on the bed. There was a leaping flame in her—a flame which had been her life, which charred and seared her now.

"He didn't come," she said gravely at last. "At half-past ten he didn't come. And the first minute of waiting was an hour and the second was eternity. I looked out into the street to watch for him. I turned down the gas," she explained carefully. "And I sat on the couch and peeped out behind the curtains to watch for him. He would come along the street between the warehouses and I would be able to see him at the corner. And I watched and I waited there for him."

She checked herself suddenly and her eyes clouded with some thought that held her for a moment silent.

"There was nobody in sight," she said at last. "Nobody in the street. Nobody came for a long time. He was half an hour late and all I could do was watch for him. There were shadows in the street and people might be in them. But at first I could not see anyone."

Charlie thought that she had not the tone or the diction of a common woman; the thought remained sunk in the background of his memory of this moment. It would recur to him.

"There are warehouses along the street," she continued. "And the entrances are arches, so that there was a shadow under these arches. And at last I saw a spark in one of these shadows. I watched it, and it came and went, glowed and smoldered, appeared and disappeared. And then it flew out and down in a curve into the gutter, and so I knew someone had smoked a cigarette—hiding there and watching there." Her voice had become level and drained of all emotion. "And the trucks," she continued—"there were two of them, across the street, just standing there. The drivers did not get down. Big closed trucks. There might be twenty men inside each one. They stood there. And then I saw a spark in the other archway."

Her voice broke and she sat a moment silent. Charlie, watching her through half-closed eyes, saw so vividly the picture which she painted. This woman, huddling in the darkness, shivering with cold and fear, waiting for the man she loved, peering out behind the heavy curtains into the dark street so full of terrors there. When someone turned the handle of the door at his side, he started with a sudden alarm, and he was relieved to see that it was only Doctor Gero who came in. The medical examiner shut the door behind him, and the woman looked at him searchingly, a light in her eyes, as though even now some hope arose in her. But his face was blank and her glance fell again.

"I knew they were waiting for him," she said—"men in the trucks and in the archways—many of them. He would come along the street without suspecting, and I wanted to run out and scream and meet him and warn him. But he would never let me help him. And he had fought them before. I thought they might already have killed him, because he was late, and I thought they might kill him when he came, and I thought he would whip them when he came; and I was afraid—and proud and desperate."

She moved uneasily, leaning forward now, sagging forward as though she might be about to fall.

"I didn't see him turn the corner," she said, "or I might have screamed out at him. I didn't see him. Perhaps he came in the shadows. But I heard the shots—two shots—and I saw the flames of them flash from the trucks. And then I saw a man running and a policeman after him."

She hesitated, leveling her tones. "My throat shut up on me," she said monotonously. "I slid down from the couch to the floor and I lay there weeping. Because I knew they had killed him and that he would never come to me. So I lay there and cried.

"And then I heard him in the hall outside my door. I must have known he was hurt, because his feet scuffled, and I thought he fell. I wasn't sure it was him, but I ran and stood inside the door, listening. I could hear him moving, heavily and helplessly, and then quickly and then slowly again. It might not be him. It might be some boarder going into the bathroom. So I didn't dare open the door. But in the end, I did open it. And he was standing there in the hall." And the woman swallowed hard and looked at them.

"His coat was half off," she said—"his overcoat. I saw he was hurt, and I dragged him in and pulled his coat off. He didn't say anything to me at first. I drew him in and shut the door and turned back to him.

"And he took two steps, and he said, 'They got me, Moll!'" She checked again; shook with a hiccuping sob. "He said, 'They got me, Moll!'" she repeated. "And then he dropped across the bed and I knew he was dead."

Her voice fell with a pitiful finality, and there was silence for a while, till they saw that she had no more to tell. Then Inspector Tope nodded briskly.

"Well, thank you," he said. "It's hard on you to have to talk, but we can move quicker if you do. You don't know for sure that it was Reevil or Spero or anyone?"

"They said they'd get him, and they did," she insisted, her voice breaking like a wail. Her tone changed; it became the wistful, crooning, tender note of a mother bereaved; she was like Ophelia. "My poor one!" she whispered. "They shot my poor man down."

"Where was it you lived before?" Inspector Tope suggested.

"They knew," she grieved. "They knew well enough." Her face brightened. "But I moved," she cried. "I didn't let them know. I hid from them." Her eyes were furtive and sly. "They didn't know where I went," she whispered cunningly. And then she stiffened, like one listening, and her eyes widened achingly. "They found out!" she cried. "They found out! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

The old inspector gripped her hand. "Steady," he said reassuringly. "We need your help. Get a hold on yourself, ma'am." And when she met his glance: "Huginn's a hijacker," he reminded her. "Runs liquor too, likely. So does Reevil. This Bull Fowle—what was his racket, ma'am? It can't hurt him to let us know now, and it may help to get them."

She eyed him shrewdly, and after a little she shook her head. "I don't know," she said, too casually, too carelessly. "I only know he fought them and they hated him."

"You looked for him at half-past ten," the inspector reminded her. "What time did he get here?"

(Continued on Page 138)

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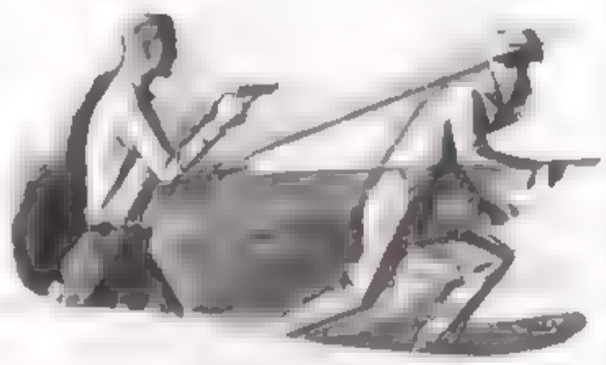

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HOFFMAN
No. 2 VACUUM VALVES
AND HOFFMAN CONTROLLED HEAT

(Continued from Page 136)

Her eyes clouded. "Hours after that," she said. "I don't know."

"Must have been around 11:30," Inspector Tope decided, and glanced at Tyler. The patrolman confirmed this with a nod. "I thought maybe you saw somebody else while you waited there by the window," the old man suggested. "Coming along the street?" He watched her attentively.

"No," she said readily enough. "No, not anyone."

"Didn't look for anyone else, did you? Didn't expect anyone else?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried vehemently. "No one else—no."

"Hear anybody come in the house?" he asked. "This house here?"

"No," she repeated. "Not a sound."

"The front door was unlocked," he suggested.

"I unlocked it so he could get in."

"He didn't have a key?"

"No, no key." She was, under his interrogations, steadier; there was an alert intelligence in her eyes. Yet still, now and then, she shuddered in the tremor of an old and aching sob.

The inspector nodded and rose. "Then the way you want to leave it," he suggested—"someone saw you come here or found you here. . . . You didn't see anyone you know around?"

"No," she said monotonously.

"But you think someone knew you were here and waited for him and shot him?"

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes, I know it."

The inspector stood with head bowed, wagging it softly from side to side, making little swinging motions with his hands. There was in his posture a curious suggestion that he was tallying off one point and another, as though he said to himself thus and so and so. No one spoke to him. The woman on the bed watched them all with flickering eyes, and Charlie studied her with a grave sympathy. Till in the end Inspector Tope looked up again.

"Well, we'll see," he decided. He turned to the medical examiner. "How does that sound to you?" he asked.

Doctor Gero hesitated, and after a moment he smiled faintly. "It's an interesting story," he remarked. "A thrilling story." He added: "Something reminiscent about it, perhaps. But well told."

The inspector's eyes steadied. "You don't believe it," he remarked.

"No."

"Why not?"

Doctor Gero looked toward the bed. "I dislike to contradict," he explained. "But the man in there was not shot. He was killed by a blow on the head. He has a fractured skull."

The inspector looked swiftly toward the woman. "Fractured skull?" he repeated. "Why, how far could he travel with a fractured skull?"

Doctor Gero said quietly, "I would not expect him to move. I'd expect him to drop in his tracks under the blow."

IV

CHARLIE HARQUAIL had been beginning to lose interest in these proceedings. The death of Bull Fowle had appeared to be no more than a gang killing, and he had encountered such incidents before. True, this one derived some added interest from the fact that the woman was involved. She was a figure of authentic tragedy; her whole aspect bespoke her long devotion to the dead man and the aching, stunning depth of her bereavement. She lent the mean affair a certain flavor, a glamour, and a dignity it would not otherwise have possessed. But except for her, this squalid end on Scurvy Street would have been no more than the expected and fitting conclusion of a life given over to violence. The fact that she had loved the dead man with a passion as intense as that she now revealed alone conferred upon him any least distinction.

Her story had been dramatic and moving. The picture she drew of the sodden shadowed street and the skulking figures and the cigarettes glowing in the blackness had been vivid and full of terror: the agony of her own vigil had been so bitterly clear. Also, she herself was a figure not at all ordinary; her voice was good, her vocabulary was cultivated, and a certain mystery hung about her, vague and baffling.

But Charlie was very tired, and it was late, and the investigation that must follow promised to be no more than a matter of rounding up some of the dead man's enemies and applying to them such methods of interrogation as to elicit the truth. So the young man's interest had begun to flag.

But Doctor Gero's word brought it quick to life again. For if Bull Fowle, instead of being shot, had a fractured skull; if he had been struck to the ground and died where he fell, then the woman lied. And Charlie instantly perceived this must be so.

His thoughts were swift. A fractured skull—a blow on the head—the blow delivered here in this house, in the room yonder where the body lay. Then the woman struck the blow, or another struck the blow while she could see. Was it the woman? He eyed her shrewdly. She sat on the bed, swaying weakly to and fro, as though she had not heard the doctor's statement; and sitting thus, she seemed shaken and small and frail. Yet Charlie remembered that when she stood to face them, she had been erect and strong and stoutly formed—strong enough for this, certainly. She might have struck the blow!

Or someone else perhaps? Perhaps there had been another man here with this woman—this Molly Bell. The possibility was obvious. Such a woman might attract twenty men as well as one. But Charlie remembered her crooning grief for the dead man, and the reporter thought she loved too well to have betrayed. If there had been another man here, it was not by her invitation or desire.

She might have struck the blow herself, in some swift fury, mad and uncontrolled. And Charlie thought of jealousy, and he thought of another woman. There had been a woman, he remembered, in the room next that in which the body lay; she had slammed her door in Patrolman Tyler's face. And Charlie, in the momentary pause after Doctor Gero's statement, canvassed all these possibilities.

Patrolman Tyler, at the doctor's word, had swung to look at the woman, and so had Inspector Tope. She herself seemed the least moved of them all. She had had, Charlie remembered, time enough and to spare in which to shape and determine all that she meant to say.

Inspector Tope, after a moment, broke the silence. Without taking his eyes from the woman, he asked the medical examiner, "What's that again, doctor?"

"I said the man had a fractured skull," Doctor Gero repeated. "He wasn't shot; he was hit on the head."

Molly Bell, at this repetition, appeared for the first time to hear what was said, and she looked up quickly. "What?" she gasped.

"He wasn't shot," Doctor Gero patiently insisted. "He was clubbed—a fractured skull."

Charlie saw her eyes become distended. They grew immensely large and they gleamed in the gaslight. Her cheeks had been pale beneath the streaked color which they wore; they turned to marble now. And Charlie was abruptly sure that this word astonished her, that her surprise was genuine. He wondered whether Inspector Tope agreed with him, and he looked inquiringly at the inspector. But the old man, if he had an opinion, kept it to himself.

"I heard the shots!" she whispered.

And Patrolman Tyler said helpfully, "Mea heard two shots, doctor."

Doctor Gero smiled. "They missed him," he insisted. "If they shot at him, they missed him. No bullet struck him anywhere."

(Continued on Page 141)

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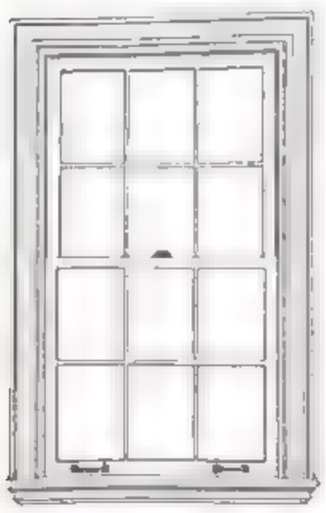

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(Continued from Page 138)

Charlie's thoughts were ranging. What Tyler said was true enough. The shots were real, the trucks were real, the running man and the pursuing policeman were real. Mea attested them. Thus far the woman's story was confirmed. Mea even had seen, or thought he saw, a man coming toward this corner, on the other side of the street from where the trucks were standing—perhaps the very man who now lay dead in that other room. The woman, since her story thus agreed with known facts, must at least have been watching what went forward in the street outside the house. Her vigil then was real, and her long terror. And Charlie watched Inspector Tope, eager to follow the old man's mind, eager to understand what went forward here.

The inspector turned to Doctor Gero. "A fractured skull," he repeated, not as a question but like one restating a fact to be remembered. "And you think he would have dropped where he was struck?"

"Probably," the doctor amended. "Ordinarily, such a blow would produce insensibility. There would be some convulsive movement, reflex, a chattering of the heels upon the floor. There would be a coma of greater or less duration. The longer it endured, the greater the chance of recovery, I suppose. With proper treatment -for instance, the withdrawal of some of the spinal fluid—the concussion might be relieved; he might conceivably recover." He saw the woman's aching eyes quick with desperate hope, and he added mercifully: "But this man is dead—has been dead for two hours or so. He must have died before Tyler got here at all."

Inspector Tope harked back. "You said 'probably' and 'ordinarily,'" he reminded the medical examiner.

Doctor Gero nodded. "There are curious cases," he admitted. "Sometimes a blow of this kind produces no immediate insensibility. A man may be knocked down, get up again, assert that he is all right, walk, talk. And after an interval of time—minutes, perhaps hours—he may drop dead." He smiled faintly. "There are even cases, you know, where a heart wound fails to produce instant collapse and death. Men shot through the heart have walked a quarter of a mile."

"Would a man know what he was doing?"

"Probably not. Probably his movements would be more or less automatic. He might move at random, or he might persist in whatever he was doing before the blow."

Charlie, even while he listened, heard some movement in the hall outside the door—the sound of a closing window, a slow step. His hair prickled at the thought that this might be the dead man come to life again, but he grinned at his own folly. That must be Mea, on guard outside.

"So he might have been hit in the street," Inspector Tope suggested, "and still have come on here?" The doctor nodded. "A man was knocked down by an automobile, back by the drug store where we met you," the inspector remembered. "Could he have walked so far?"

"I suppose it's possible," Doctor Gero confessed; and he added: "This man was a powerful fellow, strong as an ox. In such men, life is sometimes persistent and stubborn. . . . It's hard to say."

There was a momentary silence and Charlie heard again some sound in the hall outside the door. Then, abruptly, there were voices there—a man's and a woman's. Patrolman Tyler opened the door.

Patrolman Mea, outside, said insistently, "All right, in you go, old woman." And he thrust before him into the room a sorry creature, a mumbling, scolding, withered crone. "I just came back with the ambulance," he reported. "I guess she didn't hear me come in. She was listening at the door."

He held her by the arm and she twisted away from him. "Leave go of me!" she cried indignantly. "Ain't I a right to listen in my own house? The pack of you waking my boarders, keeping the house awake! What you doing in here, anyway—in my house?" She glared toward Molly Bell on the bed, blinking behind the thick lenses of the spectacles she wore. "This ain't your room, dearie."

"She's the landlady," said Molly Bell, in a low tone, explaining to them all.

Charlie appraised the newcomer. She was short and at once gaunt and fat, pulpy and haggard. She wore a soiled wrapper and slattern shoes and no stockings. Her gray hair was draggled; and when she spoke, it appeared that she was almost toothless. By her thick lenses and by the way she peered from one to another, with lowered head and blank eyes, it seemed likely that she was almost blind.

She cried querulously now, "Yes, the landlady, and my house, and I've a right to listen if I want."

Charlie said impulsively, "We're sorry to disturb you. Sorry it was necessary." She was like a derelict long tormented by relentless seas which tossed and tortured her.

Inspector Tope approached her and he spoke her kindly. "You own this house?" he asked.

"I pay rent on it," she retorted. "And a respectable house too." She peered at Tyler's uniform. "No call for police here."

"I'm afraid there is," Inspector Tope confessed. "A man has been killed here. His body is in the other front room."

"She rented that room," said the old woman defensively -"her there on the bed. She rented that room yesterday."

"That's quite true," Inspector Tope agreed. "This man came to see her."

"Well, she's got a right to callers, ain't she? My boarders are mostly all women, and I let 'em entertain callers if they want. No harm in that, as I ever see, as long as they're quiet and behave theirselves. What's the harm in that, I want to know?"

"None at all," Inspector Tope agreed. And he asked, "What is your name, madame?"

"Mrs. Culp," she told him readily. "The officers on the beat know me. I never gave them any trouble."

"That's so," Patrolman Tyler volunteered. "We don't bother her, and the house is quiet."

"Are your rooms all full?"

"They come and go," Mrs. Culp complained. "It's as much as a woman can do to rent rooms around here and keep 'em rented. They come and go."

"How many have you now?"

"Enough so's it takes all my time to keep their rooms picked up," she averred. "On my feet all day long, and here you keep me up half the night! They'll make their own beds tomorrow, I tell you now." And she added, in a mumbling effort to answer his question: "There's three on the top floor and four on the third and two on this floor—her, there, and one of my regulars." She blinked at Molly Bell. "This one came looking for a quiet room, and I showed her that one, and she took it, with a week in advance. I don't ask questions when they pay in advance." And she cackled accusingly.

"No need you should," Inspector Tope assented.

"What they do is none of my affair," Mrs. Culp virtuously declared. "If they pay me, their rooms are here and their beds are made. If they don't sleep in 'em, that's none of my doings. I do my part and they can't complain."

"You take care of the house alone?"

"My cousin helps me what she can, but it falls the most on me. She's on a cane and she can't get upstairs spry enough to do any good."

"You live downstairs, I expect."

"First floor and basement," she agreed. "And fixed comfortable too."

"Your roomers are mostly women, aren't they?"

"No, they ain't," she retorted irascibly. "There's a sailor on the top floor and a business man in the room above this one, and a gentleman came in Friday to look at rooms, same time she was here. I showed him this one and he said he'd be back."

"He didn't take it?"

"He as good as. He said he'd let me know, and I give him a front-door key."

The inspector considered. "By the way, your front door was unlocked tonight. Do you leave it so?"

"Unlocked! I sh'd say not! It's locked tight every night when I go to bed. Them with business here have their own keys; or if they're looking for callers, they can let them in."

"You don't answer the bell?"

"There ain't any bell. I don't want to be bothered."

"Did any callers come in tonight?"

"They come and go," she said querulously. "I never pay any heed. Only when you get men running up and downstairs all night, like tonight, I come up to see what's going on. I'm responsible," she reminded them. "It's my business to see."

"Of course," the inspector assented. "But did anyone come in before we did?"

"Like as not," she confessed. "I never pay any heed."

Inspector Tope considered these matters. "We're sorry to bother you," he told her. "We'll go in a few minutes now—leave you alone. You say there's another woman on this floor?"

"The back room at the end of the hall," she agreed. "She's one of my regulars—been living there seven weeks. As quiet a woman as you'd want to see."

"I'll have to disturb her," the old man decided. "Tyler, fetch her, will you?"

Tyler left the room and Mrs. Culp cackled: "She won't thank you, waking her the middle of the night this way!"

But the inspector made no comment. He spoke to the medical examiner with a smile. "Sorry to keep you so long," he remarked. "I'd like to clear up in here before I look at it—if you don't mind."

"I'm interested," Doctor Gero confessed; and he glanced toward Molly Bell, sunk in a dull lethargy, leaning against the foot of the bed on which she sat. He added in a lower tone: "This chap yonder is a striking figure—a tremendous, powerful man. Something uncommon about him."

The inspector nodded. "Mea," he asked, "what's in back of this house? Do you know?"

"There's an alley," Mea explained. "The houses all along have yards in back of them. There's a brick wall along the alley, and at the end on Dean Street and at the other end of the block. And board fences between the yards. They hang clothes out there, and ashes go out that way, and so on." And he added, after a moment: "This is a double house—two houses thrown together. The bathroom on this floor used to be a hall bedroom, or at least most of them are built that way. There's a fence from right under the bathroom back to the brick wall, and another at the other side of the house."

The old man nodded and there was some brief pause. Patrolman Tyler did not at once return; and after a moment Inspector Tope went out into the hall, and Charlie and Doctor Gero followed him, leaving Mea with the two women. The inspector stepped into the bathroom and they looked out through the rain-blurred panes into the little yards below. The dividing fence was six feet below the window. Inspector Tope slid the sash up and leaned out, and a cat leaped to the top of the alley wall and down on the other side and disappeared.

Then Patrolman Tyler came along the hall, and behind him a shambling woman, neither young nor old, in a faded silk dressing gown, her hair disordered. She faced them sullenly.

Inspector Tope said quietly, "I only want to know what you heard or saw tonight." She said nothing. "Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"I came in early," she told him then guardedly. "I went to bed before eleven o'clock—went to sleep. The first I heard was when someone yelled in the next room. That woke me."

"What did you do?" he prompted.

"Listened," she said grimly.

(Continued on Page 143)

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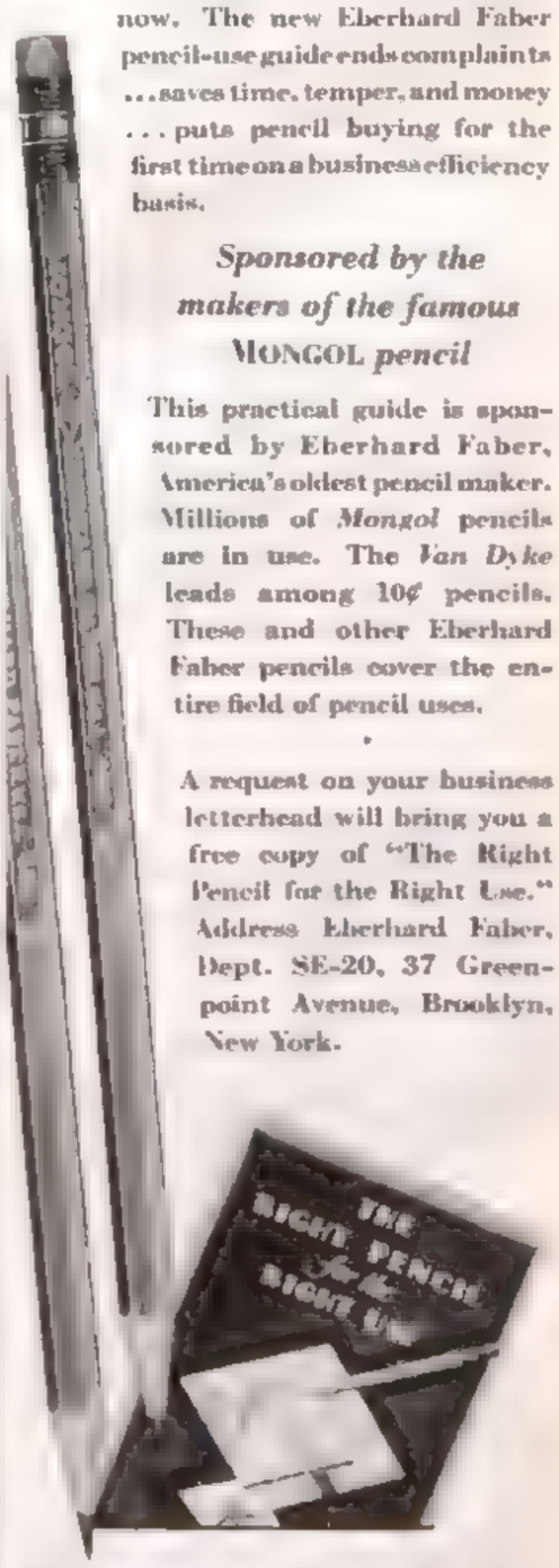

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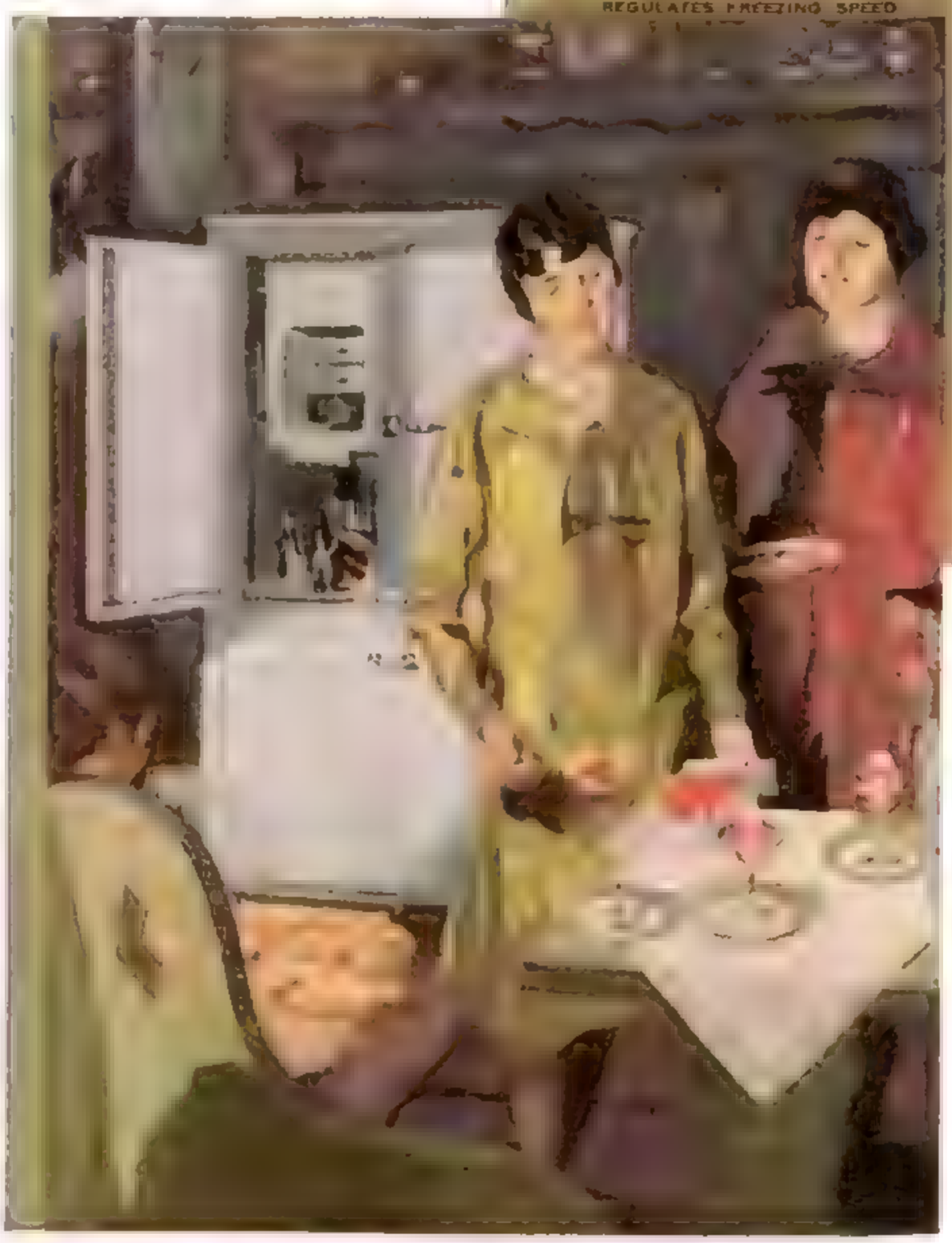

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(Continued from Page 141)

"You didn't try to find out the trouble?"

She smiled mirthlessly. "There's trouble enough without looking for it," she retorted, and the inspector nodded.

"And you heard nothing before that?"

"No. I heard the cop come, right after, and I got up to listen then, and he opened my door. I slammed it on him."

Patrolman Tyler said gloomily, "I'll say she did!"

"I wasn't in it," she insisted. "I didn't want in."

Inspector Tope dismissed her with a sign and she scurried back along the hall to her room. The door shut behind her with an emphatic slam and the inspector smiled faintly, tolerantly.

He turned to the room where Mea and the women were, and he said thoughtfully to Mea, "You heard shots, you thought, Mea—saw a man running?"

The patrolman assented. "I chased him three-four blocks," he reminded them importantly. "I'd have kept on, but he lost me, and I didn't know what he'd done."

"What had he done?" the inspector echoed.

"This, I guess," Mea retorted.

"You didn't know that when you chased him?"

"No."

"Why did you chase him?"

"Because he was running," Mea explained defensively. "He didn't have to run."

The inspector nodded. "Was he running when you came around the corner?" he asked, and Mea nodded vigorously.

"Down the middle of the street, hard as he could go, slanting across to the other side," he agreed. "I heard the shots and came around the corner and saw him running, so naturally I put after him."

"Sure," Inspector Tope agreed. He stood still, his hands swaying at his sides in that fashion which suggested that he was tallying this point and that one in his mind. And after a moment he looked at the old landlady. "You hear anyone come in and go out again, along in the evening?" he asked.

Charlie, as it happened, was watching Molly Bell, and he thought her cheeks stiffened faintly.

But Mrs. Culp said stoutly, "Only the usual."

"Hear anyone go out?"

"No."

"Guess you would hear, wouldn't you?"

Mrs. Culp managed a smirk. "I don't hear more'n I'm meant to," she reminded him.

And Inspector Tope nodded again. He turned to Doctor Gero. "Well, I guess we can go in now," he suggested.

Molly Bell stirred where she sat. "Will you be done with me?" she asked.

The inspector shook his head. "I'll want to talk to you sometime," he reminded her. "I'll want to keep in touch with you for a few days."

"Arrest me?" she asked in a dull tone.

"Just—keep you handy," he said gently.

"How long?"

"Why, I can't tell, ma'am."

"A week?" she urged. "You won't need me more than a week, will you?"

The inspector looked at her thoughtfully. "I hope a week will clear things up," he said then. "I hope it won't be that long."

Her anxiety took heart at this assurance. Then the inspector nodded to Patrolman Mea, directing the officer to stay here with Molly Bell, and he told Mrs. Culp she had better go downstairs to her own quarters. He turned to the medical examiner again.

"All right," he said.

So Doctor Gero and the inspector, with Charlie and Patrolman Tyler on their heels, went along the hall toward the closed door of the room where the dead man lay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A GUEST PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

"They say he is mad, you know. Quite mad, poor fellow. I thought perhaps it was you, Cleti, but no tenor is faithful to one woman for ten years. I had him out at the Schloss for a while after he came from the war. I still had a cow at that time, and milk to drink. I wanted to find out something—but he just walked about all night making queer noises in his throat, as if he must sing or strangle. Then one day he got a letter and he went away. Now he is rich—rich. You'll meet him perhaps. But do you think he ever sends me a thing in gratitude? Not he! And my cow is dead!" Suddenly the Grafin began to weep.

Cléo rose in desperation. Ancient patroness or not, the Gräfin must go. "That scandal was not so terrible, *Gnädigste*. Here is something really worth while to think about: I am going to marry this Karl."

"*Nein! Was Sie sagen!*" The Gräfin sniffled, and her pompadour shifted another inch with excitement. "*Was Sie sagen!* He! He! He! So it was you all the time, you sly puss! Well, well! . . . Now I must be going. I have hardly time."

"Yes, yes, you must! Do hurry! And I'm sorry about Thursday, after all; I promised it to Karl, you understand. Now, be sure not to tell anyone, darling Gräfin—not a soul!"

She turned from the door, to find Kitzi almost in a fainting condition. "Cléo, it isn't true! You wouldn't be so asinine!"

"No, of course not, *Schafskopf!* But I need some publicity at a première. There is no better press agent than the Gräfin. Can't you hear her babbling the news all over the place this very minute?"

Nevertheless, Kitzi was not too sure about this business. She felt strangely full of foreboding. "Did you say that Charlie Duke was in Paris?" she asked very, very casually as she adjusted Tosca's Directoire hat over the high-piled curls. "Where does he usually stop?"

Cléo looked up at her with a glazing eye. "Must you always talk—must you?" she cried. "You've forgotten a lot in a few years, Kitzi. Perhaps you've even forgotten that I am a singer. . . . Ouch, now you've pricked my head! Leave me, for heaven's sake, and send in the dresser!"

Kitzi went out, in tears for the twentieth time that day. "Well, anyway, she's herself again. She'll sing like an angel," she reasoned gamely.

There were few horses in Vienna, and still fewer princes to take their place between the shafts of a favorite prima donna's carriage, so that episode of Cléo's youth was not encored. But on the whole she felt content with her evening. She and Kitzi and Fritzi in Karl's car, and the flowers following behind in a taxi.

There was a little supper in her vast suite in the Seilergasse; a supper into which the management had poured all its resources and upon which every nerve had been strained. There had been a misguided effort to make it American, beginning with a small and bitter species of grapefruit and ending with canned peaches. Cléo, who in the natural reaction from the evening's excitement was both hungry and irritable, pushed the final dish away from her, under the agonized eyes of the maitre d'hôtel himself, who had come up to serve.

"Do you call this food?" she demanded, in the tone of one discovering the whole affair to have been planned for her special annoyance. She spread out her hands in a childish gesture of unhappiness. "I haven't liked this meal!" she said tragically. Her lips quivered.

Karl put up his monocle and stared at her thoughtfully for a moment. Then he turned on Kitzi in a blind fury.

"Put her to bed!" he roared. "Have you no sense!"

Poor Fritzi, who had never wielded anything more violent than a pen in his life, felt a bristling sensation along his spine. How dare this fellow speak so to his wife! She wasn't anybody's servant! His fists clenched under the table and he blinked his nearsighted eyes. How he hated the opera and all its people! He wished from the bottom of his heart that they would all go to that America and stay there, *um Gottes Willen*, together with their grapefruit and canned peaches, and leave him and his Kitzi in peace.

But Cléo put out her hand to Karl. "It is nice to be understood by someone," she said gratefully.

Karl clicked his heels and bowed. "I will come in and see you presently," he announced.

Once in the enormous bedroom, she began pacing excitedly about, opening and shutting wardrobes with the sound of a bombardment. "*Du lieber Gott,*" begged Kitzi, "what is it!"

"My wrapper — my woolen robe—where—where!"

Kitzi stood defiant. "You can look till you're blue in the face, Cléo Hanni, and you'll not find. I've disposed of it."

"Disposed of it!" Cléo was too horrified to speak her mind fully.

"Oh, you'll find it again someday, darling, but if you are going to hold levees in Vienna you have got to look like Maria Theresa." She held up, temptingly, a garment of rose satin and blue fox.

Cléo capitulated without a word. The pier glass showed her the futility of argument as she wrapped the folds about her with a subtlety which only the Hanni could contrive. She hummed a bar or two from the last-act duet, then clutched her throat suddenly. Her eyes dilated.

"*Dio mio!*" she whispered hoarsely. "I shouldn't speak a word—not a word—but who is there that cares!" As if in reply a terrific thumping shook the heavy doors leading to the salon. "I won't see him! No, no!" she hissed. "He is brutal!"

"I am going home; I am sleepy!" thundered Karl on the other side. "I wish to say good night!"

Kitzi looked wildly at Cléo. "He'll break the doors down if you don't!"

"Oh, well!" Cléo tossed the red sateen goose feathers hastily behind the bed and pulled up a cover of salmon brocade. "But don't you move one inch from here, my Kitzi!" she commanded.

She looked very delicate and unreal under the imposing canopy of the baronial bed. Her head, bound with a scarf of old lace, lay back wearily against the embroidered importance of the pillow shams.

Karl strode over to her without a word, dropped to one knee and fell to kissing both her hands with passionate tenderness.

"There was strange gossip in the corridors of the opera tonight, Cléo Hanni. It was said that the Gräfin said that you said —— Oh, did you, my sweet?"

He looked for no answer. Again he slowly kissed the tips of her fingers one by one.

"You are my *Braut!*" he declared, so romantically that Kitzi, watching stiffly from her chair, smothered a sob. Could anyone resist him, least of all a prima donna weary from triumph and taut nerves? Of course not!

Cléo raised languid and enigmatic eyes to the burning face so close to hers. She drew away her hand and playfully pushed down the smart brush of his blond hair.

"Shall we say, perhaps, a guest appearance, my Karlchen?" she smiled.

The affair of the Hanni and Count von Doppenheim was the greatest sensation in Vienna since the fall of the dynasty. Musical circles spun like whirlpools.

(Continued on Page 145)

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

Three Popular West Coast Orchestras

EARL BURTNETT

and His Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel Orchestra

Earl Burtnett

Earl Burtnett's Orchestra and his Male Trio are two of the most popular musical organizations on the Pacific Coast. Earl leads the one and sings in the other. Both make records for Brunswick exclusively. One of Earl Burtnett's Orchestra's outstanding records is "Sally Of My Dreams" (theme song of the movie "Mother Knows Best"), Brunswick Record No. 4104. His trio sang recently "Where Is the Song of Songs For Me?" (Theme song of the movie "Lady of the Pavements") No. 4105.

TOM GERUNOVICH

and His Roof Garden Cafe (San Francisco) Orchestra

Tom Gerunovich

Tom Gerunovich became an orchestra leader at 18. He was one of the first musicians to broadcast, having appeared on KUO, first San Francisco station, in 1919, and is now often heard on the air "There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder" with vocal chorus by Steve Bowers, and "My Gal Sal"—fox trots—are one of his popular records. No. 4050.

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and His Orchestra (formerly Wiedoeft's Orchestra)

Jesse Stafford

Jesse is a trombone virtuoso whose talent and colorful personality gained fame for him in theatrical engagements before he joined Herb Wiedoeft's Orchestra. He recently succeeded to leadership of this organization following Wiedoeft's death. Stafford is known for his remarkable playing of "Cinderella Blues" and "Shine," two of the most famous fox trots ever written. Brunswick Record No. 4046

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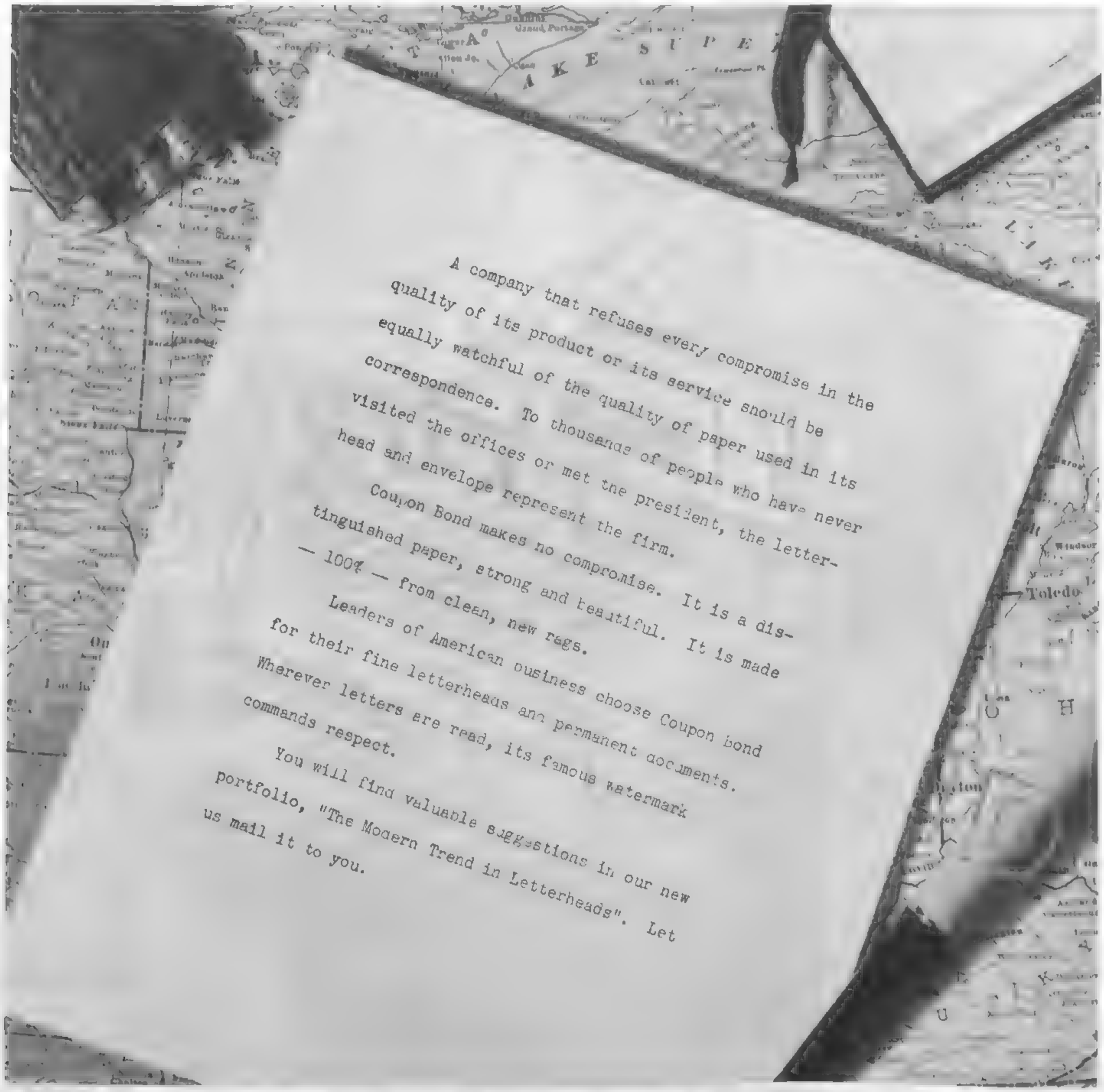

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EAGLE·A·PAPERS

(Continued from Page 143)

They were almost never seen apart. On her free days they drove and walked and teaed and dined in an endless succession of tête-à-têtes. At the theater, Karl inhabited her dressing room during intermissions and a parquet chair in the first row during the acts.

As for Cléo, she had never sung more brilliantly in her life or looked more gloriously beautiful. She swept the critics down like wheat before the wind, for with Hanni the art of the music theater was aimed not only at the ear and eye but at the mind and heart. She could have been a great actress without a note in her throat. American tourists visiting the opera began to brag in the public cafés, for she was their Hanni after all; they had her now. Or so they thought.

Reverberations reached Charlie Duke, sitting contentedly in his Paris *pension*. He read the glowing press comments in the Herald and thoughtfully caressed his little beard. Charlie was a very old friend—older than Karl or Kitzi or any of the others, and wiser. He knew Cléo as she never learned to know herself. Now he was vaguely disturbed as he looked across the gray roofs to the Seine and the yellow leaves fell on his balcony. His peace was threatened.

So one morning when he found upon his breakfast tray a letter in Kitzi's rounded hand, a folded blue telegram beside it, he mentally packed his bags before he read a word. The dispatch was, of course, from Cléo, and characteristically brief:

ENORMOUS SUCCESS BUT STAY WHERE YOU ARE
HANNI

"It isn't that I don't approve of all this, Charlie," wrote Kitzi. "I'm not sure that it wouldn't be the best possible thing for her to marry him, for they are cut from one piece, as alike as peas. But she won't, of course, as you know perfectly well. The next week is going to be memorable in some way or other, and I'm scared. Couldn't you just decide suddenly to come and see Vienna again? It's an interesting city, much changed since the war. And I do believe Fritzi would meet you at your train and kiss you on both cheeks with joyful relief. He hates opera people so, and resents my present occupation. We quarrel continually. . . ."

So it happened that Charlie Duke descended from the Orient Express on the morning before the day of Cléo's final appearance. He went to the Hotel Bristol.

"I want to be comfortable," he told himself, "at any expense. My nerves aren't what they were."

And in the meantime trouble had begun. Charlie arrived on Thursday; on Tuesday afternoon, the weather turning suddenly as gentle and soft as June, Cléo drove with Karl to the Lusthaus in the Prater and sat long beneath the trees, sipping chocolate and listening to the orchestra.

They talked very little. There was only one subject uppermost in their minds and neither dared begin it. They preferred to sit like yokels on a holiday, holding hands and pretending that life was this and nothing more. But the orchestra leader had recognized them and had played the Vissi d'Arte on the solo violin, casting glances of admiration and despair in the Hanni's direction. Cléo bowed and smiled and held her menu so that guests at near-by tables should not see. Karl, however, had reached a point some time ago when a hair's weight would upset his balance. He rose now, his face purple.

"Impudent peasant!" he roared in his painful voice. "We leave here at once!" He overturned his chair angrily upon the ground.

Cléo had been enjoying herself and did not desire to go. To be conspicuous was always the least of her annoyances. She sat calmly on while Karl raged, and refused to take any part in a scene of his making.

"The Kaiser is dead!" she remarked tersely.

When he threw money on the table and stalked out she let him go; then ordered a raspberry ice and ate it elegantly and at leisure. There was a buzz of talk, to which she gave only the tribute of heightened color. The orchestra leader, who had been summoned by the management, returned chastened to his desk, but beholding her still there, he boldly played Rosenkavalier. She could take it or leave it. His sorrowful eyes sought hers, but she was thinking of other things.

The noise of Karl's departure having subsided within, Cléo signaled the waiter, paid the check, brushed Karl's money, with her napkin, to the ground and sauntered from the gate, bidding the *piccolo* find her a taxi. Witnesses to this extraordinary scene were impressed with her impenetrable aloofness and sang-froid. But Charlie Duke—had he been on that terrace, instead of packing his bags on the banks of the Seine—would have anticipated exactly what happened when Cléo reached the Seilergasse.

Kitzi was alone in Cléo's suite awaiting, as usual, a possible need for her ministrations, when Karl blustered in.

"You must not stay here, really," she said as bravely as she could, but she was like a linnet piping in a hurricane. He stormed and he raged and he paced the floor, picking up chairs and setting them down again with a terrific noise.

"I tell you, I am master of my wife! She does what I say! She is my property and not the prey of every cheap and ogling bandmaster!"

"You are wrong on several counts, Karl," Kitzi managed to get in by speaking very fast. "In the first place, she isn't your wife as yet, and she'll never be your property. She belongs to her public and her art, as you've doubtless heard her say a thousand times."

"These opera singers—bigoted, narrow!"

"You were one yourself! Don't be ridiculous!"

"I am not!"

"But you still behave exactly like a tenor!"

Cléo found them wrangling like a pair of children when she arrived. She discarded the tragedy-queen entrance which she had planned, and decided to laugh the whole thing off. She went over to Karl and playfully tweaked his ear.

"Oo has been such a naughty ickle boy. Is oo sorry? Make poor Cléo e'y!" Baby talk, the most puissant gesture of primadonna nonchalance, was, however, this time not the thing.

Karl rose from the table on which he had been drumming to bully Kitzi, and made Cléo a stiff and formal bow. The skin around his mouth was drawn very tight and his eyes burned in a chalklike face.

"Do me the honor to see me alone!"

"No!"

Cléo was quite ready to meet such a mood. She grew an inch in height.

"I insist!"

"You what?"

Karl struck himself several times upon the chest. "I insist! I, your affianced, claim my rights!"

"Your what?" repeated Cléo with monotonous frigidity.

Then suddenly Karl broke. He dropped back in his chair and clutched his head between shaking hands. Groaning, he looked up at her, and great drops of sweat rolled down his face.

"So it has come!" he gasped, and there was hardly any voice left in his throat. "We might as well face it! You might as well tell me! There is still time!"

"You are right; it has come!" said Cléo dramatically. She sat down at the table with a sweeping gesture, and leaning forward on folded arms, gazed searchingly into his face. The scene was somehow familiar; one felt that all they needed now were footlights and an orchestra. But they were in solemn earnest. Kitzi, beside herself with apprehension, put on her hat with some vague notion of going for help.

"I expect to marry you, Cléo. Do you hear? I love you! I love you!"

"So you say, Karl, but I do not expect to marry you!"

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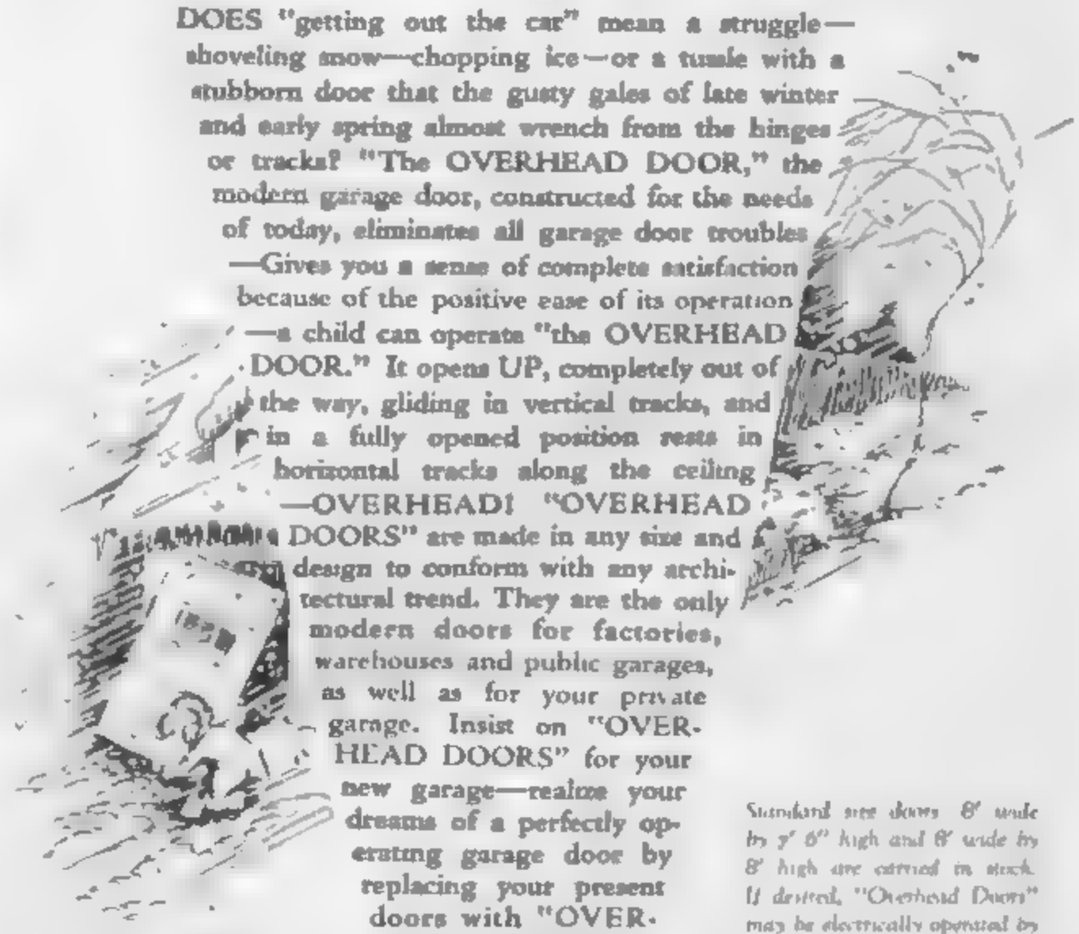

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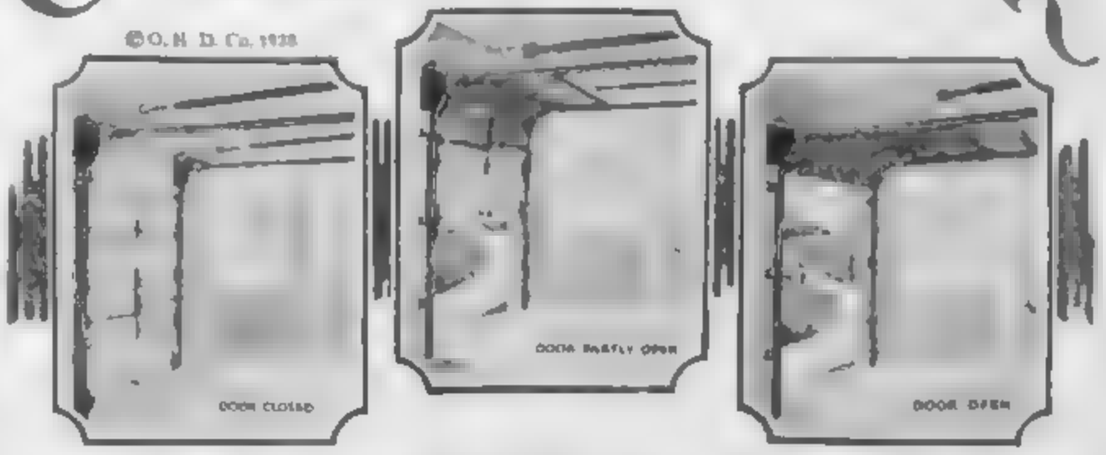

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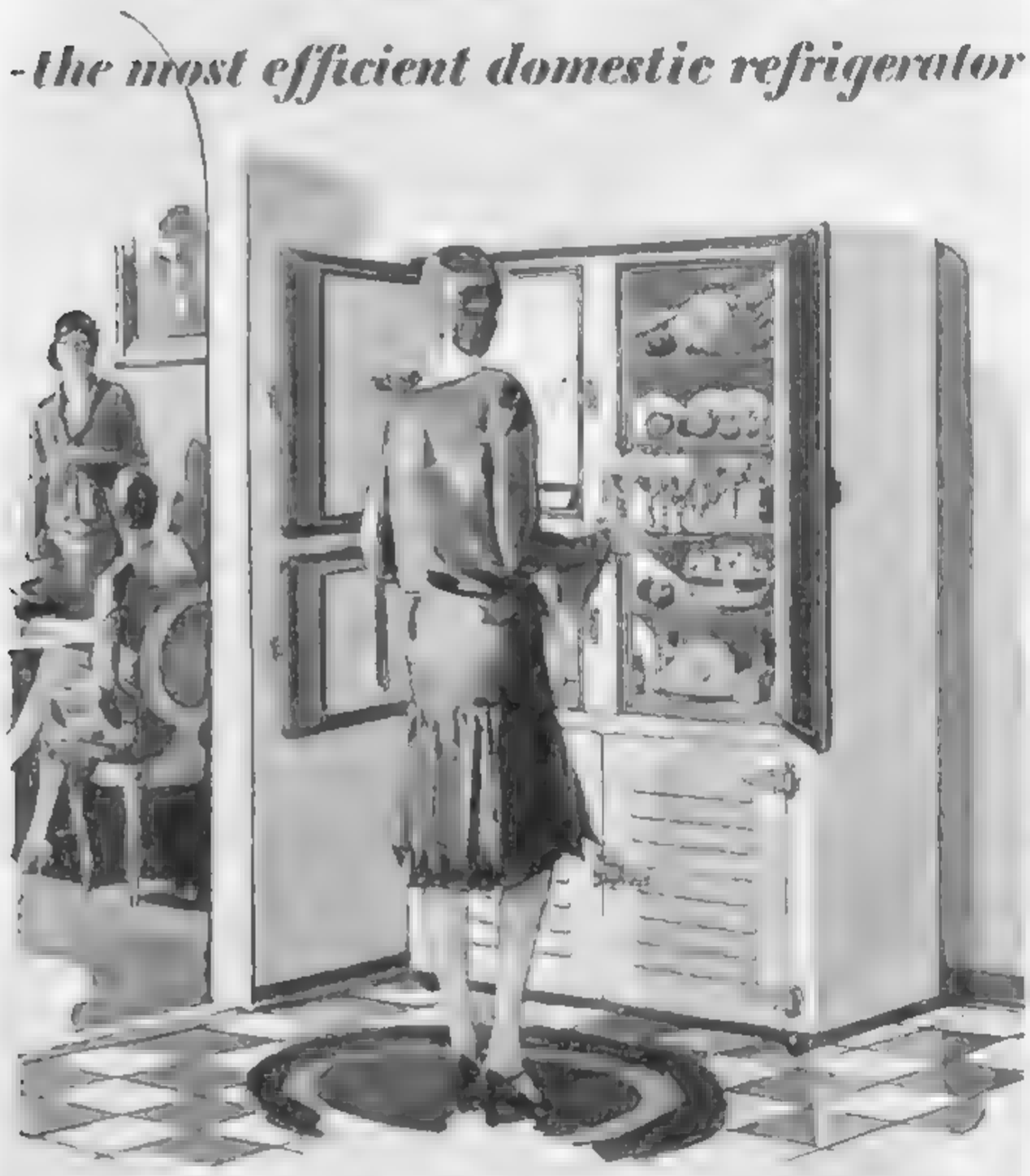

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"Then why have you agreed; why have you led me on?"

"I never agreed!"

"You told the Gräfin ——"

"Oh, that!" Cléo shrugged her shoulders. "Fiction, to get an old woman out of my dressing room."

"But that night and all these weeks! If you have played with me, if you have deliberately played ——" His eyes were becoming bloodshot, his voice was all but gone.

"Karl, you cannot be such a fool. You are no moonstruck cadet, and you have known me long and well. Once and for all, I can marry no man! And certainly not you who are jealous of my other lover, my true alliance!"

He stared at her speechless, his fingers opening and closing. His hair was rumpled, his head was splitting.

Her last speech echoing a little hollow in her ears, and beholding him so beaten, Cléo's mothering instinct now fairly shook her. It was stronger than the histrionic urge; it drew her from her chair around the table to his side. She put out her hand.

"Karlchen, do not be so tragic! Did you never hear me tell reporters I am wedded to my Art!"

And still he stared at her dumbly. "*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" thought Cléo. "He needs me. Shall I do it? But no; it is better to keep it so. We should fight like cat and dog."

She repeated this wisdom aloud, and added: "We are too alike to live together. But why should we not be happy just as we are? I will come again next year to this mad Vienna and we shall drive some more in your automobile, to the Prater."

"Never!" groaned Karl. "Be silent."

"Then you must come to America." The idea pleased her with its possibilities. It broke the strain. She now remembered there was someone else in the room, and put out an affectionate hand. "Yes, you and Kitzi and Fritzi must come to New York. It will be delightful! And there you shall see something, I can promise you!"

But this was the ultimate wound, the twist of the knife. Karl stood up quickly with military dignity and clicked his heels.

"It is too much!" he said, reached for his hat and stick, bowed again at the door, and was gone before she could stop him; whereat, without further warning, she burst into tears.

Kitzi flew to her. "Cléo, dear, darling!"

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" sobbed Cléo, the tears running unchecked over her face in childlike abandonment. "He needs me, but do I need him?"

"No! Oh, I don't know!" Kitzi was almost sobbing herself. "*Ach, lieber Gott*, bring Charlie Duke here quick!" she prayed. Dear old Charlie! What was it he always did in a crisis? Oh, yes, of course! "Cléo, let's have something to eat!" she suggested.

Cléo nodded and checked a sob. "Yes, ring and see if they have *Hasenpfeffer* on the bill," she agreed with interest.

Before Charlie could begin to sputter because there was no telephone connection with Cléo Hanni's apartment, an excited *Dienstmann* was in the lobby, asking him to come without a moment's delay to the Seilergasse. He finished his breakfast, and he shaved deliberately, however, for he felt the instinctive need to be fortified.

In her vaulted salon, with its gilded chairs and its crystal chandelier, Hanni was staging a scene. She lay in a chaise longue drawn near the stove, and on a taboret beside her was a plate of untouched fruit, a throat spray, a bottle of smelling salts and a pile of fresh handkerchiefs. She was pale, but her hair and lashes were carefully done, and over her knees was a wrap of soft white ermine. No less a person than the *Intendant* was standing solicitously above her; a *Repetitor* behind him, holding two bulky scores under his arm, was bowing stiffly from time to time, like an echo of all that was said. On the other side of the stove, Kitzi held earnest communion with a member of the medical profession in beard and gloves, while two maids, evidently enlisted from the hotel forces, made constant sallies to and from the bedroom with glasses of water, hot bottles and hand mirrors.

As Charlie entered, the little gathering was breaking up. Cléo, taking the mirror from the maid, looked long at her own image, then reluctantly transferred her tragic gaze to the *Intendant*.

"And so, you see, of course I cannot sing," she said with stiffened lips and desperate eyes.

Charlie crossed the room unnoticed and bowed to the *Intendant*, whom he knew slightly. Cléo had flushed unconsciously with pleasure and turned up her cheek to be kissed, but she soon sank limply among her pillows again.

Charlie frowned. "Are you ill, Cléo?"

She said nothing, but clasped her throat and moved her head from side to side in a gesture of extremity.

"She will not sing tonight—she will not sing tonight!" the *Intendant* repeated over and over like one stunned. "The house sold out since a week, and I with no one else to give them! It is ruin!"

Charlie had, however, with one comprehensive glance sized up the situation. Cléo was faking. Whatever ills she had—and he granted the possibility—they were not of the flesh.

"I rather think she will," he said cheerfully. "A brief rest, and you will see. She'll be in her dressing room on time."

He walked to the door with the little coterie of officials and speeded them down the corridor. When he came back Kitzi flung herself upon him.

"Oh, was I ever so glad to see anybody! You angel! You—you—knight!"

Cléo, however, was as still as a corpse—an ominous sign, for she never dissembled long before Charlie.

He sat down on a stool beside her and took her cold hand in his, with his cheeriest bedside manner. "Well, well. And whose funeral is this, my Niobe?"

But the remark was not fortuitous. With a shriek of dismay Kitzi flew to the chaise longue as Cléo turned her face away, covered it with her hands and began to shake with honest anguish.

Dumbly Kitzi took from beneath the cushions an envelope, a great square bordered with the preposterous inch of black considered, in certain Continental circles, the only fitting tribute to the deceased, and handed it to Charlie.

He adjusted his glasses in perplexity and studied the contents: A large card similarly bordered, which conveyed the depressing message, carefully written with the flourishes of the professional penman:

Tonight. Dead on the field of honor. Madame Cléo Hanni.

"Who's the humorist?" said Charlie.

Cléo sat up suddenly, flinging the ermine from her couch as if it suffocated her. "Have you forgotten? Is my past unknown to you?"

"Not exactly," admitted Charlie, "but ——"

"Ten years ago, when I sang my last Carmen, I received such a message. Karl von Doppenheim chased me with a real knife upon the stage that night!"

"*Puff!*" said Charlie. "I understand that he's not singing any more."

"No, but he is here, mad as ever, and he loves me! I've been foolish again, Charlie. You should not have left me alone!"

"In spite of your telegram?"

Cléo wrinkled her famous nose at him impudently.

"We had, on Tuesday, a terrible quarrel. All day yesterday I cry, and I send for him. I am ready to change everything for him. I am so miserable! But he is wild and cruel; he never sends me a single word. At rehearsal he stands in the coulisse and looks at me as if I am a stranger. Then this morning—this!" She indicated the card. "Oh, Charlie, I am so terrified!"

"It isn't signed. It may be some practical joker. I wouldn't notice it."

(Continued on Page 149)

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
Will be sold at public auction on Friday, April 12, 1929, at 1 o'clock p. m. on the premises hereinafter described by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of mortgage made and executed by
The Life Insurance Policy that would have saved their home was permitted to lapse
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD President
HOME OFFICE Newark, N.J.

Wood smoke fragrant pine sweet earthen oven

This is the outdoor oven and bean pot in which they bake beans in the Maine woods

Now you can have that same "baked-out-of-doors" flavor in

BEAN HOLE BEANS

There's no flavor like it, say the fortunate ones who have tasted it . . . That flavor of beans baked in the ground—as they bake them in the Maine woods.

The great iron bean pot is filled to the brim with flavor-rich ingredients. Plump beans, prime sugar-cured pork, molasses and brown sugar . . . layer upon layer.

Then the pot is sealed air-tight with clay and buried in the "bean hole," the oven in the ground. There it slowly cooks all night in a fragrant bed of pine embers.

Thus is caught the very fragrance of the forest; the pungent seasoning of wood smoke; the sweetness of the fresh earth oven. A flavor possible only in those Maine woods beans—*until now!*

And now it has been reproduced for you in Bean Hole Beans! A wonderful new kind of beans that have that same "baked-in-the-ground" flavor.

One taste—and you'll know that here is a delightful new food experience.

Give your family this new pleasure for dinner one of these days. From father down, they'll love Bean Hole Beans! Your grocer has them in two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

This is the first real reproduction of those famous Maine woods beans!

(Continued from Page 146)

"You are crazy; you are not my friend! You want me to die!" Cléo's lips trembled. Tears threatened the mascara.

"On the contrary; I said you were not to notice it, but I shall give it my thorough attention. He sits, I suppose, in the first row? Good! I'll sit beside him."

Cléo nodded. "The management can do that much," she agreed.

"And of course he is a coward," Charlie went on, "or he wouldn't go around scaring women and children this way."

"No," denied Cléo, "he is not a coward. He will do anything. He is simply quite mad."

"Well, you are not a coward either. You can't have people saying that Cléo Hanni is afraid to sing just because she gets anonymous letters. If you're not marrying this man he's got to respect you. Now, will you sing?"

"Yes," said Cléo, "I meant to all the time, as I suppose you knew, you terrible man. But I was absolutely in a funk until you came. Promise me you won't let anything happen, Charlie darling!"

"Cross my heart," said Charlie, making the cabalistic sign over his bulging vest.

He stayed a moment longer to ascertain that Cléo was otherwise in the best of health, then went about his business, which was first to see the *Intendant* again and have a frank talk with him.

"Of course there is probably nothing in it at all, but I insist on sitting beside him tonight. The usher must arrange it. And if you can have a couple of trustworthy men in the vicinity, ready to jump up at a signal from me, I think I can assure you the performance will go off smoothly as scheduled."

The director agreed readily enough. He had been having his own troubles with Von Doppenheim, but for reasons of diplomacy had wished to take no open step. He called the house manager and gave his orders to Charlie's satisfaction.

Cléo, having once made up her mind to the heroic line of conduct, recovered her spirits rapidly and was actually beginning to enjoy the situation. When Kitzi came in to waken her with a cup of tea and an egg at 5:30 that afternoon, she had thoroughly dramatized the whole affair and was even able to contemplate her own demise with a certain keen edge of interest.

"Can you imagine the American papers, *Schätzerl*," she whispered as she ate her little supper. "Cléo Hanni Shot Upon the Stage During Tosca. A Vivid Ending to a Great Career. Cut Down in the Very Flower of Her Genius by Jealous Suitor!" Her eyes sparkled. "That would make some of my colleagues sit up, what!"

"It would make most of them very happy, *Liebling*. But don't be grisly. The whole business is a farce. These things don't happen."

"Or," suggested Cléo, quite carried away, "he will relent at the last moment. Maddened by passion and remorse, he will turn the weapon on himself while I sing on. Oh, Kitzi, I should then be very sorry that I have behaved so. I would know that I had loved him. I could only, by the most superhuman courage, finish the opera. Always after that I should dress in black and I would carry a sheaf of lilies to the grave. It would make a sad and beautiful photograph!"

Tears actually stood in her eyes, distilled by an illusion as real to her as if the American tabloids had already spread the stirring tale and Subway riders were devouring it hot from the press. As the hour of the performance approached, however, more immediate business stirred her pulse. Karl and his passions were caviar, but a gala farewell in Tosca, all in her honor, with a sold-out house awaiting her in greater brilliance of plumage and distinction than ever before since 1914, was favorite meat. The spice of danger but accented her excitement; she was keying herself to a pitch of glamorous achievement. Magnetism was fairly crackling in her lashes by the time she was dressed to go on, but her hand was steadier than Charlie's when he came behind at the last moment to assure her that all was well.

As the house darkened, Karl von Doppenheim stalked down the aisle and took his seat immediately behind and to the left of the conductor. He gave an indifferent glance at the little fat man slumped in the chair beside him, but whether it was of recognition or not, Charlie could not tell. He then looked over the rows in his immediate vicinity with a belligerent stare, and at last settled himself to attend the music. On Tosca's entrance he sat forward a little and put his right hand in his coat pocket, keeping it there. Charlie tore his reluctant eyes from the dazzling image of Cléo in superlative lucence of person and mood, to fix them warily upon Von Doppenheim's hip. The man, however, gave no sign other than a flooding and draining of color in his face as the beautiful voice searched the last drop of melody and emotion in the Puccini line.

At the intermission he went out, Charlie in close attendance, but nothing more ominous than four bottles of beer consumed in quick succession marked the interval. He saluted a few friends distantly and sought his seat immediately upon the tap of the bell. His hand returned to his hip and Charlie felt his scalp prickle. It would be soon now, or never!

If there is in all of opera a single act more certain to sustain and carry even the average dramatic soprano to personal triumph, it is the second scene of Tosca. But with a singer of authentic gifts of voice, beauty and dramatic instinct, its emotional sweep is breathless, imperative. Again and again Charlie had to pull his truant eyes back to the bulging pocket in Karl von Doppenheim's coat; his enchanted ears tempted him almost beyond his strength. But for all his vigilance, he saw nothing. Karl sat as if made of ice, and only his eyes burned under his drawn blond brows.

Then suddenly Charlie was aware of Cléo's fixed attention—and not only Charlie but several thousand others. It was all part of the absorbing affair they had been chattering about for weeks. *Ja, siehst du. Dort ist er sicher; da in der ersten Reihe!* People put up their opera glasses. She was singing the great aria—the Vissi d'Arte—first on her knees, and then, standing full height before the footlights, her hands outstretched, not to a pitying Deity, quite evidently, but to that orchestra chair where sat Karl von Doppenheim. If ever a martyr offered her breast to the fire, that was Cléo. She was the perfect target, there, only twenty feet away, the lights ablaze on her jewels and silver gown. Charlie, his heart beating faster than was at all good for him, saw the beads of perspiration start on his neighbor's brow. Holding himself taut as a spring, he watched, with fascinated eyes, the hand emerge from the pocket, a small, nickeled revolver in the palm.

In another instant Charlie would have seized it, but Karl forestalled him. Laying it casually on his knee, he took from his vest a wallet, extracted a paper, wrote upon it; then turned to Charlie, and under cover of the applause for Cléo, "Give her these with my compliments," he croaked in a stage whisper. Then reaching for his program, he was quickly gone back up the aisle with giant strides.

Somehow the act came to an end for Charlie. Through a haze he saw Cléo sweep her glittering train aside as she placed tall lighted candles at the head and feet of a dead barytone, heard the orchestra sigh as she let the crucifix fall upon his breast. Then suddenly there were the lights, the storm of applause, the bravos, and the flowers hurtling over the footlights. Cléo, bowing to the floor as in the old imperial days, smiling, deprecating, had, nevertheless, fixed her eyes upon the empty aisle seat. She found Charlie next, and asked him mutely, almost reproachfully, even as she acknowledged the unabating clamor: "What have you done? Where is the crisis I have been promised?"

Charlie had no assurance that Karl might not return at any moment with a bigger

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Let us assist in the planning of your new home —explain in full the miracle of FLAX-LI-NUM

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Dri-guard Soles will make your old shoes practically as good as new!

You would not think of scrapping your automobile because the tread was worn off the tires. Neither should you discard a serviceable pair of shoes just because the soles are worn paper-thin. Have them *rebuilt* with Dri-guard Waterproof Leather Soles and they will give months of comfort and miles of service. They'll look almost like new.

Dri-guard Soles are made of the highest grade select steer hides, tanned and treated by the exclusive Haffner process that makes them exceedingly tough and durable yet delightfully flexible. Only the choicest selections of this leather are used for making Dri-guard Waterproof Leather Soles.

Not a drop of moisture can get through them yet they permit the air to circulate freely about the feet, preventing excessive perspiration. They make the ideal foundation for the "uppers," holding their shape and taking a custom finish. They wear and wear and wear!

Don't discard those comfortable old shoes. Take them to your neighborhood repairman today. Order Dri-guard Waterproof Leather Soles and insist on seeing the Dri-guard trade mark on both soles.

THE HAFFNER BROTHERS CO.

Tanners since 1857

Cincinnati, Ohio

and better gun, so he did not dare put Cléo out of her agony of suspense until the final curtain. But Karl von Doppenheim's chair remained empty and the only shot heard in the opera house that night was the fusillade of blank cartridges which proved so fatal to the tenor.

The stream of important visitors and old friends who poured into Cléo's dressing room presently found her oddly distrait and subdued. After a performance which had not been equaled within their recollection for brilliance and power, they had a right to expect something more stimulating than a conventionally polite and preoccupied person who wiped off her make-up even while she murmured abstractedly, "So kind of you. Thank you very much. *Auf wiederschauen!*"

Charlie had found Kitzi at once and shared his news with her, but not until the last intruder, including the garrulous Gräfin Rabenstein, had departed, did they approach Cléo.

As soon as the door had closed, however, she staggered back against the wall, swaying a little, her head between her hands. "Oh, my darlings!" she cried. "You will never know how I have suffered tonight!"

She flung herself on the couch, only to spring up again to embrace Charlie. "You have saved me. Ah, I know, I saw! You are a hero! The papers shall be told!"

Then suddenly she turned very white under the remaining grease paint. "My poor, poor Karl!" she wailed. "The only man I ever loved! Well, breeding will tell; he was always the gentleman! He would not do it in public, make a mess in the theater. No! And where is he now? Lying cold and stark and alone out under a tree in the Wiener Wald. What a memory! My last Tosca in Vienna. *Ach*, Cléo Hanni's heart is bleeding! She will never forget what might have been!"

Charlie regarded her with a somewhat fishy eye. This sort of thing was all very well, set to music. He had often deplored with her this tendency to carry over her rôles beyond the fall of the curtain, and he understood all too well that here was the perfect—as he called it—operatic hangover. One had to admit a little provocation this time, however. But how well she did it—how she deceived herself! Absurd and charming creature; one would not have her otherwise. And yet, in his opinion, there had been for one evening melodrama enough. So he threw his calculated dash of cold water upon the dancing flames.

"Don't set your heart on too much sorrow, my love," he counseled her. "That was a potent prayer of yours in the second act—Vissi d'Arte. Well, you have certainly lived for your art, and here is your reward." With a pardonable flourish he displayed upon his palm the little pearl-handled pistol. With a quick gesture he emptied the barrel, tossed the cartridges in a corner and put the weapon in her cold, outstretched hand

"He did it with this!" she murmured.

"Not at all, dear heart. Here is his note. He may be waiting outside at this very moment."

"What!" cried Cléo, and she read the scrawl with dilating eyes. "*Du lieber Himmel*, what wretched selfishness, what cowardice, what a humiliation, when I have been so brave!" She tore the note to bits and flung them on the floor. She looked about for something further to demolish.

"Tut, tut!" protested Charlie. "Be reasonable! Is this the way to treat a penitent? I had to read it, Cléo—duty as well as natural curiosity—and it was my impression that you had scored a victory. He relents, my dear; he is sorry, he is ashamed. You may go to America—come back—do as you please—if you will only forgive! And let me see, he defers to your other lover; he capitulates before your Art and kisses your foot. Very touching, I should say. Shan't we recall him?"

Cléo stood rooted to the spot, staring as one who has seen a precious vision dissolve. Then she turned to her dressing table with a chill and blighting indifference.

"Certainly not!" she shrugged. "The man is unworthy. He has had his chance. He would never understand me. He would always fail. Oh, come, do let's get out of this wretched theater! I've never had a duller evening! *Na, Gott sei Dank*, Charlie, we can leave Vienna in the morning!"

THE RED TO PROFITS

(Continued from Page 15)

as they call the overhead, is going to be around $11,000 a week. A legitimate show in the same theater, with actors and scenic artists to pay, probably could operate at a weekly cost of $6000 to $8000. With good business, the motion picture will play to an average gross of $10,000 a week, giving at least sixteen performances a week—an extra matinée at 5:45 P.M. on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. The legitimate drama playing eight performances a week, with prices double those charged for the motion picture, would gross about the same as the motion picture, showing a comfortable profit if it was a moderate success. A real hit might bring in as much as $15,000 a week, and a leader has often grossed from $23,000 to $25,000 a week during the first three-quarters of its run. These figures, of course, refer to dramas. Musical comedies, with much higher overhead and greater production costs, with tickets selling at $6.60 and $8.80, can bring in as much as $50,000 a week in a large theater.

The motion picture loses money because the "nut" is so high, and the "nut" swells because the Broadway run is an exploitation campaign and not a money-making enterprise.

The motion picture must have a strong advance advertising campaign in New York City. Theatrical advertising is expensive. Little more than mere mention in all the New York City and Brooklyn daily papers and small display advertisements on Sunday cost a total of $1000 a week, and a campaign of advertising that gives a show real display may run into $8000 or $10,000 a week.

The big punch goes into the first week or two. After the picture is under way, word-of-mouth advertising will make or break it, and page upon page of alluring copy will not persuade people to pay two dollars to see a picture that their friends say is no good. If there is any doubt in their minds as to whether it is worth the money, they dismiss it with: "I'll wait until it comes up into my neighborhood."

Fortunately for the profits of New York City newspapers, the motion-picture industry does not share the opinion of the legitimate producers—to wit, that a great deal of advertising makes people think the show is not doing any business. The public likes crowds, and folks won't go to a theater if they think tickets are easy to buy. The quickest way to drive away trade is to advertise that there are plenty of good seats left for every performance.

All the important motion pictures, good or bad, are heavily advertised, so the divining rod will not work on the movies. Sometimes, when a producer takes large space to say that his entertainment is amazing, astounding and magnificent, it turns out, strangely enough, that he is telling the truth.

No motion picture can open in Broadway without a spectacular lobby—dazzling signs, enlarged and colored scenes from the picture, drapes, imitation snow if it is a story of the North, potted palms if it is a tale of the South. Sometimes there are phonographs playing the theme song of the picture through loud-speakers, mechanical toys, buzzing airplanes for an aviation

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Always present

. . . when decisions are made to buy

An executive has decided to make a purchase. He sits at his desk . . . telephone in hand . . . trying to recollect the different firms with whom he might place his order.

What wouldn't you give to have one of your salesmen with this executive right now! No great persuasive argument would be needed. Just a word . . . a *suggestion* . . . *any little reminder* of your firm might swing the deal to you.

However, there is only one salesman who is always present when decisions are made to buy.

This salesman is an idea . . . an idea that *keeps you favorably in the minds* of old customers and prospective new ones.

This idea may take the form of any sort of a *remembrance* article . . . one that *suggests* your service or your product . . . that *reminds* executives of your sound reputation and business integrity.

The amount of success your remembrance salesman has in obtaining new business depends entirely on the idea behind it.

For more than thirty years, Brown & Bigelow have specialized in ideas that are interesting and different.

Brown & Bigelow salesmen are capable of giving sound business advice—they can market ideas as well as originate them.

These ideas have been equally valuable in increasing the earnings of manufacturers, merchants and professional men.

Why not give your own firm the benefit of a sales idea that works continuously . . . that never tires . . . and never fails? It is an economical way to safeguard your business investment . . . to make sure that you will be *remembered* when decisions to buy are being made.

Sign the coupon below for the Brown & Bigelow booklet. It explains in more detail how Brown & Bigelow ideas may be expressed in ways that bring in new orders and unexpected business.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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CANADA . . MEXICO . . . . . CUBA
SALES OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

BROWN & BIGELOW (2-10-29)
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Please send me a complimentary copy of your new booklet describing the uses of *Remembrance Advertising*.

Name

Street Address

City *State* ..

IT IS A TEST FOR HOUSEHOLD CLEANLINESS - *what does it tell in your home?*

IF THERE is one thing that "places" a family's standard of living it is the manner in which they keep house. The bathroom, most of all, is a clue to the standards of the household, and the most conspicuous thing in the bathroom is the toilet seat. This piece alone is often the flaw in an otherwise presentable house and one which is sure to lead to unfavorable impressions. Fortunately, such a defect may be obviated easily and inexpensively.

A handsome Church Toilet Seat, strong, uncrackable, smooth as glass, may be fitted to any make of bowl in ten minutes with the help of only a pair of pliers. As readily as the rest of your furniture, it goes with you when you change residence.

You will find that Church Sani-White Seats are now the usual installation in modern homes and apartments. Your neighboring plumbing establishment has them on display.

Also in nine modern colors

On a wave of deserved popularity, Church colored seats have been swept into those interesting homes that are so effectively bringing color into every room. These seats are now available in nine pastel shades and nine sea-pearl tints. This wide range of beautiful colors permits one to manage just the right color scheme for the particular bathroom.

Ever-Durable

Like the Sani-White Seats, the colored seats are definitely guaranteed not to crack, splinter or tarnish. This is also true of Church bath chairs and stools. The covering on them is not a paint, lacquer or enamel. It is solid, and has no joints in which germs or dirt can lodge. After years of service this covering will remain sanitary and free from blemish. Write for illustrated folio. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. S-2, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Church sani-Seats

"Toilet Seats for Better Bathrooms"

Sold by all plumbing stores since 1898

That Corn Ruined My Evening!
Corns
Lift Off with "Freezone"
Don't let corns "take the joy out of life" for you! Apply "Freezone" to any corn and instantly it stops hurting, then shortly lifts off! Doesn't hurt one bit. "Freezone" removes both hard soft corns and calouses, too. All druggists.
FREEZONE

WITH winter good times at hand, what girl doesn't need a pocketful of money? Perhaps you want money for gay new clothes, winter fun, school expenses or movies. . . . You can join a jolly group of girls who are happy and independent with *their own money* earned in spare time. You can also win thrilling prizes such as a camera, a banjo uke, and a wrist watch.

There are no expenses or obligations. Simply take out your pencil and fill in the coupon below. Then all the glowing details of our money-making subscription plan will be rushed to you.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
984 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please tell me how to earn extra money and prizes.

Name ..... *Age*
Please Print Name and Address
Street .....
City ..... *State*

(Continued from Page 150)

story, plaster-of-Paris lions for an animal picture. It is a tradition that every two-dollar picture must have an entirely new lobby, and you cannot build much of a lobby for less than $2000.

This price does not include the electric sign, which may be five stories high and as wide as the theater building. Electric signs cost whatever the producer wants to pay. A small three-sided sign atop the canopy in front of the theater will cost $2000. One that covers the entire front of the building, turning four or five floors of offices with Broadway frontage into nothing but storerooms, may cost $10,000 if it is an ordinary job and may run as high as $50,000 if it is intricate and animated. Add to this the loss of at least $1000 a week in office rent and $400 a week for electric current and repairs. At the end of the run, which may be only a few months, the sign must be changed.

The Noncommission Salesmen

A competent showing on the billboards costs $1600 a week. A campaign of sniping posters on dead walls, fences and other spots not protected by Post No Bills signs can run from $300 a week, up. Sniping may cost an additional few dollars if the billposters wander over on Fifth Avenue, for the Fifth Avenue Association is vigilant and will haul a theater manager into court if his posters find their way to that holy avenue.

If the producer wants to cover every avenue of theatrical advertising he may engage a man who puts folders into the mail boxes in some of the hotels, and who pays for the privilege with free tickets. Space for one-sheets and three-sheets may be engaged in the Subway and Elevated stations, in the street cars and on the station platforms of railroads that carry commuters.

The advertising manager may recommend the rental of a kite or balloon to float a banner over Broadway or over a World's Series baseball game at fifty dollars a day. He may hire, for $200 a week, an automobile equipped with a calliope which will noisily carry a banner throughout the town. Sky writers and owners of airplanes that speak from the sky and airplanes that carry electric signs offer him their services at prices that will amount to half his gross business.

A careful advertising manager will watch his expenses and not spend money wildly. He wants to bring business to the theater first. His second thought is to advertise his picture to the visitors, who probably will not visit the box office in New York City but who, when it goes to their home town, will tell their friends: "That's a good show. Let's go. When I was in New York it was running on Broadway." Visitors to New York City do not go to the two-dollar pictures. They want to see the legitimate shows, which they realize will not come to their town, but if they have time to spare they drop in to the Roxy Theater, or the Capitol, or the Paramount, just to see what a big New York movie theater is like. However, they do walk up and down Times Square and see the electric signs and unconsciously absorb a feeling that any show that has a big sign must be well worth seeing.

Two or three visitors to New York can carry back word to enough of their friends so that their recommendation may mean to their local theater the difference between ordinary business and big business. Of course, from the point of view of the motion-picture executives, the visitor most welcome to New York City, the one who should have fruit and flowers and popular novels sent to his train upon his departure, is the man or woman who goes home and calls upon the theater manager and says, "When are you going to show Sons of Destiny—that picture that is such a big hit on Broadway?" Which causes the theater manager immediately to wonder if he had not better buy it.

Theater owners throughout the country insist that they are not influenced by a Broadway run, but they might as well insist that they are not influenced by any advertising. Unconsciously they feel that a picture must be pretty good if a producer is willing to ask two dollars for it. And usually it is. In addition, the theater men know the value of the opportunity to advertise: "New York paid two dollars to see this picture. No advance in our prices."

The Broadway run reaches out in all directions to compound the interest in the production. The salesmen of the distributing company work harder. They ask higher prices from the theaters, and often get almost as much as they ask. The theater managers advertise more heavily. The newspapers and magazines print more news about the production and more pictures of the stars. A publisher novelizes the story and it is displayed in book stores and drug stores. Perhaps there is a good theme song. The radio popularizes it, the talking-machine companies advertise the records, the publishers of the song send out men to sing it and furnish slides and orchestrations to theaters well in advance of the showing.

All these various elements are based upon the feeling of all concerned that here is a production that is better than the average, and whether they know it or not, the reason that they rate the picture highly is that it showed successfully on Broadway at two dollars. The same picture, without the Broadway campaign, probably would have been just a very good show and would have played to just pretty good business.

With no actors to hire, the pay roll for a Broadway run is comparatively small, amounting to perhaps 20 per cent of the total overhead. The coming of sound pictures had cut the pay roll in some cases more than 50 per cent. A large orchestra, a chorus of singers and a crew of effect men backstage to imitate sounds of battle, airplanes and such definite noises which are now done much better by the sound pictures, would cost as much as $3000 a week. Sound equipment eliminates all these salaries at an average cost of $500 a week; this figure including the salaries of extra operators needed for the sound apparatus.

A theater which gives a third show on Saturdays and Sundays usually pays most of its employes one-seventh or two-sevenths of a week's salary extra. The total pay roll will be around $2200 a week for approximately forty employes.

On the Pay Roll

Operators and stage hands get the larger share of the pay roll. Four stage hands must be employed, whether or not there is sufficient work for them to do, at about $100 a week each. This is the rule of the union, which also requires three operators, at $104 a week each, in the projection booth at all times. An operator works five shows a week, so that nine operators must be employed, with extra men for the sixteenth show.

Eight ushers at twenty dollars a week each, four cleaning women at a little less, a matron, two porters, two stage doormen, an engineer, a carriage man, a ticket taker, two treasurers—ticket sellers—and a house manager complete the regular staff. The treasurer usually gets less than seventy-five dollars a week, and his assistant less than sixty dollars. They are permitted by some companies to take twenty-five cents on the few tickets that they sell to the agencies. The manager gets from $100 to $150 a week.

In addition, there are the employes of the man who has the theater concessions—coat room, candy, souvenir programs, lemonade and, if there is a theme song, sheet music and phonograph records. The concessionnaire pays a percentage of his profits to the theater and usually employs his men on commission. The boy who sells the souvenir programs gets five cents a program. The check-room boy gets ten

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

When a nickel's enough for a Saturday Evening Post

It's enough for a GOOD CIGAR!

"Post" readers say a nickel's enough for a week's fine reading. They couldn't buy better at any price. So ROCKY FORD smokers say a nickel's enough for a good cigar! Imported Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. If you doubt that the lowly nickel will buy that quality today . . . try a ROCKY FORD. Match it up with any ten cent cigar you know. It's dollars to doughnuts you'll agree with ROCKY FORD'S fans . . . "When it's got the stuff . . . *a nickel's enough.*"

Rocky Ford 5 cents

NOTE If you cannot secure Rocky Fords from your favorite tobacconists write us P Lorillard Co 119 W 40 St New York City We will supply you direct or through your dealer

TO DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with Rocky Fords, write us.

© P. Lorillard Co. Established 1760

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
with
FEETURE ARCH

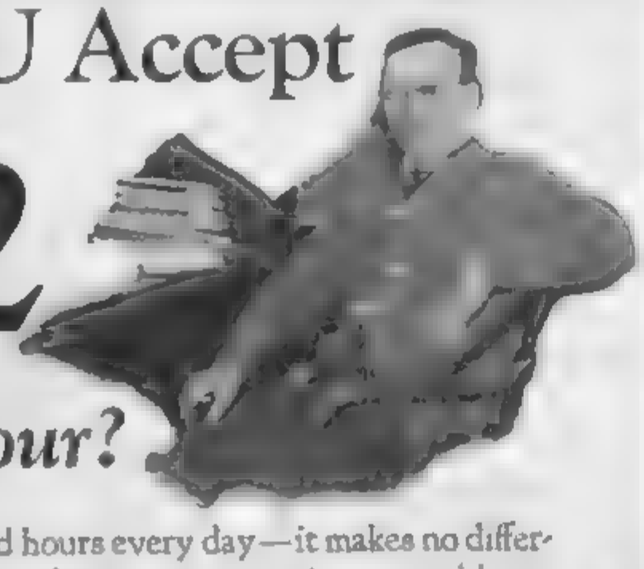
Your feet are supported and comforted in this shoe . . *your arches* are relieved of strain . . foot muscles are exercised and strengthened . . . The built-in FEETURE ARCH *flexes* as you walk . . . gives *rigid support* under pressure. Added comfort for both normal and weakened arches, with regular Florsheim style.

COMBINATION 17—*Style* M-329
Twelve Dollars

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers *Chicago*

Comfort is Here!

Would YOU Accept $2.22 for Each Spare Hour?



If you have one or two unused hours every day—it makes no difference whether in the morning, afternoon, or evening—would you accept $2.22 for each of them? *That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.*

Why Not Do What Richards Did?

Although Richards had had no experience selling sales lines, he clipped a coupon like the one below, and became our representative in his locality. He could give only two hours a day to subscription work, or a total of 48 hours each month. Yet his profits totaled $106.80 in one month, or approximately $2.22 per hour.

Money talks, and sometimes it makes pretty convincing conversation! You can listen to more like this, straight from your own pocketbook, by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your vicinity. Put your unproductive hours to profitable use without losing any time. Send this handy coupon for full details, TODAY!

Investigate This Opportunity

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
987 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I may earn as much or more than Mr. Richards.

Name _____ Age _____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Street _____

City _____ State _____

cents a check and all additional money in tips goes to the concessionnaire. That is why check-room boys and girls insist upon giving separate checks for your coat and your wife's. The theater's share from the concessions may amount to $150 to $200 a week.

All the run houses in New York now have sound equipment, and no orchestras are employed. This, in many cases, not only cuts the pay roll but increases the capacity of the theater by making it possible to add one or two rows of seats at the front of the orchestra floor.

The main expense, outside of the advertising, is the rental of the theater. When a motion-picture company offers to rent a theater, the price goes up. Recently nearly every producing company has had pictures that it wanted to put on Broadway, and the legitimate producers who owned or controlled theaters in the Times Square district have been able to get whatever they asked. To a motion-picture man, Broadway means Broadway, and a show produced on a side street is not Broadway. The motion-picture theaters are right in the center of things, and at this writing only one Broadway theater houses a legitimate attraction. Even this theater goes movie in the spring and summer time. Because of the value of the Times Square flash, Broadway theaters that have plenty of room for electric signs bring as much as twice the rental asked for a similar theater on a side street.

Box-Office Diplomacy

From $4500 to $6000 a week is the price paid for the four walls. The lessor takes the theater as is. If the previous tenant leaves it in good condition, so much the better, but usually the new occupant must decorate it, clean the carpets and the chandeliers, paint the lobby and the downstairs rooms. Often he buys a new drop curtain. In the summertime linen seat covers must be bought or rented and, if the theater has no cooling system, electric fans must be installed. He also buys costumes for the ushers and for the carriage men, and installs projection machines, screen and stage draperies.

The fad for terrific and militant courtesy that has been taken up by the regular movie theaters has not been adopted by the Broadway-run houses. Ordinary courtesy, as sometimes practiced in the legitimate theaters, is sufficient. Most important is the attitude of the box-office men, who are well trained in the art of pleasant salesmanship.

The lowest-priced seats are most in demand. These sell out first. A man approaches the box office and asks, "Two seventy-fives?"

The treasurer never says, "No." Instead, he asks, "How many?"

"Two," repeats the would-be purchaser, taking out his pocketbook.

The treasurer reaches into the rack, which is empty of seventy-five-cent tickets, and throws down a pair of dollar seats.

"Sorry," he says in a tone that indicates that he really means it. "No seventy-fives. Two good dollar seats."

The customer looks at them, hesitates, then buys. A definite "No" in answer to his question probably would have sent him down the street to the next theater.

A customer who says, "Give me two seats," always is handed two two-dollar seats. Never does the treasurer ask, "What price?"

Most of the Broadway legitimate theaters, having been built for plays, contain a number of seats down front on the sides that are not particularly good for seeing motion pictures. These the treasurer offers last, always with an apology. He never lies about the quality of the seats or their position.

"On the side, third row," he says.

"The best you have?" the customer asks.

"Sorry. They're the best. They're not bad. Try them."

The customer tries them. Often he comes out and asks for his money back, which is given willingly, after an offer to exchange the seats for better ones at a future performance.

Now let's take the weekly statement of an average picture on Broadway and see where the money goes. This is a statement compiled from the figures on a number of pictures, successes and failures.

In this particular week our theater took in $10,655.50 from the sale of tickets and $167.15 from concessions. A legitimate production could show a good profit from such an intake.

Theater rent was $5000—several thousand more than a legitimate attraction would pay for a similar theater off Broadway. The pay roll was $2166. Newspaper advertising—this was a week after the picture was well under way—$1833. Exploitation—window displays, kites and ballyhoo—$145. Billposting, $1600. Write off on lobby, signs, equipment and props, $1022. Heat and power, $510. Miscellaneous—soap, mops, tickets, programs, electric bulbs, repairs, painting, disinfectant, and so on—$334. Sound equipment and music license, written off, $400!

Our average theater, therefore, took in $10,822.65 and paid out $13,010 for an average week. Many pictures do better than this, many do worse. One producer, against the advice of his entire organization, made a picture from a story that had been extremely popular years ago. He opened the production on Broadway and not a single person was even bumped into in the rush to buy tickets. The emptiness of the cash box at nine P.M. was unprecedented. But he was determined that the show should have half a year on Broadway. Special salesmen were sent from house to house to sell tickets at half price. Organizations of all kinds were solicited and offered special group rates. School children were given slips which entitled the bearer to two tickets for the price of one. Passes by the hundreds were distributed in offices and department stores. In spite of this, some matinées played to as few as twenty-five persons, and the gross receipts one week were $2450.

The people demonstrated with a pathetic thoroughness that they just didn't want to see this man's show. The Broadway run cost the producer nearly $100,000. When he took the picture outside of New York City, however, it played to enormous business.

Experts disagree as to the reason. One opinion is that the Broadway run neither helped nor hurt the picture—that it was just not the type of show that New York wants, but that it is a natural for the minor leagues. But the producer insists that the two-dollar showing to empty seats was what put it over and that at an expenditure of $100,000 he increased his revenge at least half a million dollars.

The Talkies Take Hold

One or two talking pictures recently have shown a real profit on Broadway. One company has taken over the Winter Garden, which has 1500 seats—the largest of all the two-dollar movie theaters—and by raising the top price to three dollars has been showing a handsome profit every week.

The talkies have taken hold—there is no doubt about that—and no producer dares offer now a picture that has not at least an accompaniment of music and effects—the effects being all sounds except talking. Most of the pictures contain at least a reel or so of talking.

Sound pictures have presented several new problems. Censorship is the most difficult one to solve. There are two kinds of sound pictures—those that have the sound on the film alongside the picture, and those that have the sound on a record which is run on a turntable in the projection booth, and which is synchronized with the film. When speech is in a record you

(Continued on Page 157)

Is There a *Health Factor* in Bathroom Paper?

What 218 Health Commissioners in 40 States Report in Advising This New Type Bathroom Paper—

NORTHERN TISSUE

"YES," say 218 Health Commissioners in 40 states. "Especially where there are children, use a bathroom paper like Northern Tissue, instead of cheap, yellow ground-wood toilet paper."

Modern science has found that many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in cheap, yellow ground-wood toilet papers . . . *papers made largely of raw ground-wood*

That is why 218 Health Commissioners and scores of practicing physicians advise the new-type cellulose bathroom paper called "Northern Tissue."

Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—until *today more homes use "Northern Tissue" than any other white bathroom paper in the world.*

Cooked At 302°
20 Times Sterilized

First, this new-type paper pulp is cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And the paper made white as whitest linen

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized, just like hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; giving you an unglazed bathroom paper entirely free of infectious germs.

10c A Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use cheap, yellow, ground-wood toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

FITS RECESSED FIXTURES

Ask for NORTHERN TISSUE
WITH THE BLUE CORE

FREE—TRIAL ROLL

JULIA NEIDLE, NURSE
Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis., Dept. 32

Dear Miss Neidle
Please send me the free trial roll of soft, white, 20 times sterilized "Northern Tissue"—the paper free from raw ground-wood.

Name

Address State

. . . and writing with type helps little readers

ONE ALPHABET TO LEARN
" . . . with beginners time and effort are reduced through the use of one alphabet which will suffice for both reading and writing."
PROFESSOR PATTY SMITH HILL
Teachers College, New York
From her introduction to "Manuscript Writing," by Marjorie Wise
HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR FINE FEATHERS
In the bright moonlight the dead leaves fell, whenever the wind shook the trees. Over the village passed great flocks of ducks and geese, calling to each other as they sped
HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR FINE FEATHERS
In the bright moonlight the dead leaves fell, whenever the wind shook the trees. Over the village passed great flocks of ducks and geese, calling to each other as they sped away towards the waters that never freeze.
In the lodge War Eagle waited f
grandchildren. When they

The same letter forms used for both writing with type and reading in print eliminate confusion and supply a simple basis for primary studies

YOU see quickly why the Portable Typewriter is opening a new era of faster and easier child education when you realize that the letters and words which the little pupil learns to type are identical with those which he finds in reading—only one alphabet to learn.

Spelling is equally simplified because the arrangement of letters in a typed word is clearly fixed in the child's mind. This combined progress in writing, spelling and reading through the single medium of the typed word enables children to learn more, retain more and do it all with a smile.

Many authorities say that the Portable Typewriter, for use in the home, is the most valuable educational tool that a young child can have. May we send you our booklet, "Writing with Type," which gives the interesting details?

EDUCATIONAL BUREAU of PORTABLE TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURERS

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Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

L. C. Smith & Corona Typewriters, Inc.
707 East Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 154)

can't get it out without remaking the entire record.

Censor boards have decided that they have the authority to censor speech when it is spoken by mechanical means as part of a motion picture, and when a studio in California puts on a record words that the New York censor board says shall not be spoken, the producer is in an embarrassing position. He just can't put on his show if the board demands that the speech be deleted. He solves the problem, however, with his fader, which is the apparatus that raises or lowers the volume of sound. The operator watches the picture, and when a character is about to speak a line that the censors do not like, the operator turns down the fader to zero and the picture becomes a silent film until the needle on the record has passed over the bad words. When the picture goes to other sound theaters under the jurisdiction of that board, the theater manager and the operators are instructed carefully by the producer regarding the elumination of the naughty talk and they also must suppress it. To date, there is no instance of a slip by an operator, and the censor boards keep close check.

The instructions, of course, are different in each state that has a censor board, for no two boards agree as to what should be cut out of a picture. When scenes are eliminated from a picture that is synchronized with a record, the same amount of film that was taken out must be inserted, in order that the picture will remain synchronized. This usually is simple. If the censors cut out a scene showing a man strangling another, the producer just inserts additional shots of the heroine cringing in the corner

Boston presents a different problem. There are some lines that can be spoken on week days that are entirely improper on Sunday. Which makes it necessary to have Sunday cues and week-day cues for the operators.

Using the Soft Pedal

Pictures that have the sound on the film are not difficult to adjust. The sound can be cut out as easily as the scenes, although when music accompanies an offending scene the elimination sometimes produces strange music. In one censored picture the censor's cuts made a jazz band stop suddenly and change to a pipe organ halfway through Nearer, My God, to Thee, giving an effect similar to a radio on which one jumps from station to station.

Rehearsals of a sound picture are as necessary before a première as rehearsals of a legitimate production. Sound is tricky. No picture can be recorded at a volume that is proper for all theaters. Some scenes are recorded louder than others and rehearsals must be held to set the fader cues—that is, to give the operators definite instructions as to when to lower or raise the volume.

Then, after cues are set in an empty theater, they must be all changed again, for the quantity of sound must be increased for a theater that is filled with people. The clothing absorbs sound. The first performance, however, is almost the same as one given in an empty theater. The dress shirts act as sounding boards which nearly equalize the absorbing powers of clothing.

Tests must be made with audiences to learn how best to affect their emotions. Usually the music should be low during love scenes and scenes of sorrow, and loud during comedy. A push up or down of the fader often will turn a dry-eyed audience into a sobbing and heartbroken one.

The coming of the sound picture has done away with the road-show picture. It was the custom to take productions like The Big Parade and The Covered Wagon on tour, just like a theatrical troupe, before the picture was released to the regular theaters. These road shows would play the legitimate theaters and usually made a profit. Now, however, this is impossible, since very few of the legitimate theaters outside of New York City are equipped with sound apparatus.

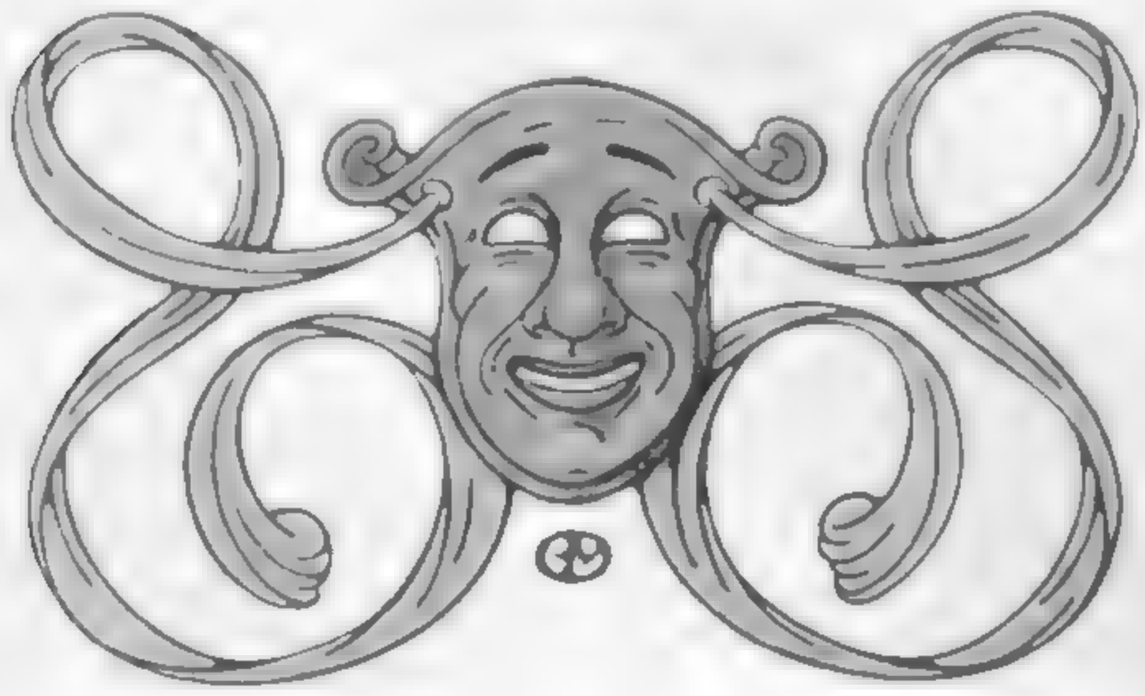
Stars of Different Magnitudes

Los Angeles is the only city, except New York, that now is treated to spectacular premières, and these are of a different kind. In Los Angeles the big pictures open with all the pomp that goes with the crowning of a king. If the star of the picture is popular and if Hollywood has smelled a hit, all the stars and their friends turn out in new gowns and new orchids. The studio that has produced the picture furnishes a dozen of sun arc lights, the theater is ablaze with light, motion pictures are taken, a radio microphone is set up in front and each star is announced and is asked to speak over the radio to the few Los Angeles citizens who are not milling around the theater in packs of thousands.

A good opening will cost a studio $5000. The theater usually charges five dollars for opening-night seats, and the stars actually pay for them. The producing company in most cases plays the picture on percentage, and seldom loses on one of these openings. Why an opening is put on nobody seems to know, except that it is glorious for the stars of the picture and it adds Hollywood prestige to the company that made it.

After the picture opens in Hollywood the producing company feels honor bound to do everything to keep the show going. Usually the contract with the theater provides that if the gross drops below a certain figure the picture comes out. The theaters take no chances.

When a picture starts to slip, the studio sends down stars to make personal appearances, spends extra money in advertising and looses its advertising staff to attempt to drum up more trade. Hollywood has not yet established a rating of stars such as Washington gives to ambassadors, but the time may yet come when a star whose picture ran twelve weeks at its biggest theater may have the right to be seated nearer to the speaker at a banquet table than the one whose picture stayed for only eleven weeks.



Claims Respect

Remember that the customer who has never seen you . . . the man who does not know your firm . . . often forms his opinions from the quality of your business stationery . . . Printed or engraved on Old Hampshire Bond, your letterhead is certain to claim attention and respect. Made from selected, fresh, new rags, there is no finer paper than Old Hampshire. It has the *atmosphere* that suggests strength and character . . . Are you sure the paper you are now using conveys this impression? Your printer or engraver can show you examples of Old Hampshire Bond letterheads and envelopes. They come in white and twelve superb colors.

Old Hampshire Bond

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM INFANCY TO COLLEGE AGE

A Brown Shoe

BROWNBILT SHOES ARE ALSO MADE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Brown Shoe Company
MANUFACTURERS
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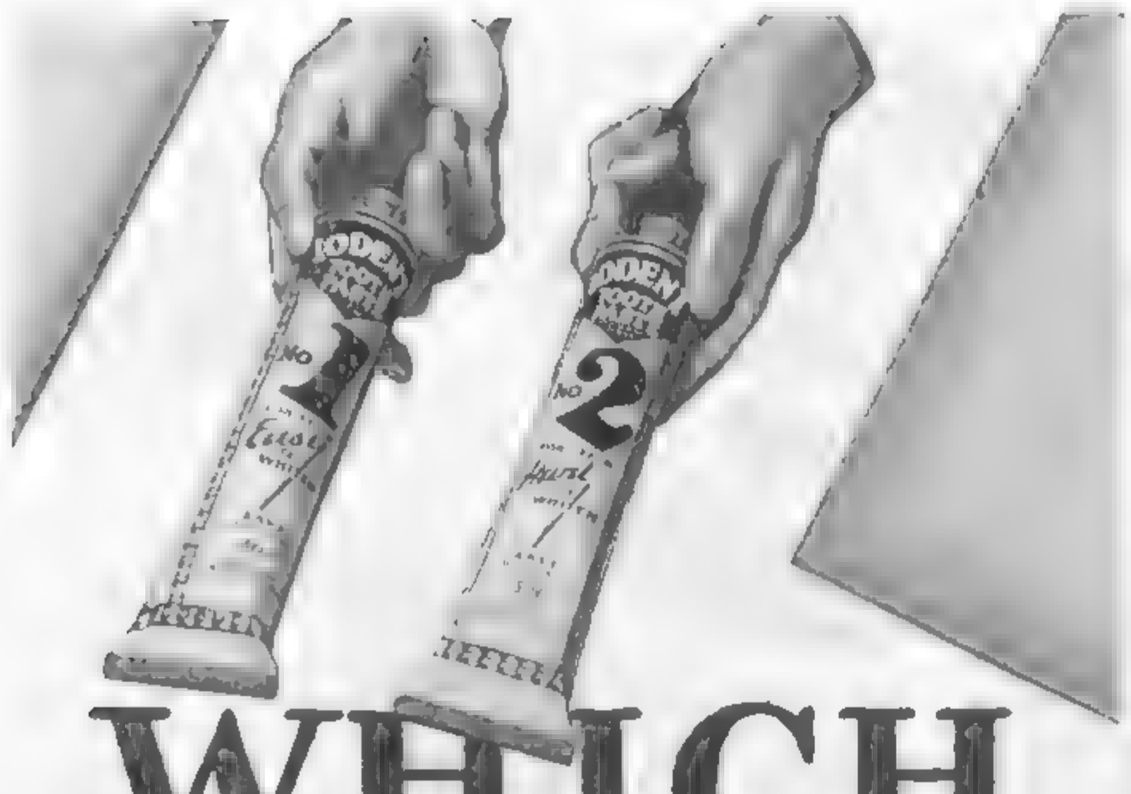

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DO YOU NEED?
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TOOTH PASTE
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO WHITEN
NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN
SAFE AND EFFECTIVE BECAUSE MADE BY A DENTIST

EUROPE
All Expenses $406 and up

SELECT your trip abroad from 232 itineraries covering all countries of Europe during summer of 1929. Prices from $296 to $1074. England, Belgium, Holland, Germany and France—all expenses, $406. Tour prices include all necessary expenses from time of sailing until return. Congenial parties personally conducted by expert couriers. Delightful Tours at Third Cabin accommodations on Canadian Pacific steamships via the scenic St. Lawrence "water boulevard" to Europe. College orchestras on shipboard—just like a big house party! Large amount of motor travel in Europe. Thousands of satisfied clients recommend Guild tours. Ask for beautiful 40 page illustrated Booklet E 29.

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Dept. 611, 180 N. Michigan, Chicago
Send for Booklet "E 29."

Campbell's
Electric Exerciser
Made in 2 Models —Floor Model and Portable Model

Are You Troubled with Overweight?

Would you like to keep in good physical condition without heavy exercise? Here is the practical solution to your problem. Without physical exertion you can still keep legs and arms supple—keep the entire body system toned up in glorious health. The Campbell Electric Exerciser

Massages—Vibrates—Keeps Weight Down

Floor model, mounted on rubber feet—stands securely without permanently attaching to floor. Portable model, easily and simply attached to window sill or may be placed on any table top and securely held in place. Both models are quiet, safe and have all moving parts enclosed.

POPULAR PRICE. Write and let us quote you our SPECIAL OFFER which brings you either model at surprisingly low cost.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
414 Union Avenue Alliance, Ohio

Out of Spare Cash?

Here's an easy, pleasant way always to have some: Write or send us the coupon for an appointment in your locality to a position which pays up to $1.50 an hour or more for spare time; $25.00 to $50.00 a week for full time.

Box 1624
%The Saturday Evening Post
985 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your cash offer.

Name
Street
Town
State Age

CRASH OR CREDIT

(Continued from Page 40)

"I didn't get his fingerprints or rip a Maltese cross off his ship," Aleck answered.

"Sad! Sad!" Captain Call drooped his shoulders in desolation. "How unfortunate that you should thus be robbed of the fruits of your victory." He raised his head suddenly and took the silent pilot's hand.

"Come, Wilder," he said with jubilant assurance, "don't be downhearted. I shall write Marj—Miss Hastings—every word of this. The news will come more—ah—gracefully from my pen than from yours. I promise you that she shall hear of this exploit."

Aleck Wilder turned eyes of baffled defiance upon the M. P. There was nothing in the pilot's training about the method of handling a cordial and smiling enemy.

"If I thought it would do any good I'd ask you not to say a word to Miss Hastings," he said steadily; "but I suppose there's no use."

Captain Call smiled genially, revealing a set of teeth that were perfect, and knew it.

"Not a scrap of use, Wilder," he said. "You're too modest, by far. You must have someone else to sing your praises."

He smiled again, even more happily, and then consulted his wrist watch. "But I must be off," he announced. "I've accomplished my mission here—prepared your charming commander for a visit of newspaper correspondents tomorrow. *Au revoir, mon ami!* I'll write tonight!"

With a graceful wave of his hand to the three pilots he turned toward the road and sought his car. Fiz O'Brien watched his departure with unwavering attention.

"You've got to admit," he remarked thoughtfully, "that whatever his faults, that posy is the best joke on the M. P.'s that could possibly happen—the leather-hearted, iron-jawed, bull-boned M. P.'s."

"What's all this about, anyhow?" demanded Capt. Sam Allison. "How did I put my hoof in it?"

"You didn't; I did when I told him I'd got that Pfalz," said Aleck dismally. "I needed a *descendu* bad, but I never needed one anywhere near as bad as I need confirmation of that victory right now."

"You do," Fiz O'Brien agreed with desolating conviction.

"I don't see ——" Sam Allison began.

"Captain Lah-dee-dah is interested in the same young lady that has inspired our young knight of the blue, Aleck," Fiz explained. "Call will now take pen in hand and reel off a few things like this:

"'No official recognition of his victory has been given, but I know he did it. He told me himself. Although it was a very clear day, the men at the Front did not see the combat, so it will not appear in the records, which is too bad.'"

"That's it—only subtler and worse," Aleck Wilder confirmed morosely. "He's done it before. You ought to see the letter I got from Miss Hastings about the conduct of pilots in Paris. Call told her I had denied emphatically that I'd ever been there. Uh—Miss Hastings hasn't a suspicious nature, but ——"

He scowled savagely. Sam Allison, in range of the scowl, moved nervously.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Fiz soothingly. "Not suspicious, but, nevertheless, feminine in gender. Now what you need, Aleck, is a manager. You leave this M. P. lilac to me and let me dictate a few letters to Miss Hast——"

"Go to blazes!" Lieutenant Aleck burst out. He ground the mud of the field under foot with spasmodic violence, as if it were the person of Captain Call. "Run along; pick on the Germans, but don't try to mix in against real trouble. Somehow I've got to get that victory confirmed or ——"

With a final stamp he swung around and stalked on squelching feet away from them.

Fiz O'Brien did not try to follow him. "War's not hell," he remarked dispassionately. "War never touched that boy's disposition, but look what love's done to it."

"I better do something," said Sam Allison in agitation. "Fiz, what had I better do?"

"Go and get him leave, pronto and *beaucoup*," Fiz advised. "He's bolting the reservation, either to mash Call or confirm that victory. It may take him more than twenty-four hours to remember that love isn't all at a general court-martial."

"Troubles always come bunched," Sam Allison worried. "This blasted Call is bringing a gang of newspaper correspondents down on us tomorrow to watch us win the war. Headquarters wished 'em on us. And now Aleck—well, I'll tell Bill Chatham."

Ignoring his weight, Sam sprinted as if he were racing a shell toward the office where Major Bill, in his spare time, was supposed to juggle papers for the squadron.

At six o'clock next morning members of Flight One were shivering in unison as they listened to the sound of their warming motors. Despite the fact that later on that day they were to be subjected to the critical regard of a band of journalists, Flight One had its morning chores to do as usual.

Out of the grayness Lieut. Aleck Wilder loomed up in flying kit and somberly took his stand among them. Concerning his movements during the night he was not communicative. Private Tingley, the unfortunate operator of the side car that had disappeared with him, was emphatically so.

"I'll say we been places," the red-eyed motorcycle man said to the hangar chief, as he scraped the mud off himself with a knife. "We been interviewing every balloon company from the Alps to Belgium. Nothing stopped the loot, not even that they speaks French and we speaks English. . . . Didja ever pull a frog balloon officer outta a warm bed in the middle of the night to ask him did he see a Pfalz shot down northeast o' Vigneulles? It's interestin' war work, but risky. Them that got our drift was madder than them that thought we was only crazy."

Though his eyelids were as red as the motorcycle man's, Aleck Wilder doggedly insisted on going up with the patrol.

"Let him come," Fiz O'Brien advised when Captain Sam would have coaxed Wilder to bed. "After what he's been through he needs some recreation."

For two hours, at sixteen thousand feet, Sam Allison led the flight through a drab and desolate sky. From St.-Mihiel to Pont-à-Mousson they swung, and back again, over a mist-enshrouded earth through cold dead air, and under a pall of intangible vapor. At no time in that depressing tour of sentry duty did they sight another ship. Neither French nor German airmen seemed astir that day.

Captain Sam, though apprehensive about the scarcity of enemy ships, divided his attention between the untenanted sky and Aleck Wilder's Nieuport. Aleck's plane seemed jumpier and more erratic than the other ships of the flight.

At last, emptying gas tanks relieved them from that altitudinous patrol. When they had set their ships down again on the soggy ground, Captain Sam was dismayed to see that Lieutenant Aleck gave his mechanics terse instructions to look over his plane, and gas and oil her at once. Sam didn't like the thought of a man with so white and troubled a countenance as Aleck's doing anything in the voluntary-patrol line.

"What do you suppose he's up to now?" Sam asked Fiz O'Brien uneasily. "I could ask Bill Chatham to ground him."

The small ace shook his head. "It wouldn't be polite to interfere in a man's love affair that way," he said solemnly. "This is a rough war, but not even that would excuse it."

"That's how I feel about it." The flight commander was unhappy. "And I've other things to bother about anyhow. Bill Chatham says the word's been passed to do

(Continued on Page 161)

KitchenAid

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

The new and better way of preparing food

How many uncounted minutes . . . how many hours every week . . . women must spend at monotonous, wearisome kitchen tasks . . . if they prepare their food by hand!

Ten minutes here, to mix a cake . . . ten minutes there, to mash and whip potatoes . . . and lightness and smoothness never certain even then. A quarter-hour more, perhaps, patiently mixing oil into mayonnaise. Minutes for beating eggs, minutes for whipping cream . . . have you ever totaled them up?

Contrast these old ways with the new electric way! At the snap of a switch, KitchenAid performs *all* the tiring, time-consuming tasks connected with food preparation . . . and leaves only the *pleasant* part of cooking. Cake ready for the oven in three minutes. Potatoes whipped to creamy fluffiness in a minute. Juice extracted from citrous fruits almost instantly. Ice cream frozen while you are at dinner.

Electricity—and the Food Grinder—save both time and labor

At the snap-of-a-switch, KitchenAid mixes dough —mashes potatoes—beats eggs—cuts shortening into flour—creams butter—whips cream . . . mayonnaise—strains fruits—sieves beans or peas for purées—chops meat—grinds coffee . . cereals—shreds cabbage . . . nuts—slices fruits . . . vegetables—extracts orange juice—chips ice —freezes ice cream. All these things—and more.

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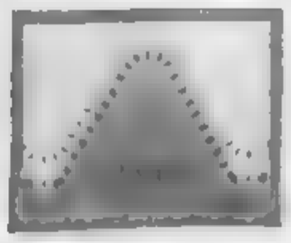
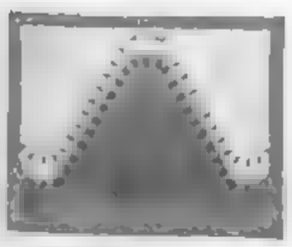


This is the shadow of the thread of a hardened and ground gauge, as shown by the Screw Thread Comparator.



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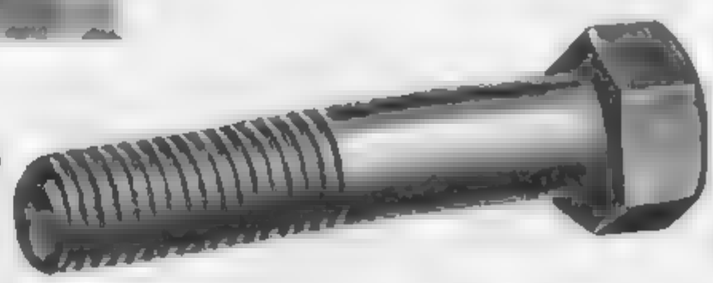

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(Continued from Page 158)

everything to make a good impression on this gang of correspondents."

"Don't you fret about them," Fiz counseled. "They've got a perfect hostess in Captain Call. We'll put a few ships in the air and show them the works—every stunt in the bag. They'll think we're wonderful. We are wonderful anyhow."

"Yes, but ——" Sam stopped as Aleck Wilder came toward them. His face was bleak and set.

"I've thought of one more chance of confirmation," he said rapidly. "A flight of British Independents was deep in enemy territory when I dropped that Pfalz. Maybe one of those fellows saw. I'm going to hop over to their aerodrome."

"What! Without breakfast?" Sam Allison was scandalized but relieved. "Well, go ahead, if you've got to. Keep on our side of the line. It would look bad to have you come in with your ship all riddled while those blasted journalists are around."

"And think how it would tickle Captain Call," Fiz added genially, but Aleck was already on his way back to his ship.

Though the whole field hummed with activity as four squadrons toiled to make themselves look military as well as aeronautical, Lieutenant Wilder, waiting at the line, surveyed all the preparations with a vacant eye. Mechanics in clean overalls were wheeling out good ships and ships wanting in essential parts and posing them all artistically on the line. Hangar chiefs buzzed around the big sheds, searching nervously for flaws in their perfection. Pilots assembled equipment by a process of borrowing.

"All ready, sir," Aleck's crew chief reported as he screwed on the cap of the Nieuport's petrol tank.

With a grunt of satisfaction the pilot climbed into the cockpit. He revved the motor too briefly for safety and took off. At his ship's best speed he flew south, away from the lines, toward the aerodrome at which several squadrons of British D.H.'s were stationed.

The morning mists had cleared and the overhanging clouds had broken their strata to permit occasional bands of sunlight to reach the lush earth.

Aleck disregarded all these manifestations of a pleasant day ahead. Such days were scarce enough, but there was one thought wedged in his mind—confirmation of his victory before the searing innuendoes of Call had utterly destroyed him. What had a pleasant day to do with that?

Humming along, Aleck sighted a triangle of black specks far to the southward. With some intensity he squinted at them. All he could make out was that they were three ships flying in close formation. From their position he decided that they might be British D.H.'s. Usually, however, the bombing planes traveled in larger formations than that.

"I suppose I'll drop in and find that the whole outfit is off to the Rhine," he growled, as his aching eyes finally discerned another and larger formation to the southwest; "or else the fellows in that flight I saw yesterday will have been shot up or ——"

But he declined to admit even to himself the gruesome probability that they might not have seen his combat. In his concentration on his own affairs he had been increasing his altitude as if he were bound for the lines, where height is healthy.

As the Nieuport and the formation drew together at a rate of better than three miles a minute he noticed that the three ships began to lose altitude. In fact, they seemed to be piquing at him.

"Thick in the head!" he muttered. "They must think I'm a boche ace out for a tour of France."

He dived briefly, to give the approaching planes a glimpse of the white center *cocardes* on his wings that proclaimed him American. Then he stared at them to see what effect this would have on their course.

What he saw drove credit for his victory out of his head. The three ships diving at him were not DeHavilands. They did not in the least resemble DeHavilands. They were Fokkers. He was in a hole.

Aleck decided that it was time to go. He executed a rapid *renversement* and threw his ship into a power dive. But he had hardly thrust his stick forward before he was pulling it back again in a swift effort to level off. He had changed his mind.

Spread almost beneath him, like a spider's web beneath a fly, was the large formation that he had seen in the southwest. And upon the tip of every wing was a black Maltese cross. Fokkers—a dozen of them—waiting for him to drop down to their altitude. He was in the midst of a skyful of Fokkers.

A gentle breeze began to blow up Aleck's backbone. He glanced behind him. Two of the Fokkers overhead were already disquietingly close. They were diving on converging courses of which his ship was the apex.

The third boche had dropped behind and was holding his altitude directly above the Nieuport. He was the emergency man, and the emergency, Aleck realized, was the faint chance that the other two did not mop him up.

"I'll give 'em a scrap!" Aleck said, slinging his ship into a vertical right bank.

The friendly faces of Sam Allison and Fiz O'Brien flashed before him. Sam and Fiz were far away now.

His maneuver disconcerted one of the two diving Fokkers. It plunged on past him, burning the empty air with its twin guns. The other ship was still on his tail, as a flickering trail of tracer told him. More by chance than design he caught a glimpse through his propeller of the Fokker that had shot down beside him. He lowered his nose for a brief dive and his fingers closed on the stick trigger. His cold gun fired five shots; then clicked and was silent. A jam! The Fokker below, unscathed, was soaring upward now.

Aleck reached toward his gun, but before he could begin to clear the jam, the Fokker above him cut loose a burst. It was so close that he realized that he would have no chance in that fracas to get the defective cartridge out of his gun. Aleck's person became beaded with drops of ice water.

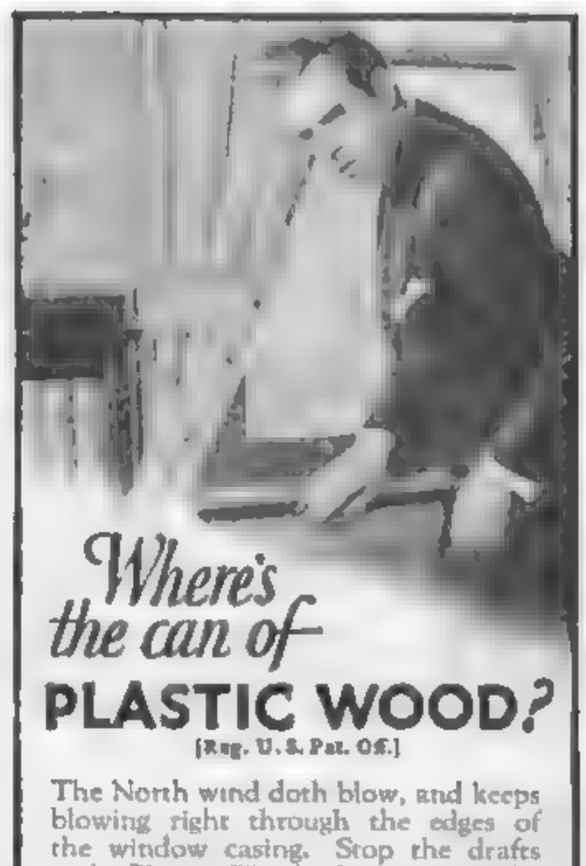
Below, several Fokkers of the big formation were climbing fast to enter more actively into the fight. Aleck ran. With two Fokkers above him and a third now back on his own level again, he dared not rely upon speed alone. He remembered that the Pfalz had failed to race bullets. Ruddering desperately to prevent the ships above from getting directly behind him, he wavered in an erratic flight toward the field near Toul.

"I never will get that Pfalz confirmed," he mumbled.

The air around him seemed always full of whining lead and wisps of smoke now. He no longer dodged individual Fokkers; he merely cut a crazy, jerky course through the air. He could not dive, for he needed his altitude; he could not climb, for he needed his speed. His feet on the rudder bar seemed never still; his neck ached from the tensity of his backward glance. If he could keep them off his tail—then he had a chance.

The Fokkers that had tried to climb up to his position from below had been left behind. He made good his course northward without zigzags too long or too far out of line. Occasionally he ventured a straight dash ahead. But always when he held his rudder straight a Fokker with ominous black crosses shot into his vision, poised for a dive on his tail. The main flight of the raiders, still almost intact, flew northward under him. The formation was like a net slipping silently under a fish.

Aleck right-ruddered and sent a glance winging ahead toward the field near Toul. He could see it now; surely they down there could see him. His luck would not hold out forever. His hands and feet were like stones on a winter night, but they still obeyed him; his head seemed aflame, but he could still think. A gush of smoke opened out in front of his machine. It was Archie fire



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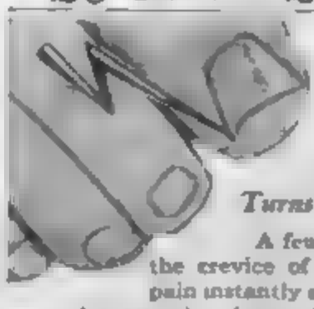

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from the battery defending the field. That might help.

"Come on, ship!" he muttered.

The Fokker formation under him spread out to right and left; they took no other notice of the shrapnel that now screamed through the sky. Aleck knew that by now Nieuports must be ready to take off. He tried another spurt with rudder straight. The Nieuport suddenly jarred in the air, as if she had hit a bad bump. The whir of the rotary became a shrill whistle. It was the shriek of a motor running wild in the air. The ship bucked and strained, but the air-speed-meter needle dropped as fast as the tachometer ran up. Aleck cut his switch.

"Prop gone!" he gasped. Some stray bullet from a shrapnel burst or a flick of fire from a Fokker had splintered his propeller blades.

He glanced over the side. The familiar green shape of the field was almost below him; in these last few minutes he had flown past it. He could see ships in the air—American ships with white center *cocardes* on their wings, but they were far below the Fokker formation that waited for the kill.

Aleck pushed his stick forward. His faltering Nieuport fell over onto its nose in a vertical dive. Home was still two miles away—directly downward—with a screen of Fokkers in between. The three Fokkers behind him cocked up their tails and shot down after him for a decent shot. At a range of a hundred yards they cut loose in concert.

Aleck tried his last trick. Instead of pulling back on his stick to level out, he pushed it forward. His dive became more than vertical. The broad belt around his middle tightened, drove into his vitals. His machine screamed on, flying on its back now.

Aleck, hanging head downward, released his pressure on the stick as the whine of the wires ran down scale. The safety became less taut, though he still was held in the cockpit by it. His head hummed with surging blood, but no tracer smoked by him now. While he still had flying speed, Aleck flipped the ship over in a half roll. Upright once more, he put the plane into a glide and jerked his head around.

The diving Fokkers had not followed him in his unexpected maneuver. They had dived past him. Already they were sweeping up in climbing turns to continue the attack.

In the long dive the Nieuport and its pursuers had plunged far below the level of the formation. Now these ships, too, were coming down on Aleck and the American ships below him. He ruddered around directly toward the three climbing Fokkers. For the first time he had the upper level With his useless gun bearing on them he might bluff them into confusion. Anyhow he had to go down. He piqued toward the nearest. Steadily the German pilot held his nose up. He was waiting coolly to press his triggers as the Nieuport passed into his line of fire.

Aleck realized his failure. He jerked up his little ship before it shot under the Fokker. But without power the Nieuport came out of the dive more slowly than he had reckoned. He caught a glimpse of the nose of the Fokker—large, distinct and swelling in size. It leaped toward him.

That was all he knew before there was a crash like the crackle and crash of lightning ripping the sky. The sound rose above his whistling wires, above the roar of the Fokker motors, and snapped hideously in his ears. He jolted against the side of the cockpit. The floor boards seemed writhing under the tremendous shock.

"I hit him!" Aleck shrieked.

He sent a terror-stricken glance at his tiny lower wings. They were still on the ship. His gaze passed beyond. The Fokker was dropping, its upper right wing shorn off near the center section. Aleck's own plane was falling too. It fell toward another Fokker. The German pilot, his face convulsed with fear, was wrenching at his controls to get away from the madman in the plunging Nieuport. Instinctively Aleck kicked over his rudder in an effort to save himself from another collision. Wing whipped past wing with only inches to spare.

Aleck let his ship drop. He passed out of action with his eyes open. He was in a flat spin, with occasional queer variations. He did not know whether his ship was still controllable; he did not look up to see if another enemy was coming down to give the *coup de grâce*. He just sat still. Call had won. He was dropping—dropping out of control, and that one meager victory of his had not been confirmed—would never be confirmed. Call had won. Call had won.

Some thousands of feet lower in his vertiginous drop, a Nieuport, climbing fast, hummed by him. The sight roused him. He should be dead, but he was not. Was he to live? Tentatively he clutched the stick and felt air pressure still against it. He pushed it forward a bit and waggled his rudder.

His ship struck—struck something harder than a Fokker. Amidst a crescendo of sound the edge of the cockpit rose up and delivered a climactic blow on his chin.

"But, Fiz, I tell you I hadn't the least intention of crashing into that Fokker," Aleck protested some time later.

"You don't have to tell me that; I know you're not nitwitted," Fiz O'Brien replied with his usual placidity.

The ace was sitting on Aleck's bed, and Sam Allison, who was suspicious of beds, was standing beside it. Captain Sam was chuckling and heaving internally, and Aleck had the impression that he had been chuckling and heaving thus for some hours.

"Then why did you say I was a hero?" Aleck persisted. The world was very giddy.

"You are a hero," Fiz answered stubbornly. "I made you one, and Sam and the rest of the gang backed me up. I told those journalists your stunt beat the time David beaned Goliath, and Sam said he thought so too. You're a Page One hero in Redding, Connecticut."

Fiz joined Sam in his chuckling; then hurried on, before Aleck could speak:

"You should have seen Call's face. 'But—but—but——' he kept saying to his newspaper friends, like a missing motor. He never got any further. Good thing for him. They'd have ganged him for trying to spoil their story."

"Do you think I'm going to take credit for something that was entirely an accident?" Aleck demanded fiercely.

"Of course not," Fiz said calmly. "You'll deny it like an officer and a gentleman, but that won't matter a bit. You'll never catch up with the story. It's on the cables now."

"Deny it a lot," Sam Allison gurgled. "It will help your reputation for modesty."

"A ship's a ship," Fiz O'Brien said, tapping in his point on Aleck's breastbone. "You shot down a Pfalz at Vigneulles; you get credit for a Fokker at Toul. That's as even a break as you'll get in this war."

"But—Marjorie—I can't ——" stammered Aleck.

"Tell her the solemn, inside truth," Sam advised, with a spacious grin. "Either way, you win and Call loses."

"Only forget this victory over Vigneulles," Fiz added with severity. "It's off the map. You'll be getting the Jayhawkers in wrong as glory grabbers."

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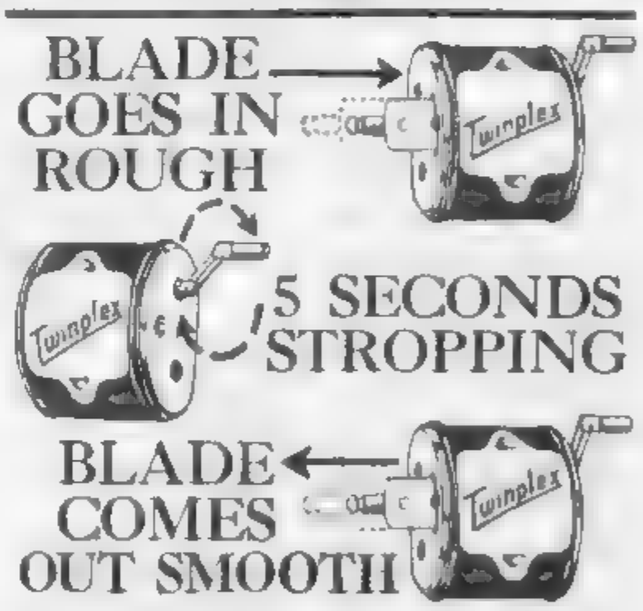

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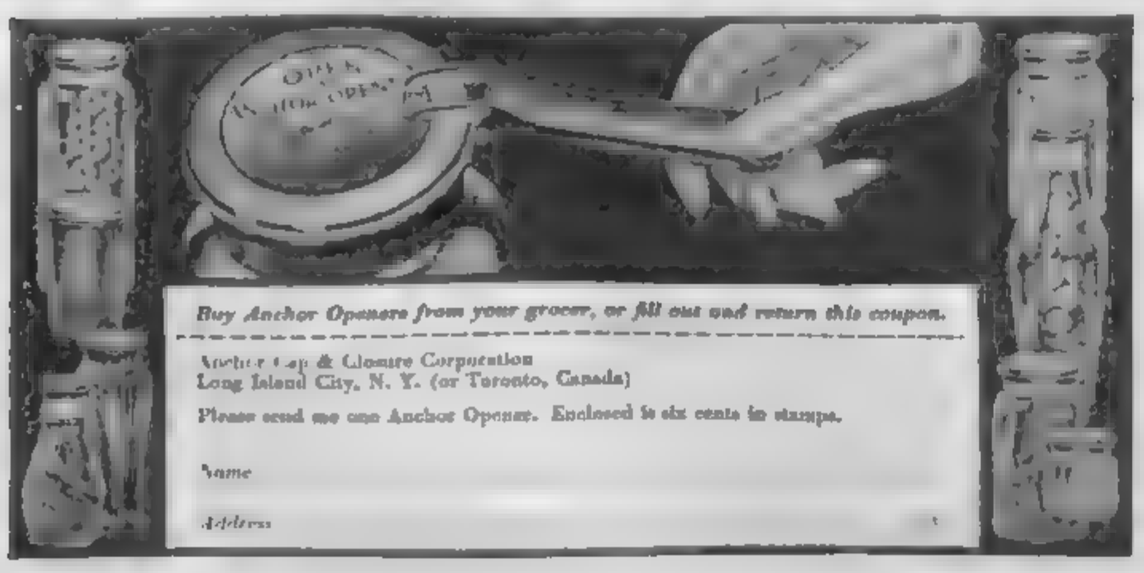
While the family warm themselves at the fire, Mother whisks into the kitchen. Quickly she lifts off the caps of several jars . . . (those golden Anchor C Caps which protect the finest glass-packed foods) . . . Heats the savory contents in gleaming saucepans...and, in a jiffy, calls out gayly, "Supper's on the table."

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK TORONTO, CANADA

ANCHOR CAPS . . . VERY EASY TO REMOVE

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS: Use your hook bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.


Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon.
Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation
Long Island City, N. Y. (or Toronto, Canada)
Please send me one Anchor Opener. Enclosed is six cents in stamps.
Name
Address

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"Quaint" Ideas

that the Public doesn't question

Dew falls
New Yorkers are always on the go
A square jaw is a sign of will power
Greenland is always covered with snow
Policemen are never around when you want them
Winters were longer and snow heavier twenty years ago
Chinese doctors are paid only for keeping you well
Drowning people always rise several times
before sinking finally
Chinese coolies work for six cents a day
Panama hats are made in Panama
Red hair denotes a quick temper
Barking dogs don't bite
Advertised commodities cost more
Shaving makes the hair grow faster
All bootleggers own high-powered cars
It is fatal to eat lobster and follow it with ice cream
One hour's sleep before midnight is better than
two afterwards
There is little difference between any half dozen
good-looking printing papers
Artists are poor business men
Lindbergh was the first man to fly across the ocean

THE average man believes some or all of these statements. He hears them handed about from tongue to tongue without challenge until he accepts these ideas as unquestioned truths.

These ideas, of course, are wrong. But they are believed until the public reads, let us say, that Panama hats are woven in Colombia—not Panama.

There are other quaint ideas that the good public holds—ideas about a business here, merchandise there—ideas that it has gotten from hearing chance comments about someone's goods, or policies, or service.

This car, for instance, is "a heavy gas-eater" . . . that refrigerator is always "getting out of order" . . . this fabric "can't be washed" . . . this device "isn't safe" . . . that store is "too high-priced."

They may have some equally "quaint" ideas about your business.

There are ways of finding out. And there are ways—a good printer will suggest plenty of them—in which good printing on good paper can be set to work substituting correct ideas for quaint misconceptions.

A good idea is simply a good idea as long as you carry it about in your mind. But a good idea plus a good printer plus good printing repeated over and over again on good paper (and despite the quaint idea that some people have, there IS a printing difference even in good-looking printing papers)—and that good idea is well along toward public acceptance.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper — better printing}

One ..two ...three and you save gasoline!

1 *You install a set of these remarkable new spark plugs in your engine. . . . . .*

2 *This enables you to set the low speed adjustment on your carburetor to a leaner mixture. . .*

3 *This leaner mixture effects a tangible saving in gasoline when driving in traffic. . . . . .*

WHEN you examine the illustrations above, you will probably say: "I can understand that a leaner mixture in the carburetor *will* save me gasoline. But why *can* I use a leaner mixture with these Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs?"

A fair question. And you need only to examine the firing points on the Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plug to have your answer. They are different from any other plug. *They are knife-edged!* And it is this exclusive knife edge which makes possible the saving in gasoline.

This knife edge helps form a spark easier than blunt firing points. It works on the same principle as Benjamin Franklin's lightning rod.

This knife edge produces not just a fine, hair-thin spark, but a broad, ribbon-like spark that is *capable of firing leaner mixtures.*

This knife edge makes starting easier—a boon in winter weather.

These knife-edged firing points on Pyro-Action Spark Plugs are made from a very expensive alloy, especially developed by Robert Bosch. In this way we assure the durability of the knife edge and make it unnecessary to adjust the spark gap frequently.

It would pay you to install a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs merely to lower your gasoline bills. But we promise you, *in addition,* important improvements in car performance . . . livelier pick-up, a steadier, smoother-running engine . . . a cleaner motor . . . renewed pep and power not merely for a few thousand miles but as long as you drive your car. For Pyro-Action Spark Plugs defy Spark Plug Paralysis, a common condition caused either by gradual carbonization of the insulator or by rapid corrosion of electrodes.

Read below our money-back guarantee. Then ask your dealer for the right type of Pyro-Action Plug for your car, truck, bus or tractor. Or write for free booklet "The Story of a Knife Edge that Saves Gasoline."

Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
3601 P Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.

ROBERT BOSCH
Pyro·Action
SPARK PLUGS

Original Robert Bosch Products

An Extraordinary Guarantee

"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your passenger car for 30 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to their superiority, you can return the plugs and get your money back."

Dealers: Write nearest distributor for information:

Allentown, Pa. Electrical Devices Co.
Boston, Mass. R. B. Automotive Service
Buffalo, N. Y. Motor Car Service Co.
Chicago, Ill. Auto Ignition Service Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio Triangle Auto Supply Co.
Dallas, Texas J. J. Haverlin Co.
Detroit, Mich. Brown Bat. & Elec. Co.
El Paso, Tex. Motor Parts Co.
Jamestown, N. Y. Hause Bat. & Auto Rl. Corp.
Kansas City, Mo. Elec. & Mag. Serv. Co.
Lancaster, Pa. Ignition Eng. Service
Miami, Fla. Clayton Bat. & Eng. Co.
New Haven, Conn. Auto Elec. Sales & Service Co.
New Orleans, La. Auto Starter Co.
New York, N. Y. Manhattan Ign. Corp.
Bronx Empire State Ignition Corp.
Staten Island Arc Man Elec. Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. Amer. Standard Auto Elec. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa. Keelan-Lyons Co.
Rochester, N. Y. Starter & Ign. Service Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah Motor Car Supply Co.
San Francisco, Cal. Farrer & Co.
Scranton, Pa. Ignition Service Co.
Springfield, Mass. Hall & Kilburn Corp.
Brooklyn Hall & Kilburn Corp.
Syracuse, N. Y. Mac Motor Equipment Co.
Tampa, Fla. Auto Starter Co.
Trenton, N. J. Auto Starter Co.
Troy, N. Y. Hall & Kilburn Corp.
Tulsa, Okla. Electric Ign. & Mfg. Co.
Utica, N. Y. Auto Starter Co.
Washington, D. C. Bat. & Ign. Service
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Watson Stabilator Co.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 52)

year. Short stories. Ran dry. Back to Alaska for material. Got calluses instead.

Stowed away to Seattle. Happened to have stories in five different magazines on the stands at the same time. Showed them to the city editor of the Post-Intelligencer and talked him out of a cub job at ten dollars a week. Great!

Two years on the Post-Intelligencer. Short stories on the side. Written after midnight in the city room. Back to New York in 1914. Three years of short stories and novelettes. Got all smoked up about the war. Went out to Camp Upton when the first draftees arrived and wrote a piece about it. Finley Peter Dunne, then editor of Collier's, sent him to France as a war correspondent on the strength of it.

With the American Army through the war and the first of the occupation. Came home the spring following the Armistice, having enthusiastically writ, fed and lied for his country for the duration of the Great Propaganda.

Four years of magazine articles and newspaper-syndicate reporting. Fights, politics, golf, strikes, baseball, gang wars, border troubles, bootlegging, conventions, soldier-settlement matters, and so on.

Back to fiction. Short stories. More short stories. Pictures. Hollywood. Ouch! Pictures. New York. Double the ouch!

Back to fiction. Short stories. More short stories. Got interested in racing as a source well. Spent much of the last year at tracks in New York, Maryland and Louisiana.

Likes all sports from polo to ping-pong; craps preferred.

Likes to listen to gabby taxi drivers, mouthy hustlers, windy fight managers, confidential waiters, sport-wise barbers, egotistic vaudevillians, humorous crooks, big gamblers, little suckers, and all women who work for a living.

It may be a tip-off on Mr. McNutt that he got more real fun out of being a six-week writing ghost for Angel Firpo, the once Wild Bull of the Pampas, than anything he's done since he quit the police run in Seattle.

Mr. McNutt lives in New York when he is home, which is no oftener than necessary, as he believes that too-long-continued a residence in Manhattan and too close contact with people who write instead of people who are written about, is bad for what ails him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Ready, on Notion Counters Today!
Talon Slide-Fasteners for use in home-sewing

Carrying Fashion's approval . . . replacing all old-fashioned methods of fastening . . . these Talon Slide-Fasteners are now on notion counters, ready for you to sew on the scores of garments and articles you make at home. . . . Each fastener comes in an envelope containing sewing instructions, etc. 10 lengths and 6 colors of tape are available. . . . Colors are black, white, two tones of gray and two of brown. Where other colors of tape are required you can dye one of the neutral colors to match your material. The Original Talon Slide-Fasteners are sold from the Talon Cabinet you see in this illustration. Look for the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the pull.

Frock illustrated can be made with Butterick Pattern No. 2365. Note the Talon Slide-Fasteners used as a smart style feature.

These are the individual envelopes in which you buy the Talon Slide-Fastener Units for home-sewing. 10 lengths and 6 colors of tape available.

Beauty and Convenience have made Talon Slide-Fasteners fashionable

You see the trim, convenient Talon Slide-Fasteners on the clothes the smart people wear—on the fashion accessories they use; and now these same dependable fasteners are available for home-sewing use. With just a gentle pull they close snugly and securely. Once closed, they never accidentally come open—never show a gaping edge—you can't lose them—they launder (or dry-clean) perfectly, and usually outlast the garment or article which they fasten so smartly and quickly. Identify them by the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the slider-pull.

If your department store or dealer does not stock Talon Slide-Fasteners, write us for full information as to where you can buy them in your locality.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, 621 ARCH STREET, MEADVILLE, PENN.

The Pioneer Manufacturers of Slide-Fasteners

Delineator Home Institute Endorses TALON Slide Fastener

TALON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE ORIGINAL

SLIDE FASTENER . . .

© 1929 Hookless Fastener Co.

The New McCray Refrigerator Display Case No. 105; white porcelain exterior with handsome black base; modelled monel-metal trim; two courses plate glass sealed air-tight; electric illumination; corkboard insulation. For ice, or machine of any type.

Food Merchants Say: *"This Case Increases Profits"*

"In three weeks the new McCray has increased my business 50 percent, and brought many new customers." So writes a merchant* from Kansas City about his No. 105 display case.

In Detroit a newly established merchant* gives credit for exceptional business to McCray equipment. In Emporia, Kan., a retailer* for 20 years, installs a McCray case; does more business every day than previously on Saturdays. In Wauwatosa, Wis.,* new McCray equipment more than doubles the expected increase for a long established firm.

A typical McCray installation in the store of a Detroit merchant,* showing two McCray No. 105 display cases and a No. 185 cooler.

Merchants Tell Profit Facts

From all over the country these fact stories come to us from food merchants about more business and bigger profits with McCray equipment. Unsolicited, enthusiastic, SINCERE! Every one witnessing that McCray serves merchant and public alike, keeping foods better, SAVING MONEY, PROTECTING HEALTH! In 40 years of fine refrigerator building this has been the McCray ideal.

For Machine Use or Ice

With mechanical refrigeration of any type, or ice, the inbuilt quality of the McCray insures thorough, efficient and economical refrigeration.

McCray builds refrigerators for every purpose, in food stores, hotels, restaurants, clubs, hospitals, institutions, florist shops, and homes. Every model built to the same high standard in every hidden detail. And every one available for use with ice or machine.

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
For
Grocery Stores·
Meat Markets·
Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals·
Institutions··
Florist Shops·
Homes · · · ·

Models for Your Needs

See the new models at the McCray salesroom; there's one in every principal city. Or write direct for further information about equipment to meet your particular needs. No obligation.

* *Name on request*

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR SALES CORPORATION
Dept. A, Kendallville, Ind.
Salesrooms in all Principal Cities *(See Telephone Directory)*

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

ASPHALT ROOFING
BUILDING FELTS
VARNISHES
FLOORTEX
GYPSUM PLASTER
ASPHALT SHINGLES
ASBESTOS SHINGLES
LACQUERS
NAPARA RUGS
PARTITION TILES
LINOLEUM
BUILDING PAPERS
PAINTS
OILCLOTH
GYPSUM BOARD
FIBER WALLBOARD
INSULATING BOARD
BEAVER BOARD

Is your home in the RED?

—repair it now and save your investment

A home "in the red" is one that is depreciating faster than it is being repaired. Just like a business "in the red" (one which is losing money), the longer this condition continues, the greater the shrinkage of the investment.

Perhaps a new roof or a coat of paint is needed for your home, but a decision is postponed for a year or two—indoors a break in the plaster goes neglected, slowly enlarging until the entire ceiling must be replaced. The hall floor is wearing down because the timely renewal of its covering is overlooked.

This is bad business. It is costly to the pocketbook—costly to the reputation. A home "in the red" is a means of broadcasting many things to your neighbors. Entirely unnecessary too! For a little sum set aside regularly will maintain and improve your home to the benefit of your pocketbook and pride.

Expert advice is easily obtainable. Go to your dealer. He can tell you what building products should be used, advise you as to the best contractors and give you approximate costs. He probably will recommend Certain-teed Building Products because the Certain-teed line is complete from roofing to floor covering, permitting you to standardize on nationally known products with the reputation of a great company behind them.

Have confidence in your local concern which sells or uses Certain-teed products—it is advancing an evidence of reliability that is undeniable.

Certain-teed Products

to maintain and modernize the home

Suds in a Flash!

Speedy beads of soap make dishes sparkle —glasses glisten

IT'S a new kind of soap that dissolves instantly. The minute it touches water. Gets dishes sparkling clean . . . makes glasses shine like jewels.

No more reddened hands. No more soapy film. Dishes now drain glistening clean . . . without even drying with a towel.

It's a wonderful new development in soap-making . . . a radical departure from old-fashioned methods. A new type of soap called Super Suds . . . and it is revolutionizing dishwashing methods in millions of homes today.

"Beads" of soap

Women have changed to Super Suds by the thousands in preference to all other forms of soap. Introduced about a year ago, it is already being used in one city home out of every three.

Super Suds is not a chip . . . not a powder . . . but a remarkable new form of soap in tiny hollow beads, so thin that they burst into rich, running suds the very instant they touch the water.

Test, please, to see how amazingly fast Super Suds acts: Place any chip soap in one strainer —Super Suds in another.

Stir in water for five seconds. Super Suds dissolves completely, the chip soap only half dissolves.

Women marvel at these amazing beads of soap . . . that get clothes cleaner . . . in less time and with less work. And they've discovered that Super Suds never harms fine or delicate fabrics . . . washes rayon like new with perfect safety. Four times as thin as chips, Super Suds is the thinnest soap made.

Why Super Suds is better

In this new soap women have discovered two distinct advantages. First, Super Suds is so thin it dissolves instantly . . . saves time and trouble. Second, Super Suds dissolves completely . . . no undissolved soap to leave spots on clothes or film on dishes. Women like Super Suds because it does the work faster and better than any other form of soap.

Because Super Suds dissolves completely, no soapy particles cling to dishes. A rinsing gives diamond-like brilliance without the help of a dish towel.

If only in justice to yourself . . . won't you try it right away? Think of the drudgery it will save . . . the tedious kitchen hours cut in half! You simply won't believe that a mere soap can really save you so much time and energy too!

4239

THE FASTEST-WORKING FORM OF SOAP